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MY REMINISCENCES

VOL. II.

HAMLET.

ETCHED BY LEONARD FLAMENG, FROM THE STATUE BY LORD RONALD GOWER

MY REMINISCENCES

BY

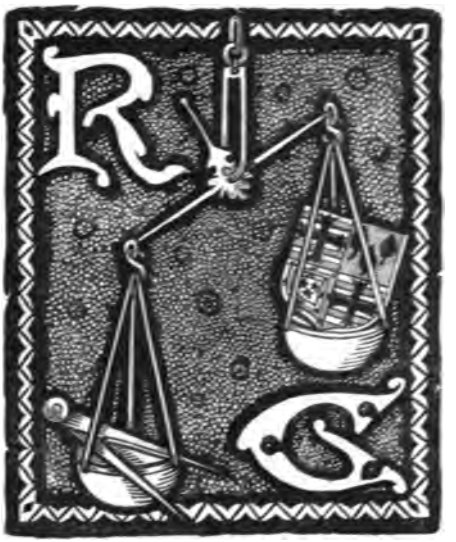
LORD RONALD GOWER, F.S.A.

A TRUSTEE OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

'All men are interested in any man if he will speak the facts of his life for them; his authentic experiences, which correspond, as face to face, to that of all other sons of Adam' CARLYLE

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION



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REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER XXI.

1872: FROM LONDON TO YORK BY ROAD.[1]

In my drive from London to York, I intended to get to Carlisle before taking the rail northwards, but, as has already been said, I was obliged, owing to the Queen visiting Dunrobin that year, to hasten my arrival there, and consequently to shorten my drive. The following notes, which I doubt not will be thought somewhat lengthy, extend as far as Stratford-on-Avon; after that I merely jotted down my different stopping places until York was reached.

My equipage was an open American four-wheeled waggonette with a flat top. It held, besides myself, who drove a pair of strawberry roans (Bismarck and Tommy), my valet, R. Tuffs, and groom, George Smith.

[1] I should advise those who care not to read of old places and of old pictures to skip this chapter.

My start from London took place under rather unfavourable circumstances, as far as the weather was concerned. It was on a Monday, August 5, and being the first Monday of that month, according to Sir John Lubbock's Act the Londoners had a holiday. Never was there a worse day for an outing. It never ceased raining from ten in the morning till dusk. My first day's drive was to Hatfield; when we arrived, horses, carriage, and men were in a wofully wet and muddy condition. However, the 'Salisbury Arms' afforded good accommodation for man and beast, and before night set in I paid the grand old home of the Cecils a visit, and had a saunter beneath the old oaks in the park.

Hatfield House is one of the finest Elizabethan buildings in the land, if not the very finest, and although it has suffered from fire and still more from modernisation, it is still in great part and externally much in the same state as when Elizabeth's great Chancellor occupied it. No house in England is fuller of recollections of the Virgin Queen.

There are at least half-a-dozen portraits of her, besides numerous relics. Entering the great hall you see her Majesty figured '*à la Diane*,' bow in hand and crescent on brow. In one of the drawing-rooms are two other curious portraits of this queen, one in which she is quite young, holding a marmot in her arms, in a black and gold dress; the other by Zucchero (well

known from the engraving), in which she is arrayed in a gorgeous gown all covered with ornaments like snakes, with ears and eyes interspersed, doubtless symbolical of her qualities of wisdom and acuteness, but looking more like some heathen deity than a Christian queen. Here too are many relics of Queen Bess; amongst others, a round flat straw hat quaintly worked: this is the identical head-gear tradition says that the future queen, then but a princess and a prisoner, wore when seated under an oak in Hatfield Park on the day that she received the news of her sister Mary's death, and of her elevation to the throne. Here, too, are a pair of yellow silk socks and other articles of toilet that belonged to her when at Hatfield. It was here that Elizabeth passed some very *mauvais quarts d'heure*, but the house which she occupied is not the present Hatfield House, but what are now the stables and offices. The former of these was in old times the banqueting hall, and is a noble apartment with a massive and handsomely carved oak ceiling. It was in this habitation that Elizabeth is said to have envied the lot of the milkmaid passing gaily singing beneath the window of the imprisoned princess. Next to the portraits of Elizabeth in historical interest are the following. Queen Mary of Scotland (over the fireplace in the sitting room), evidently painted when Mary was dauphiness, a lovely face. In the same room is Lord Warwick; a doubtful Holbein;

Dudley, Earl of Leicester; Coligny, the Admiral, by Porbus; Henry III. of France and the Duke de Guise, by the same; Lady Hunsdon, by Lucas de Heere; Gondemar, by Cornelius Jansen; Duke of Sussex, by Mark Gerrard; a fine unknown portrait by Mytens; Mildred Coke; Lady Burleigh, by Zucchero; James I. and Lady Cumberland; the first Earl of Salisbury and Lord Burleigh. A very curious small painting on panel of a view of old London, apparently taken from near Lambeth; in the foreground a crowd of courtiers and peasants in the costume of Henry VIII.'s reign; this picture is supposed to represent the entertainment given by Wolsey to the King, when the latter first met Anne Boleyn. According to Shakespeare this event took place in the hall at York Place and at night; but if painters were not more accurate in their delineations of current events in those days than they are in these, this picture might pass for what it is supposed to represent. Except for the costumes, however, I see no reason for thinking it to portray the meeting of the royal Bluebeard and his fair victim.

In Lady Salisbury's sitting-room is one of the loveliest child's pictures that even Reynolds ever created. This is a full length of Miss Price. Nothing ever looked more pert and pretty than this little creature, who stands with folded hands somewhat in the attitude of Greuze's 'Cruche Cassée,' and is toddling

forward, followed by a couple of bleating lambkins. Unlike so many of Sir Joshua's paintings, this picture is as fresh as when he finished it. I believe it has more than once been exhibited, and there exists a fine mezzotint after it; but these are scarce, and it seems a pity that a Cousins or some great engraver should not reproduce this lovely work. In the same room hangs a fine Vandyck, the portrait of the everlasting Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland (if Vandyck painted him once he has fifty times, or else most old English country houses possess copies by Vandyck's pupils of his lordship's self-satisfied countenance), and his beautiful wife and child, an enchanting little lady in white satin, with demurely folded little plump hands that Vandyck must have loved to paint. This little dame became Countess of Essex. In the same room are three other Vandycks: Lord Macclesfield, and Lord and Lady Cranbourne. Also a grand portrait of Lord Pembroke, the second Earl. We have seen now the best of the ground-floor portraits, but there is one in the great drawing-room upstairs that is well worth studying. This is a full length by Sir Joshua of Lady Salisbury, the present Lord of Hatfield's grandmother—who was burned to death here—in fact, the poor old lady (who was over eighty) was the cause of the fire that nearly destroyed Hatfield in 1832. It was supposed that Lady Salisbury had caught fire by the feathers in

her wig having come in contact with a lighted candle; all that could be found of the ancient lady was her set of false teeth; over these the funeral service was duly read, when they were placed in the family vault. In her portrait by Reynolds she is in her palmy days; her hair is powdered, she is dressed in yellow satin, the face, although not a pretty one, has charm and refinement, such charm as Reynolds never failed to give his sitters. There is another portrait of Queen Mary of Scotland besides the one in her early youth I have alluded to here, a full length similar to one at Hardwick, in her widow's weeds, wearing the rosary that she carried on the scaffold of Fotheringay. On the great staircase is a life-size full-length portrait of the great Van Tromp by the father of Albert Cuyp, while in the dining-room is one of Henry IV. of France, and a double portrait of Lord Salisbury with the head of the Duke of Monmouth appearing over his shoulder. I have already lingered too long over these portraits, but before leaving Hatfield we must not fail to look at a very villanous countenance, a portrait, it is said, of Ravaillac, at the end of the long gallery.

The house seems to be most liberally shown to strangers when the family are away. What was of no little comfort to me was that the housekeeper was a most gracious one, and with her leave I had no difficulty in being left alone, and in copying and sketching the different pictures in the rooms. I was not

sorry for the excuse of stormy weather to pass the two following days at so interesting a place. Between the thunder-showers I managed to make some out-of-door drawings, one of an old farm building, with a foreground of splendid old oaks, that had attracted my attention on the first evening I passed here, and another of the house from the fine old-fashioned prim garden surrounded by a cloister-like ancient walk of dwarf limes. I was told that Lady Salisbury sometimes drives here from London, and not long ago brought the Premier (Gladstone) here by road. What are called 'the younger branches of the family' also ride down here sometimes from town.

Hatfield Church (which rejoices in chimes that play the old French air of 'Malbrook') is undergoing a thorough restoration. It contains some handsome monuments to the Cecils; the best are of James I.'s time, and, as was then the strange fashion, two figures are represented: above, the body lying in full dress, and below the same body represented in the form of a half-decayed corpse—a ghastly form of *Memento mori.*

I drove from Hatfield early on the morning of August 8 to St. Alban's, a lovely five-miles drive. There I baited at the 'Pea Hen' inn, and visited meanwhile what is the most curious and finest abbey church in England. This structure is in the shape of a cross, extending from east to west; it is over six hundred

feet in length, and from north to south along the transepts more than two hundred. A huge square tower of three stories, with a spire, rises from the intersection. In 1832 part of the wall of the upper battlement on the south-west side of the abbey fell upon the roof below, in two portions, at an interval of five minutes between the fall of each mass. At the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII., this abbey church was bought by a rich clothier, named Stump, for 400*l.*, and by him was converted into a parochial church for the use of the inhabitants. Nothing can be grander than the huge vastness of this building, although the exterior is disappointing and looks more like an ancient home for giants than a church; but as soon as one enters the church one is impressed by the massive splendour of the old Saxon building. The restored shrine is a marvel of ingenious craft, the former one having been scattered in hundreds of fragments. What to a great extent destroys the beauty of this church is the flat roof, hideously painted. Some day St. Alban's will, however, be a building of which the nation will be proud; at present, as its restorer, Sir Gilbert Scott, says, 'it is a mere wreck of its former self.' The abbots who, in the eleventh century, raised this building, employed the remains of the Roman city of Verulam, which accounts for the great amount of Roman brick that is so conspicuous all over the building.

A few fragments only remain of the once beautiful cloisters that formerly connected the abbey with the abbot's residence. In 1257, on a sheet of lead that is supposed to have contained the bones of St. Alban, the following inscription was written: '*In hoc mausoleo inventum est venerabile corpus Sancti Albani, protomartyris Anglorum.*' There is no time to be lost, not only in restoring this abbey, but in preserving it from ruin, for the two eastern piers which support the building have already given signs of subsidence. The exterior stone is also in a sad state of decay, and the wooden ceilings are also giving way. As in nearly all ancient churches in England, the walls and pillars of St. Alban's were, during the last century, defaced by whitewash. Much of this, however, has been cleared away, and many highly curious fresco paintings are now visible. But even the scraping off of this barbarous coating is an operation requiring much time and labour, and the danger is that unless money flows in much more freely for the restoration fund than it has hitherto done, St. Alban's will never be thoroughly repaired, much less restored. 'No church,' says Gilbert Scott, in his report to the Restoration Committee, 'in Great Britain more thoroughly deserves a careful and conservative restoration, nor would any more richly repay this labour of love. It is a glorious work, and one with which I feel a special pride in being connected, and I most earnestly wish you every

possible success and liberal support in what may fairly be styled a great national undertaking.'

Returning to the 'Pea Hen' hotel, I found that establishment *en fête*. Boots informed me, with a look of compassionate pity at my not being aware of the fact, that it was owing to 'missus's sister's wedding!'

From St. Alban's I drove on to Dunstable, where I put up at the 'Red Lion.' In the old portion of this inn Charles I. had lodged the night before his defeat at Naseby. Here is still to be seen a picturesque *porte-cochère*, with a quaint timber roof and walls also timbered. There is nothing of any interest to see in the town itself, which consists of a long broad street, every third house of which appears to be an inn.

Off from Dunstable early on August 9, driving over the old high road that Drayton calls 'that right noble street,' the Roman Watling Road, which, near Dunstable, has the appearance of a railway cutting, and proves what splendid engineers those old Romans were. At a village called Hockcliffe is a most remarkable old house, half farm half pothouse, which evidently has seen better days. It is all over fine wooden carvings, now rapidly falling to pieces; scrolls, griffins, coats-of-arms, and other devices abound. Within, in what is now the kitchen, is the date 1566; but the people told me that this date, carved on wood, came

from some other old place in the neighbourhood. Besides this muchly be-carved house are several specimens of old domestic architecture in this village, which would repay an architect or artist for passing a day or two here.

A drive of five miles brought us to the park gates of Woburn Abbey; the crest of the Russells over the gates put me in mind of Billy Russell's goat on our war waggon during the Franco-German war. And here in peaceful Bedfordshire again appeared the identical goat with the same philosophical motto, *Che sarà sarà*; not now on a Berlin-built canvas-covered luggage waggon, but standing out, of colossal size, carved in stone on these ducal Woburn gates. After seeing the roans put up at the comfortable stables at the 'Bedford Arms,' in the clean little town of Woburn, I walked across the park some two miles, and reached the lodge of the abbey. The house is of that severe classical style which was all the rage at the close of last century; the dreariest style of architecture for a country house in our climate. Woburn is formed in the shape of a gigantic square; before it extends a well-kept lawn. The entrance of the building is poor; the rooms within are very small for such a huge block of a building, and all open from one to the other; thus being all passage rooms—a great disadvantage, and fatal to comfort. But to make up for this, those rooms contain one of the finest private

and smaller, and occupies a less conspicuous site; indeed, to a casual observer, it might pass for a mere market cross.

Another short drive in the direction of Kettering brought me to Boughton, a gloomy French château-looking house placed in a hollow. This is one of the numerous places that belong to the Duke of Buccleuch. The glory of Boughton are the famous avenues of limes and elms that surround it; one of these has six rows of trees and looks like a sylvan regiment. John Duke of Montagu had a mania for planting, and he is said to have wished to connect Boughton with London by an avenue of limes or of elms. Not finding this scheme practicable, he made as many miles of avenue in this place as would cover the distance from it to the capital; consequently Boughton rejoices in avenues to the extent of seventy-six miles. There is but little of interest within the building; the entrance hall is handsome, but, like all the place, very gloomy; this hall is hung with ancestral portraits of the house of Montagu, painted, apparently (as Walpole has said of a similar kind), 'by the rood and ordered by the yard.' Passing by these you enter an anteroom of which the ceiling is adorned by the 'sprawling saints' of Verrio or Laguerre. Beyond this antechamber a low, long, damp, haunted-looking gallery is reached; its walls literally covered with old portraits, some of which are in a lamentable state of decay, the paint peeling off them, and leaving

nothing but worm-eaten panel visible. A glaringly painted armorial chimney piece is in the centre of this lonesome gallery, on which is written the following doleful inscription: '*Mille douleurs pour ung plesure*;' and a little below this, '*Ne sis argus foris et domi Talpa*' (whatever that may mean). What does not take off from the prevailing gloom of these galleries and rooms is that they look out on a courtyard in which grows rank grass, around a square basin of stagnant water. In the drawing-room and dining-room is some fine Flemish tapestry, but faded, like all the rest.

As I walked through this gloomy old place, in which nothing but the old portraits of dead Montagus, and the figures on the old tapestries, seemed to live, it seemed to me as if the old house had been deserted for at least a century, ever since the days of the tree-loving Duke of Montagu; nor should I have been much surprised to have met in the gallery and tapestried chambers a bewigged beau in lace and ruffles, or a dame in hoop and powder. One can hardly expect the owners of over a dozen large country palaces to keep them all up equally well; but it seems a pity that the neglect which has ruined what might be a comfortable if not a cheerful house, should not be done away with.

It was quite a relief, on leaving Boughton, to meet in the park some little Scotts—grandchildren of the

owner of the gloomy old place—on their way to the house from the station. The patter of little feet, and the unconscious joyousness of children must make Boughton less of a haunted-looking house for those who live there.

Before leaving Kettering on my way back to Northampton, I made a rash attempt to see a place called Broughton Hall (which I found was not any way near Kettering, but in the north of Oxfordshire). However, it was worth going somewhat out of my way to visit the church at Broughton, and its pretty peaceful little churchyard. Within the church are two monuments similar to, and probably by the same hand as made the bust of Shakespeare in Stratford-on-Avon Church. At the rectory there I made the acquaintance of a most amiable pair, the clergyman of the place and his wife.

Early the next day I drove away from Northampton, halting at Little Brington, where in the village is an old cottage in which lived the ancestors of George Washington. It is a neat old place enough, but with nothing remarkable about it, save that it was the nest of the great General's forefathers. Above the entrance door, inscribed on a stone slab, is the following: 'The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Constructus, 1606.' The old dame who lives in this cottage told me that many Americans visit it; but strangely

enough no mention is made of this house, nor, what must be of still greater interest to our Transatlantic cousins, the Washington tombs in the Church of Great Brington, in the capital little American guide book by Mr. Winthrop Sargent, a little handbook I found most useful. Great Brington lies some couple of miles from the smaller village of that name where is the Washington cottage. At Great Brington there is a handsome church, remarkable for the very complete and perfect series of monuments of the family of Spencer. These may be said to illustrate the monumental art in England from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries. Still more interesting, however, than these monuments to the ancestors of Lord Spencer are the two plain slabs that cover the bones of George Washington's ancestors. The oldest of these is that with an inscription on it to the memory of Lawrence Washington, deceased in 1616, leaving behind him eight sons and nine daughters! Two of Lawrence the Prolific's children migrated; from one of these George Washington descended. The other inscription is engraved on brass, beneath the Washington coat of arms, as follows: 'Here lies interred ye bodies of Eliz. Washington, widowe, who changed this life for Immortalletie ye 19th of March, 1622; as also ye body of Robert Washington, Gent., her late husband, second sonne of Robert Washington, of Solgrave, in ye county of North., Esq., who depd.

this life ye 10th March 1622, after they lived lovingly together.' We here see the origin of the American 'star-spangled banner,' and of the stripes; for on the coat of arms on this old brass appear three stars, with the bars or stripes beneath them. The sexton told me that Charles Sumner had had a copy made of the larger slab by the local mason, and that both he and Motley, the historian, had taken great interest in these arms and inscriptions. It is certainly striking to see these humble mementos of the ancestry of one of whom all English-speaking people are proud, in this old country church, lying near the splendid tombs of forgotten magnates. An interesting chapter might be written on the origin of the great flags of the world; to trace them back to their sources would often be no easy task; but that of the American Republic lies on the old floor of Brington Church.

Holdenby (pronounced Holmby) House is within an easy drive from Great Brington. The country all about is a mass of steep hills, and I felt sorry for my roans as they had to crawl up hill after hill. I had for the first time struck out across country, and the steep, badly-kept lanes told on the working powers of Bismarck and Tommy. The day was intensely hot, and, to add to other small miseries, I managed to lose my way, which gave me several extra miles of road to drive. In this part of the country the inns in the villages are of the poorest, and it was not an

easy matter always to find stabling for the horses, or food for ourselves. Whyte Melville, in one of his best novels, has given a picturesque account of Holdenby House in the book named after the old place, and of the scenery that surrounds it. I cannot recommend a pilgrimage to the scene of its departed glories;[1] all that now remains of what was once a grand old mansion is a small gable-topped building, now undergoing a very thorough process of modernisation; and the last traces of the old window carving and door ornamentation are rapidly disappearing under the hand of the mason. Within, there is nothing either old or interesting, besides here and there a carved oak chimney-piece. However, outside are two relics of old Holdenby House when Charles I. lived there. These are two colossal arches carved in the best style of Elizabethan art; they bear the date of 1583. For what purposes those arches were placed on the east side of the building, leading to nothing in particular, is not easy to conjecture; but they form a striking object standing out amongst the rank grass that covers the spot where once, perhaps, were terraced gardens and clipped hedgerows, and give an idea of what the splendour of the old house formerly was, now

[1] Of Holdenby House Campden writes that it is 'a faire pattern of stately and magnificent building, of a faire glorious show,' and as 'not to be matched in this land.' Queen Elizabeth, whose property it had once been, exchanged it with Sir Christopher Hatton for Kirkby, of which anon.

but a modernised building with all its historic features destroyed. It was here that one of the many dramatic episodes in Charles I.'s chequered career took place, for it was at Holdenby, after his defeat at Naseby and after his surrender to the treacherous Scots, that the king was summoned by Cornet Joyce to deliver himself into his keeping. On the king's asking for the cornet's commission to arrest him, Joyce answered by pointing to his troopers that stood behind him. Before those troublous times Holdenby had seen happier days; and here Queen Elizabeth's dance-loving Lord Keeper lived: what a number of fine places Hatton seems to have had! here, as at Stoke Pogis, no doubt 'the seals and maces danced before him.'

Returning to bait at Great Brington I walked across some fields in Althorpe Park, Lord Spencer's place, which is externally a most unpretentious-looking building, plain almost to ugliness; but what treasures in the way of books and pictures, the best of earthly treasures, does not this house of commonplace exterior contain! The building is surrounded by a flat park, which, like the house, has no appearance of age to recommend it, no fine trees or ancient timber. Within, the rooms, though generally small, are well proportioned, and contain not only the finest private library in the world, but a very splendid collection of paintings of nearly every school. Such a library as this at Althorpe, buried down in a park in a midland

county, seems to me rather incongruous; one would feel, I imagine, if one owned it, that here such treasures were rather lost, and Mr. T. Grenville's generous example would bear being followed. At Althorpe nearly every room contains a library. The housekeeper told me that thirteen rooms here were filled by books; there are over forty-five thousand volumes; in one little narrow room the books, according to my informant, had been valued at 60,000*l.* worth. Here is the famous Decameron, which was put up for auction for 100*l.*, and after a keen fight for it between Lord Spencer and the Duke of Roxburgh, in which one bid first 120*l.*, the other 150*l.*, and so on, within a few minutes the book belonged to the former for the sum of 2,260*l.* This same bibliomaniac gave 600*l.* for a Bible printed on vellum. Although such prices as these are excessive, they are not so absurd as the sum people nowadays waste on blue china, brood mares, and hunters.

What was of much greater interest to me at Althorpe than seeing the backs of those thousands of volumes in their locked-up cases, were the glorious Sir Joshuas in which the place abounds. Nearly every room boasts one or more. All the family seem to have been painted by our greatest portrait painter when at his best; many of those portraits have been exhibited, and many engraved. Everyone knows the full length of the beautiful Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devon-

collections of foreign and English paintings in this or in any other country. It would take too long even to name those of these pictures that struck me most. A list of the family portraits alone fills a book, for these commence with the first Earl of Bedford in Henry VIII.'s reign, and it seems that every one of his successors, male and female, had their portraits taken and placed at Woburn. Numerous as the rooms here are, the portraits fill even the endless corridors, and line the staircases. I noticed several of the celebrated William, Lord Russell, a noble, frank, fearless face such as one would expect him to have had. The portraits, for there are two, one an early painting by Reynolds, interested me, of Gertrude, wife of the second Duke of Bedford. She was born a Gower, and gave that name to the dreary street in Bloomsbury, of which doctors are so fond. The wealth of pictures at Woburn is something extraordinary, one bedroom alone is full of Sir Joshuas, another of Landseers, a third of Calcotts, Bonningtons, and Leslies. The dining-room is thickly panelled with superb views of Venice by Canaletto, and a sitting-room with Vandycks; there are besides these the apparently countless series of family portraits of the house of Russell, from Holbein down to Lawrence. What a study of the costumes of near four centuries are these pictures of the Russells at Woburn! Gentlemen in trunk hose and doublet, cloth of gold and armour;

ladies in farthingales and ruffs; gentlemen with long flowing wigs and Steinkirk collars; ladies with curls on their foreheads, and little on their voluptuous forms; gentlemen in powder and ruffles, ladies in hoops, and be-patched; gentlemen in high collars and many-coloured velvet waistcoats; ladies in leg-of-mutton sleeves, and with fire-scuttle-shaped hats. The finest portrait, artistically speaking, at Woburn is that of a Spanish admiral or captain in the great drawing-room, by Velasquez—a tremendous don. Doubtless this is the finest portrait by the great Spanish artist in England. Over the fireplace in this same room is one of Reynolds's masterpieces, the full length of Lady Tavistock in the bridesmaid's dress she wore at George III.'s marriage. This picture is well known by a superb mezzotint taken from it; but it is worth coming a journey to see the splendour of the colouring of this picture. What adds to the interest of this portrait is that the lady it represents died, while still in all the freshness of her beauty, of grief at the loss of her husband. There, too, is a glorious picture by Murillo, of a bevy of cupids, or angels, and close beside this the fine Rembrandt of Joseph interpreting that unfortunate baker's dream to the dreamer; now somewhat green in tone. There are many remarkable portraits of the Tudors here—one of Queen Jane Seymour is a marvel of preservation. I have never seen pictures so well cared for as they are here. All

appear in perfect keeping, and none suffering from being over-glazed or over-varnished or cleaned. In the way of landscape, two Claudes are worthy of special notice, and there is a superb Gainsborough, of a rosy sunset sky.

In a small room in which a book is kept for visitors to write their names, carefully placed behind glass are some modern relics which one of the family brought back from 'the last great war.' A box of cigars, on which is inscribed 'Given me by Count Bismarck on Christmas Day, 1870, at Versailles—Odo Russell'; and other curiosities of a similar kind all duly labelled.

I had spent so much time among the pictures at Woburn, that I had barely time to hurry through the rest of the sights of the place. There is here a large sculpture gallery, never I think a successful feature, and out of place even in such a palace as Chatsworth; for sculpture should not be huddled together in an apartment, but scattered among other works of art. It makes one shiver in this climate to enter a great gallery full of cold marble nudities.

The gardens are vast, encumbered with quaint temples and adorned with artificial lakes; but I hurried away, having a long drive of a dozen miles before reaching my next halt; which was at Stony Stratford. That drive is hilly and uninteresting. I slept at the 'Cock' inn, leaving Stony Stratford the next morning, still

keeping my course over the Watling Road, and reaching Northampton before one o'clock that afternoon; giving me time to visit Castle Ashby, Lord Northampton's fine place, seven miles out of the town. That was the first place I found occupied by its owner. It seems passing strange that those who have the good fortune to possess these great places should be so little in them, in the season when they are in their greatest beauty. But it is now the fashion, unfortunately, for the plutocrats to live away as much as possible out of England, and from their country houses, during the summer. As soon as the London season is over a rush is made either to Scotland or to the Continent, and the finest places in England are left to solitude, tourists, and the charge of a housekeeper. They are seen as the case may be, as the liberality of the absentee owner, or the avarice of the factotum within dictates, by the foreigner or tourist, who naturally wonders at the owners of such places passing the finest season of the year out of them. But this is owing to the decrees of fashion; and instead of getting the London season over, as formerly was the case, by the middle of June at latest, it is now prolonged to the middle of August, and thus the finest season for enjoying the country in the summer is lost.

This is not only regrettable in that so many great country places should be neglected during the summer, by the absence of the owners from their ancient homes,

but also on account of the moral effect that this absenteeism must have on those who pass their lives around and within the shadow of these stately homes. It can hardly appear an unmixed good that the owners of these historic mansions only live in them during the shooting and hunting seasons; but probably this state of things will continue as long as the silly mania for what is called 'sport' prevails, and while the youth of the richer classes—upper I will not call them—are in general brought up more like young gamekeepers than anything else, and consequently look upon their homes as merely comfortable preserves for different kinds of game, and seldom give a thought to anything above or beyond the slaughter of pheasants and the destruction of hares and rabbits. It would be curious to have a return of the owners of great estates in England, say of over 20,000*l.* a year, showing how much of the year is passed by the owners of these great properties, beyond the shooting season, on their estates. As an amusement and exercise sport is all very well; but when it is turned almost into a science it becomes harmful, not only to the individual, but to the community at large. There would be much less agitation against the Game Laws were people only moderate regarding their shooting; but to overstock their preserves, so as to have a few winter days of great 'battues,' will surely in the end lead to very serious ill feeling between landlord and tenant, and of still

worse between the idle upper ten thousand and the labouring ten million.

After this digression on the abuse of game preserving, we will return to Castle Ashby. Finished in 1624, it is a fine specimen externally of Jacobean architecture. The handsome entrance front and portico were designed by the great Inigo Jones himself. The plan of the house is a square, with a court in the centre. Large mullioned bay windows which extend from the ground to the roof give the south front a cheerful aspect, and preserve the interior of the house from the sombre character which have so many of the houses of the early part of the seventeenth century. Another feature characteristic of the period is the quaint balustrade of stone letters that runs round the top of the building. On the east side this inscription runs as follows. '*Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam*, 1624.' The interior of the house, although handsome, somewhat disappoints after the effect of the noble exterior. Castle Ashby was suffered to fall into decay after the ruinous elections during the last century, but its present owner has done much both within and without to restore this fine old place to its former state. The most noticeable paintings here are in the great drawing-room, on the first floor, a grand apartment with a handsomely decorated ceiling of the time of James I. Here are a curious pair of portraits purporting to be those of John Talbot—

Shakespeare's Talbot—'the scourge of France,' who was killed at Chastillon in 1453, and that of his second wife, the daughter and heiress of Richard Beauchamp, 'the Kingmaker' Earl of Warwick. She died in 1468. John Talbot's monument was destroyed in the great fire of London, having been placed in St. Paul's; but a facsimile portrait of this one at Castle Ashby, which was saved from that fire, is, I believe, in the Heralds' College. In the same room is a curious portrait, said to be by Vandyck, of the Duke of Buckingham as he lay dead at Portsmouth, assassinated by Felton. The head is a finer one than in the portraits of the Duke in his lifetime, but the features in death we know have a refinement that they lack in life. Although here are but few family portraits, there is a Vandyck in this same room which must not be overlooked. This is a half length of the gallant Spencer, Lord Northampton, one of Charles I.'s most loyal and devoted generals; his death, at the battle of Hopton Heath, was a greater loss to the King's cause than even the loss of the battle. Not only did Lord Northampton raise a troop of horse for the cause for which he died, but his four sons were all officers under him. He drove Lord Brook out of Warwickshire and took Banbury Castle. On the disastrous day of Hopton Heath, with his horse killed under him, and surrounded by the enemy, he refused to surrender. In the words of the chronicler, which read like a page from Froissart, we are told how

'his head-piece was soon beat off by the end of a musquet, and quarter being offered him, which he manfully disdained to accept, he was slain by a blow from a halbert on the hinder part of his head; he received at the same time another deep wound in the face. For such a loss a greater victory had been an unequal recompence.' Lord Northampton had been heard to say that, if he outlived those wars, he was certain never to have so noble a death. His body, which the Parliamentarians refused to give up to his son, was buried in the Church of Allhallows at Derby. Indeed a gallant cavalier was this Lord Northampton, an ancestor of whom his descendants may justly feel proud.

The gardens of Castle Ashby, the work of the present Lord Northampton, are beautiful. They combine with success the Elizabethan and Italian styles. Round the great bastion in the front garden is an inscription to the memory of the late Lady Northampton, a noble, beautiful person, whose early death was deeply mourned; her full-length portrait at Castle Ashby bears a rare type of beauty, on which the Eternities have set their lasting peace. Evelyn, when he visited, two centuries ago, Castle Ashby, seems only to have admired the iron gates opening on the park, 'which indeed,' he writes, 'are very good work, wrought with flowers, painted blue and gilded.' Not many years ago the roads between Northampton and

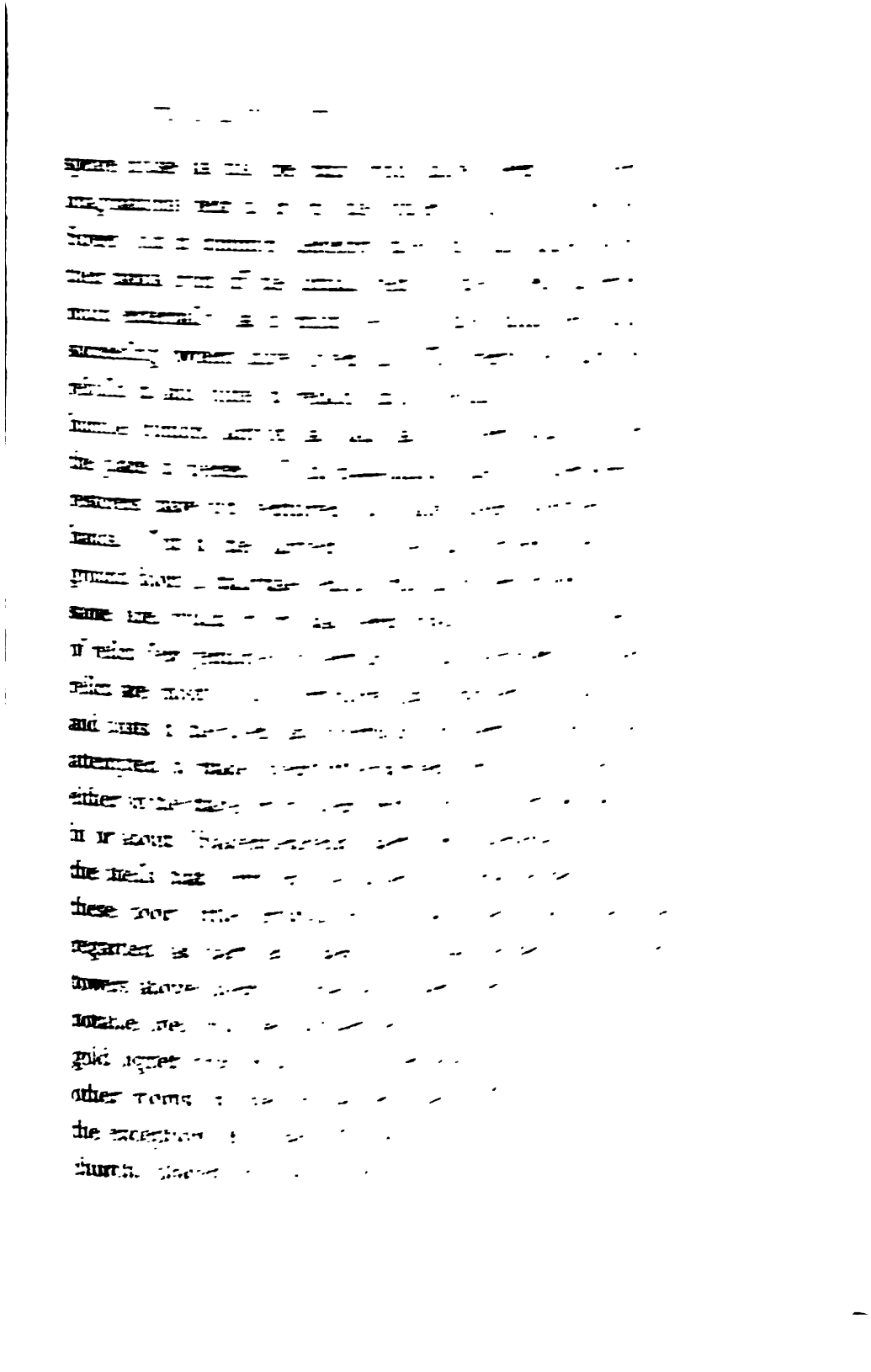
place, there yet remains much in the shape of brick and mortar that has seen the immortal one from youth to age. The two spots most connected with his birth and his death exist. The little room in which he first saw the light; the grave where his ashes rest,—these Stratford still holds. Even if no memories of Shakespeare were associated with it, the drive from Warwick to Stratford would be worth the taking, for nothing can be more enjoyable than to drive through the lovely lanes and over the roads bordered with the old picturesque cottages that are so common in this part of Warwickshire.

Charlecote was my first stoppage that day. The house is a grand Elizabethan building; and the park (not the one where Shakespeare is supposed to have got into trouble, for that park is at some distance from Charlecote) is in keeping with the house. It still belongs to the descendants of Sir Thomas Lucy. Within, it has been judiciously restored; harmlessly, for a wonder. The great hall bears still the principal features which it wore when—as one still wishes to believe, although no one can prove it—Shakespeare stood there before Sir Thomas on the charge of killing the knight's deer; the fine carved old chimney-piece bears the date 1558. There are a number of interesting family busts and portraits in the hall. Among them worthy of remark is a curious oval portrait of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, by Isaac Oliver. In the bright,

gay drawing-room of Charlecote are some excellent pictures. The best are these :—Giorgioni, a knight on horseback ; Raffaelle (?), portrait of a Marquis of Mantua ; a small but fine Titian of Samson and the lion ; a fine portrait by Sebastian del Piombo, said to be Bayard ; also a portrait by Giorgione. There are also some good specimens of the Dutch school, among which two excellent Wouvermans are conspicuous. Before leaving Charlecote I visited the lodge that faces the principal entrance. The space between the lodge and the house wore a glow of colour, the parterres brilliant with geraniums and verbenas. Shakespeare is supposed to have passed the night following his capture in this lodge. From the top of it one has a beautiful view. Sending the carriage round by the road I walked through the park, which is crossed by a fine avenue of old elms. The view of Charlecote from this avenue, with its bright red gables beautifully backed by noble trees and with a foreground of ferns, is intensely English and delightful.

Joining the carriage at the other end of the park I pursued my way to Stratford ; just before reaching it the road runs along by the side of the Avon and crosses it on a modern bridge. Stratford-on-Avon disappoints by the modern look of its streets, which are wide and deadly dull, and as unpoetic to look at as Gower Street or Portland Place. I put up at the 'Red Horse' hotel, where I found a snug little

sitting-room, with 'Washington Irving's Parlour' inscribed over the door, which that delightful author occupied when writing the best account that has yet been written of Stratford-on-Avon. On the walls are several prints after his portraits. Our first visit at Stratford was naturally to see the poet's birthplace, in Henley Street. I had not been prepared to find a newly-built, trim, tidy-looking imitation of an Elizabethan street house, and was consequently disappointed with the exterior of the building. We are certainly afflicted by a mania for restoring old buildings in this latter part of the nineteenth century; but why on earth the old house in which our greatest poet first saw the light of day could not have been permitted to remain as much as possible in its old external aspect is difficult to guess. Were it but a question of keeping it from decay, no one would object to any amount of renovation, but the incredibly bad taste to restore it to what some architect or antiquarian may suppose it to have been when Shakespeare lived here in his childhood, is as lamentable as the result of an aged beauty attempting to restore her lost charms by paint and cosmetics; and I believe that in no other country would such a vandalism as this renovating of Shakespeare's birth-house have been permitted. Would that the people who took this job in hand had been content to display their knowledge of how this house looked three centuries ago by building a Shake-



supposed to have been born. The walls and ceiling, and even the window-sills of this room are entirely written over with signatures of visitors. Among them can still be distinguished Walter Scott's name on one of the small panes of glass, and Thackeray's on the low, whitewashed ceiling. Although the church which contains the poet's dust has been lately restored there is no protection over the place on which a plain slab of stone marks the spot where he lies. I expressed my surprise at this neglect to the man who accompanies visitors to that sacred spot, and he said the authorities intended placing a railing round it; but they seem in no hurry to protect the gravestone from the hobnailed-shod feet of any rustic.

Lord Northampton, and especially his sister-in-law, Lady Alwyn Compton, had excited my curiosity in regard to an old place of their family's in Warwickshire—Compton Wynyates—some fourteen miles from Warwick. I passed a pleasant Sunday at this curious old place, which remains much in the same state as in the reign of Henry VII., whose badges and cognisances are seen on either side of the fine old gateway. Not an easy place to find is this old nest of the house of Compton, and I did well to hire a dog-cart and driver to conduct me thither, for there is hardly more than a path to lead one up to the old mansion, which is placed in a kind of dell in a valley. The warm, rich colour of the brick of the building

gives it externally a look of comfort, but within it is wofully bare of that element or, in fact, of furniture; but as the old antiquarian Camden truly says, Compton Wynyates is not without its pleasantness. A perfect place for one to go to who wished to retire from active life. Its present bare state within dates as far back as the great election in 1774, when the family sold everything of any value; the building itself barely escaped being altogether destroyed at that ruinous time. It was only lately that the windows, which had been bricked up, were reopened and reglazed. The old place suffered, too, in the civil wars, and is supposed to have been bombarded by the Cromwellians. The room called the King's Bedchamber, and where Charles I. slept before the battle of Edgehill, is full of secret doors and recesses; a portion of a secret staircase was lately found in the wall between window and door leading into an upper chamber. In a long, low gallery-like room above this, called the Guard Room, from the tradition that Cromwell's troops occupied it, are still to be seen dark marks or stains on the walls which may have been made by their candles. At the top of the house is a room known as the Popish Chapel; but why it is thus named is not evident, except that it is more highly decorated than the other rooms. A doorway in this room, richly carved, is considered by Sir Digby Wyatt to be one of the most beautiful pieces of *cinque-cento* work in England. Near this

room is a long passage-like room which also has its tradition, for here two hundred wounded Cavaliers lay after the battle of Edgehill—fought hard by Compton Wynyates; they were here secretly tended by the wife of that loyal gentleman, Lord Northampton, while the house was still in the enemy's occupation. The church here is curious, and is an unique specimen of the Gothic of Charles II.'s time; luckily it is unique, for it is not happy in design or execution. The family monuments, destroyed and thrown into the moat by the Parliamentarians, are here gathered together. Compton Wynyates was honoured by a visit from Queen Elizabeth in 1572, and here also lodged her father. The gilt bed he lay on was sold with the rest of the old furniture after that unfortunate election last century.

I passed a pleasant Sunday here, sketching and wandering about the old lanes and fields, seemingly little changed since Cromwell's troopers rode victoriously over them after their victory at neighbouring Edgehill.

Before leaving Compton Wynyates I visited Lord Saye and Sele's place, Broughton Castle, seven miles from Compton Wynyates, in Oxfordshire. It is a fine old moated place, but has suffered much from restoration. In two of the state rooms are finely decorated ceilings; in the hall is a family portrait, by Gainsborough, of a lady and child; notice also a profile of Mrs. Siddons, by West.

The ruins of Kenilworth, of course, were visited, but these are too well known to require any description. The same evening I drove through the beautiful park of Stoneleigh, full of a gay holiday crowd that the kind owner was entertaining, and slept that night at the Abbey—a most beautiful place, and worthy of its owners. The next night I lodged at Coventry, driving over to see Coombe Abbey from there: Lord Craven's noble old place, full of Stuart portraits brought there by Elizabeth of Bohemia when she became the wife of Lord Craven. After visiting the churches of Coventry, famous for their beauty of proportion and their superb painted glass, I pursued my road to Leicester, baiting on the way at Hinckley, and put up at the 'Bell' hotel. From here I took the train to Stamford, and before the gloaming had quite set in struck across the fields and grounds of the park of Burleigh House—'Burleigh House, by Stamford Town.' Climbing over a sunk fence, I soon found myself before the great entrance of the grand old pile, but unluckily also confronted by an angry housekeeper, whose vigilant eye had perceived me while undertaking my gymnastic proceedings before reaching the house. When the good lady discovered that I was not the housebreaker she had at first taken me for, she calmed her ruffled flounces and said it was then too late to take me over the house, but that in the morning I should be admitted. Within, Burleigh is

disappointing; it is externally, perhaps, the finest in effect of any of the great English county palaces, but within, with the exception of the great banqueting-hall, the other rooms are not striking, and, what is worse, they are full of the furniture of the beginning of this reign, the worst that ever existed. The old ceilings, generally so beautiful and elaborate in Elizabethan houses, have been swept away and replaced by acres of the painted gods and goddesses by Verrio or Laguerre; the former is said to have been employed here a dozen years, and that he had a separate establishment and an income of 1,500*l.* a year, all bestowed on him by the fifth Earl of Exeter, who, poor man, fancied himself a very great art patron.

Stothard's great paintings on the staircase are grand performances, but as out of keeping with the style of the house as Verrio's. The splendid carved Venetian chairs of state in the banqueting-hall deserve notice, and Grinling Gibbons's carving. Among the portraits here are those of Sir Walter Raleigh, by Isaac Gerrard; portraits of Henry VIII., and Edward VI. and Elizabeth when children, by Holbein; and what will always interest here, the portrait by Lawrence of 'the Cottage Countess,' Sarah Hoggins (luckily Tennyson was not obliged to introduce her family name in his poem on the Lord of Burleigh!). There is a curious St. Hubert, by A. Durer, in one of the state bedrooms; a fine St. John, by Andrea del Sarto, in

another, and in the Queen's dressing-room an 'Assumption' by N. Poussin, in which the attendant cherubs are lovely.

No one should leave Stamford without visiting in St. Martin's Church the tomb of the great Lord Burleigh, which Cromwell is said to have spared at the intercession of a relative of his living in that parish.

Leaving Stamford by rail I went to Rockingham, thence in a fly some five miles to visit Kirby House, a splendid old ruin of the sixteenth century, belonging unfortunately to the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham. Within the court, one might fancy oneself within a miniature Louvre, so beautiful are the carvings and so perfect the taste displayed on the stonework; what, however, was once an exquisitely lovely building in which a fairy queen might have been fitly lodged is now but a ruin.

It was enough to make one cry with vexation to see to what a state of decay so perfect a building had been allowed to come.

All honour to our great architect, John Thorpe, who built Kirby, and who would die a second time could he now revisit it in its ruined state; here lived Sir Christopher Hatton, and, later, that 'bright occidental star,' Elizabeth. Sir Christopher made the glorious building of Thorpe still more splendid; and after him, Inigo Jones, about 1638, decorated the front of Kirby with the magnificence that he might have

bestowed on one of his famous 'masques' at Whitehall —but here in cunningly carved stone. Not so very long ago, Mr. Hall, in his work on 'Baronial Halls,' says it is still (1845) in a tolerable state of preservation. Alas! it is now a lovely wreck. '*Je seray loyal*,' and the date of 1572, can still be traced on the third story, but what desolation below and within! A farm labourer and family live in what was formerly the abode of a queen, and bats and owls flit out and in of these once royal chambers.

On my way back to the railway station I visited Rockingham Castle. From its terrace garden there is a very extensive view over Leicestershire; on a clear day fifteen steeples are visible. The gardens are beautiful; clematis and the glorious Virginia creeper abound.

Passed that night at the 'Bull' inn in Leicester. There the building best worth visiting is a fine old town hall, where, in a handsome timber-ceiling'd hall, a dinner was given to celebrate the destruction of the Armada. The room known as the Mayor's Parlour has a handsome old fireplace in it. The church of St. Mary de Castro and the ruins of the abbey to which dying Wolsey came, and 'where the reverend abbot, with all his convent, honourably receiv'd him,' are well worth visiting—the latter from association with Shakespeare's great drama, at any rate.

On again from Leicester, baiting at the 'Bull' inn at Loughborough. I arrived at Nottingham that

evening; a town of steep streets crowded with a rowdy mob. I put up at the 'George' hotel—a large, unpleasant hostelry—and visited the ruins of the Duke of Newcastle's Castle on the hill in the midst of the town, built by the horse-loving first Duke in 1677, and burnt by the Reform mob of the place in 1831. Its ruins remain an everlasting disgrace to the people of this place. To judge by the crowd I saw here this evening, they will be quite ready to repeat such an exploit as the firing of this house at the earliest opportunity. The next day was a Sunday (August 25). I attended service at St. Mary's, a fine old church, admirably restored by Gilbert Scott, and in the afternoon drove over to Wollaton, three miles from Nottingham.

The place is approached by a fine double avenue of old limes, but the carriage road, instead of running through the centre of this avenue, lies on one side. The house externally is magnificent, but, as at Burleigh, the interior is disappointing. Wollaton nearly shared the fate of Nottingham Castle in the Reform riots of 1831, and had not Lord Middleton placed cannon on the house and armed his colliers, the place, one of the finest specimens of English domestic architecture, would have been sacked and burnt. The fault of the building seems to me to be the heavy lantern in the centre, surmounted by turrets like huge pepper-boxes. The place is let, but I was able to see the interior. Within is a magnificent stone gallery, richly orna-

mented. The hall is adorned with deers' heads shot in a Sutherland deer forest, and over the fireplace in this hall is the portrait of the founder of the place, Sir Francis Willoughby, who built Wollaton in 1580. There are here three fine works by Snyders, and a curious old view of the place by Sibrechtsork, painted in 1665. The gardens and grounds at Wollaton are in splendid keeping; there is a glorious ilex on the west front.

Left Nottingham the following morning and baited at Paddlewick, from whence I walked some two miles to Newstead; one of the saddest places in England, as Abbotsford is in Scotland, but not from similar causes. Had Byron not been so intensely sensitive, what happy days might he not have passed at his beautiful old ancestral home; and had not Sir Walter been so anxious to live in baronial halls, how much less unhappy his closing years would have been! Pride was the bane of both poets. Newstead belongs to Mr. Webb (an African explorer, a kind of sporting Livingstone; Newstead is full of birds and beasts shot by him). All that pertains to Byron is reverently cared for by the present owner, and the place is probably in better keeping now than it has been since it ceased to be a monastery. But there is little within to recall Byron at Newstead; only a small portion of the building is in the same state as when he occupied it; his bedroom and dressing-room are shown, where a few of his mementos are

kept—his boxing-gloves, the table he wrote on, two helmets he had ordered for his Greek expedition, one shaped like a lancer's, with a plaque on which appears a figure of Minerva.

In his bedroom hang coloured prints of Trinity College, brought by him from Cambridge; and in his dressing-room are portraits of his old valet and his friend the pugilist. In the gallery is a portrait of his handsome head, by Phillips, and a sketch of him done when he was at Cambridge, with his nobleman's blue and gold gown on. Much harm was done to the place by the late owner, Colonel Wyldman. It was he who restored with such bad taste the old cloisters, which for all the world look like those on the stage of an opera.

A pretty drive of five miles brought us to Mansfield, where we baited, and another drive of half-a-dozen miles brought the old towers of Hardwicke Hall into view. The day had been one of summer storm and sunshine; and driving up the narrow lanes, the effect of light and shade over this wild, beautiful part of Derbyshire looked like a picture by Constable. The old hall is seldom now occupied but by my cousin Hartington's shooting parties in the winter; and the inmates of the house were not a little surprised at my driving in through the fine old gates and informing the stout and good-natured housekeeper, Mrs. Buxton, that I intended passing a day or two at Hardwicke.

There was no want of room in the old building;

but to get food was not so easy, so matters were compromised by my lodging at the Hall, and eating at the neighbouring inn. The drive up to the house is one not easily forgotten; the old park has to be crossed; but by taking a short cut over the grass one approaches the place much as Bess of Hardwicke must have done when roads there were none about 'Hardwicke Hall, all glass and no wall,' as it was described, owing to its immense bay windows.

If not the most interesting or beautiful, Hardwicke is probably the least altered Elizabethan building in England. Not a stitch of the old tapestry seems to have been touched, not an old portrait changed from its original place in great gallery or room of state; hardly any modern furniture has been introduced, and, best of all, no unnecessary repairs have been undertaken there, and no restorations attempted. I occupied the room in which the late Duke died his most enviable death.

Like nearly all the rooms at Hardwicke, the walls are tapestried; and a more ghostly chamber to pass the night in one could not well imagine; besides it is near the great gallery where at midnight the figure of old Bess of Hardwicke at one end and that of Queen Elizabeth at the other, descend and solemnly walk up till they meet in the centre of that long chamber, and then probably return once more to their frames. Although I visited this gallery at that very hour, and

although the moonlight streaming through the great windows, that rise from floor to ceiling there, made strange shapes to dance along the floors, and the old Cavendishes and other portraits to seem to move in their frames, neither did old Bess nor her royal namesake and mistress come and take their ghost walk while I was there. Over the great fireplace in the Duke's bedroom is placed the medallion portrait of the first Duke of Devonshire, a good Liberal in politics, as the Cavendishes have ever been—he was not only liberal but remarkably handsome; and the late Duke, who was liberal and magnificent but not handsome, would often tell how, on showing Chatsworth to a French lady, she expressed her surprise at her host's ever having had so good-looking a progenitor. There is a touching record in that Duke's notice of Chatsworth with reference to Hardwicke; alluding to the flower-garden here, he writes that it is 'lovely and suited to the character of the place; it was created by one who passed some of the happy months of her short life here. Not having lived here with her, it is the only recollection she has left me; and in all places her irreparable loss is equally felt. She had the art of giving life and charm to everything that approached her. How fond her mother (Lady Carlisle, born a Cavendish) was of having returned her, as she said, to her family! How total a wreck her loss has been!' The lady whose irreparable loss the Duke

refers to was Blanche Howard, born in 1812, married in 1829 to William Cavendish (now Duke of Devonshire), and died in 1840. The history of the rise of the powerful house of Cavendish can be read in the portraits in the long gallery at Hardwicke. Here is Sir William Cavendish, Wolsey's secretary and faithful friend even in his misfortunes; and his third wife, Elizabeth, daughter of John Hardwicke, better known as 'Bess of Hardwicke,' she who built this old hall, Chatsworth, and many others. She had been told that as long as she kept building Death would keep from her: a frost suddenly stopped her building, and the old lady died. She had four husbands; Sir William Cavendish was her second, and by him she became mother to the first Earl of Devonshire. Luckily for the Cavendishes, of all her four husbands Sir William was the only one by whom she had issue, and leaving her vast possessions to his son she made the princely fortune of that house. Here too is the first Earl of Cork—that Richard Boyle who, landing in Ireland in 1588, 'with only 27*l.* 13*s.* in his pocket, a diamond ring, a gold bracelet, a taffety doublet, a pair of black velvet breeches, a Milan fustian suit, competent linen and necessaries, a rapier and a dagger,' soon became the most powerful man in the country, and died hereditary Lord High Treasurer of Ireland. Of him Cromwell said that if there had been an Earl of Cork in every province it would have been

impossible for the Irish to have raised a rebellion. His vast estates, in the following century, in Ireland, through an heiress, helped to swell the property and wealth of the Cavendishes.

Here, too, is the unfortunate Arabella Stuart, who by her mother Elizabeth Cavendish was related to this house. Here, too, is William first Earl of Devonshire, one of the first adventurers (in the best sense of the word) who helped to settle a colony in Virginia, and another in Bermuda in 1625.

The first Duke was a man of daring and true courage; it was he who offered to effect the escape of Lord William Russell, when in prison, by changing clothes with him. Here also is the famous Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington, the friend of Pope and of Gay, who built Chiswick and worshipped the memory of Inigo Jones. Here also are the portraits of those two gallant courtiers, both of whom laid down their lives in the King's cause, James, Earl of Arran, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, and James Stanley, Earl of Derby, whose wife Charlotte de la Tremouille was as heroic as her brave lord. This uncouth visage that hangs cheek-by-jowl by the side of these great dames and doughty warriors must not be overlooked; it is the portrait of Thomas Hobbes, author, philosopher and freethinker; the friend of Hervey, of Cowley and of Selden. He lived long at Hardwicke, and was tutor to some young Cavendishes, and here he died in 1679.

The curious half-length portraits of James V. of Scotland and his Queen recall one of the most interesting memories with which this old hall is connected. Whether you believe Mary of Scotland was saint or sinner, or neither the one nor the other, but a beautiful misguided weak woman, which is my belief about her, there is always a surpassing interest in any place connected with her most unhappy and romantic life. Hardwicke, as everyone knows, was one of the many of the prison houses where she passed a portion of those nineteen long weary years of confinement, before the axe fell on her neck within the great hall at Fotheringay. But it was not in the present Hardwicke Hall that Mary was a prisoner, under the charge of Bess of Hardwicke and her last and fourth husband, George, Earl of Shrewsbury, but in the now ruinous old hall close by. This ruin is now quite dismantled, but portions of its furniture still exist in the more modern building; where in the entrance hall are two large tapestry-worked screens, said to be the work of Mary, representing figures of the Virtues, such as Charity and Liberality, Patience and Perseverance. But to me this tapestry seemed of much more recent design than Mary's time. In the same hall is a fanciful life-size figure of that Queen in marble by Westmacott—not a thing of much merit; and here, too, is the priceless fresco by Holbein of the life-size figures of Henry VIII. and of his father in monochrome.

Sketched in the old house where one had a fair risk of finding the boring grub way under the roof of the ceiling, through which one had a good chance of falling on one: there is a room which may have been inhabited by Queen Mary and which has the figures on either side of the disused fireplace [illegible] in the giant room. A huge beam of wood has fallen across but, although half buried, has not gone through the floor. An able artist, Mr. MacEwen, was at work here; he had made some admirable views of the haunted Long Gallery.

On the 28th I drove away from this most curious old place, and felt that wherever else one might go on the road north nothing would be half so interesting as Hardwicke.

After a rough and rainy drive Bolsover Castle, one of the five great houses built by Bess of Hardwicke, was reached. Of the old pile now only the tower is habitable; the rest is a ruin. The view from the summit of this tower is superb, and somewhat recalls Heidelberg. Lincoln Cathedral is visible on the horizon. In the adjoining church are some fine monuments of the Cavendish Dukes of Newcastle. A drive of about ten miles brought us to Thoresby, Lord Manvers' gloriously beautiful place in the heart of Sherwood Forest. The house has been newly built, and is in Salvin's somewhat heavy and too ornate style; a few good family portraits within, and some grand

old cabinets and old chimney-pieces taken from the old house, now pulled down, where Lady Mary W. Montague was born. The three miles' drive through the forest from Thoresby to Clumber is one of the most beautiful as regards forest scenery in England. It could not have been seen to greater advantage than on that bright summer afternoon; the evening closed in above the old oaks and trees in harmony with the profound quiet that reigned among those splendid old trees. The parks of these great properties—called the Dukeries—join each other. One passes from among oaks and elms into a forest of firs with a lovely carpet of heather and ferns.

Clumber—the Duke of Newcastle's—can only be called a pretty place; the gardens once famous, and which in the former Duke's time had a staff of sixty gardeners to look after them, have now but half a dozen. The lake is well laid out. The exterior of the house is plain to ugliness. But within is a fine collection of paintings—Teniers, Murillo, and especially Snyders, are remarkably well represented. The handsomest room in the place is the library. Watts' portrait of the late Duke, which is placed in one of the saloons, is as fine as any of the Vandycks there. A drive of four miles further, and we reached the town of Worksop. There the 'Lion' hotel is much to be commended, the food and attendance being both excellent, and the house as clean as a Dutch village. Certainly the contrast

between an agricultural town such as this and a manufacturing one is very striking. Knowing how difficult it was to obtain leave from that ducal eccentricity, His Grace of Portland, to see the interior of Welbeck Abbey, I had written to him to get his leave; he sent a special messenger with a civil letter, in which, as far as I could make it out, for never was there such an illegible writing, he regretted that I should not be able to see the pictures at Welbeck, as they were all stowed away during the alterations that were being made to the house, but that I was welcome to visit the park. I accordingly drove through various subterraneous ways lit by gas, and emerged finally in a fine but somewhat dreary-looking park; duly admired the old oaks; and then, driving through more tunnels, went on to Worksop Manor, where there is a pretty garden, and an ugly large house. The head gardener here had formerly been at Erskine (my brother-in-law Blantyre's place, near Glasgow). He told me that 1,000*l.* goes into Worksop weekly from the works on the Welbeck estate.

Slept at Doncaster, leaving it the next morning, driving over a disgracefully bad high road to Selby, where I admired the fine old abbey, now under restoration by Sir G. Scott; also some fine horses of Sir Tatton Sykes'.

My next stage was to York, calling at Escrick Park, Lord Wenlock's, on the way. Two fine paintings here,

an Andrea del Sarto, and a Fra Bartolommeo. The garden and wood near the house are pretty, but the surrounding country is depressingly dull and miserably monotonous.

Six miles further and we reached York, finding, as usual, excellent accommodation at the Station Hotel. The following day, August 31, Bismarck and Tommy returned by rail to London, for my drive had come to an end, I having been summoned to Dunrobin, where the Queen was shortly expected. If my two roans could have reasoned on the matter, they must have been astonished that as many weeks had been passed on the road between London and York as it took them hours to make their return journey to London. But in those weeks I had seen more of what I wished to see most in England than if one had gone a hundred times by rail. With time, money, and opportunity, I should strongly recommend such a mode of travelling; and agree with him who sings,

> The traveller caged on rail is whirl'd by steam;
> Give me the road, box seat, and four-horse team.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LENOIR COLLECTION—NAPOLEON III.—THE SHAH OF PERSIA—THIERS—COUNT DE WALDECK.

DURING the following winter, and the early spring, I was occupied in copying at Stafford House a collection of historical French portraits known as the 'Lenoir Collection' (from the name of their collector, the founder of the Museum of Fine Arts in Paris). My father had made this purchase through the agency of Dominic Colnaghi from Alexander Lenoir, about 1840. This collection consisted of several hundred drawings and paintings in oils, crayons and pencil, and formed one of the most interesting series of French portraits extant, commencing in the fourteenth and ending at the close of the eighteenth century. Had one been less vain, or ambitious—there is little difference between those terms—it would have been better to have used photography; but I was ambitious, and thought that by reproducing them in a newly-discovered process, by means of which one could transfer drawings worked on a prepared paper on to stone, which when printed off the stone had

all the appearance of actual lithographs, one would earn the thanks of the lovers of antiquity and history. The thanks of a few, a very few, I obtained; favourable notices appeared in some of the English and a few of the French newspapers which dealt with art, but the book itself did not sell—in fact it fell flat, to use a publisher's expression; in short, the attempt proved a fiasco. However, this first failure did not sufficiently discourage me, and in the following year I brought out, after nearly blinding myself from over-work in copying these portraits, a similar work, on a far larger scale, which was a complete failure, as far as the sale of the book was concerned. What with the Lenoir reproductions and this other work of a similar kind, I crippled myself financially to such an extent that I was obliged to give up horses and carriage, and other expensive habits, which, like most young men of my bringing-up and ways in London, had become almost necessities. One does not care even to recall one's failures, so I shall not again refer to these; but some account of the Lenoir collection, which was soon after the publication of my book sold by my brother to the Duc d'Aumale, and which is now among the most precious treasures of Chantilly, will not be out of place here. The collection, as I have said, was formed by Alexandre Lenoir, to whom all antiquarians are beholden. It was Lenoir who saved, at the risk of his life, some of the finest monuments of French architecture during

the stormy days of the great Revolution. Bailly, at that time Mayor of Paris, obtained permission for Lenoir from the National Assembly that the disused convent of the Petits Augustins in Paris should be the storehouse of the monuments that Lenoir had rescued from the iconoclasts of Paris and the provinces. Within its walls an immense number of tombs, monuments, and architectural fragments was collected. A portion of these relics are still in that place, and the art student will find within and around the courtyard of the Academy of Fine Arts facing the Rue Bonaparte many stone carved *souvenirs* of old Royal France; the bust of their preserver looks down on these, itself enshrined in one of the most perfect specimens of architecture that the French Renaissance created, the superbly decorated *façade* of the Château d'Anet. Twenty years of Lenoir's life were passed collecting the series of portraits that are now at Chantilly. Lenoir was, like many other enthusiasts, a bad man of business, and two years before his death the collection in which he had taken such pride was sold, and passed, as we have seen, into England. Few saw that collection, for it was placed in the private apartments at Stafford House, and I often urged my brother to present it bodily to the Louvre. It would have been a noble gift, and perhaps made his name almost as much regarded, at any rate by the artistic world of Paris, as is that of Richard Wallace by all Parisians. But he

thought otherwise, and this matchless collection of portraits of kings and queens, warriors, statesmen, artists, beauties, and others recrossed the Channel, and disappeared for ever from the walls of Stafford House. What treasures it contained! Here are a few. A superb full-length drawing in coloured chalks of the three Colignys—the admiral stands in the centre; beneath the drawing, set in the frame, is a fragment of the bell that tolled the signal for the commencement of the St. Bartholomew massacre. Here, too, is a drawing of St. Mars by Louis XIII.'s own hand; if authentic, this portrait proves that the King was a good artist as well as a musician; but probably, like most royal works of art, the master touched up the prince's work. Exquisite drawings by Dumoustier, the three Clouets, and Nanteuil. A portrait, said to be a Holbein, of the plain-faced wife of Martin Luther. Rabelais, by Quesnel, a face beaming with broad humour, as one might expect the creator of 'Gargantua' to have had. But the most valuable of all these rare portraits is a life-size head of Molière, painted a short time before Poquelin's death, by his friend Mignard. Of this priceless work Lenoir thus writes to Colnaghi—'*C'est le chef-d'œuvre de tout les chefs-d'œuvres. C'est Molière chez lui dans sa robe de chambre, avec ses yeux de feu.*' Nearly all the Queens of France, from the wife of Francis I., Claude de France, down to Marie Antoinette, whose portrait by Drouais, as Hebe, are

there. There, too, appear the likenesses of those uncrowned Queens of France, whose influence over their royal lovers was often greater than that of the legitimate wife and queen. A long line of royal favourites, from the beautiful Duchesse de Valentinois to Madame de Pompadour, the former in her bath and bathing costume, the latter seated before her tambour frame, all rouge and smiles and dimples. How deeply interested such Frenchmen as Montalembert and Mérimée were when they saw these portraits in their London home!

'On February 14'—I am quoting from my diary—'with Roden to see the ex-Emperor's "lying-in-state" at Chislehurst. Charing Cross Station was full of French people, nearly all in deep mourning; among these were many ladies. One special train left for Chislehurst, quickly followed by others. All the carriages in these were crowded. From the station at Chislehurst to Camden House the road is a steep ascent; the house is about a mile from the station. The road was deep in mud; this was increased by the traffic of cabs and carriages as the day wore on. A continuous stream of people threaded their way on foot or in carriages along this sticky road; the common was all dotted with carriages, which gave a look more of a race meeting than of a funeral to the scene. Camden House comes into sight as soon as the flat open space of this common is reached; below, on the left, with a picturesque background of sloping hills, lies

the bright little town of Chislehurst. Around the lodge gates a large crowd of people all eager to get through them were with some difficulty kept back by a cordon of police. To get through these gates was indeed not easy, an excited French official refusing to admit us. Roden tried to soften this Gallic Cerberus by saying we wished to see his friend Prince Achille Murat, but this ruse was quite ineffectual. At length the happy thought occurred of showing another official our cards ; we did so, and got through at once. This civil functionary, we heard, is Vicomte de Lépic. Within the gates, outside a little lodge, a table was placed covered with papers and books, in which those admitted wrote their names. We were told the Prince of Wales was momentarily expected, and until he had visited Camden House no one could be admitted there. So we waited and dawdled outside, walking up a short avenue, on the left of which stands the house, not an ungraceful pile, of red brick faced with stone or stucco. In front of the house had gathered another crowd, but a crowd of a much more select kind than the one we had left outside the gates. Most of the men here wore decorations and orders ; the Legion of Honour seemed universal. I recognised the Duc de Grammont, whom I had last seen when Roden and I were in Vienna, when the Duke was Ambassador there ; events, more than time, had aged him. About noon the Prince of Wales with the Duke of Edinburgh

drove up to the drawing-room entrance of the house; the crowd surrounded the carriage and gave the Princes a feeble, almost a muffled, cheer. Half-an-hour passed and then the crowd made a forward movement, we following with the others the way the Princes had entered the building, through a partially opened glass door in the left wing of the house. As soon as a certain number had entered this half-opened door was closed, and some minutes elapsed before a second batch was admitted. At first, as one got within the house, from the darkness within it was difficult to distinguish anything clearly, and one had literally to grope one's way in the dark amongst a crowd of black-clothed men and women, along a darkened corridor which opened in a line from the door through which we had passed. On the left one looked into what appeared, by contrast to this dark passage, a brightly lighted drawing-room; but there, too, the blinds were closely drawn. There stood Prince Napoleon, apparently in moody isolation, his likeness to the great Emperor more marked than ever. But one had only time for a glance; for one had to move on—*circuler*—with the others, all passing up along the dark corridor. Half-way down, on the left of this gloomy passage, in a room, or rather a recess, lay the open coffin, highly propped up at the head, so that the short figure within looked still more so. One had but a few seconds to look at and to get an impression of that well-known face; the features

were calm and as in tranquil sleep, and only the livid colour of the face, which was of an ashen grey, showed that life had departed from out that scheming brain. The hands, ghastly pale and very worn, lay crossed over the breast on which shone the different orders and stars of the dead monarch. Grouped around the coffin, and dimly lit by candles, stood several figures in uniform, generals and others. As we paused before the dead a priest offered the brush dipped in holy water.

'Among the generals one recognised Fleury's burly form, looking like a huge stuffed mummy, or waxwork escaped from the gallery in Baker Street. The effect, taken altogether, of this lying-in-state, was certainly effective, if not impressive; it was too theatrical to be that. What struck me was the apparent absence of any real emotion or sorrow among those present. Not even as the spectators came out from looking on that corpse did any of the French seem at all affected. "*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!*" So must it always be. We got back to town by two o'clock, passing endless special trains, all gorged with others bound on the same errand as had taken us to Chislehurst.'

That most uninteresting of foreign potentates, the Shah of Persia, visited England that summer, and never did the Londoners, or the society of London, show greater snobbishness than in giving such a reception as the former did, and in entertaining so hand-

somely as did the latter, a man utterly without a recommendation, except that he is called by his slaves and courtiers, and by himself, 'the King of kings,' and the 'Lord of lords!' A more effete, ungracious, uncivilised creature than this yellow-faced Persian could not be imagined; but English society while he was in London prostrated themselves before him and his ugly jewels as if he were some demi-god fresh from Olympus. In a feeble journal of his travels (probably written by his secretary) the Shah recounted his impressions of England and the English. I will merely refer to his visit to my brother at Trentham. The story of his asking the Prince of Wales whether, when the Prince came to the throne, he would not behead his host, is a true one. The answer the Prince made, to the effect that there were so many other great nobles in the land that he could not undertake such a clearance, is also authentic.

When this Asiatic arrived at Trentham, it began to rain, and an umbrella was brought to his unmajestic majesty. On returning to the house, as he passed over the garden-terrace, he threw down the umbrella, which one of his courtiers scrambled after. It made one feel inclined to give both the master and the servant a kicking. Like all Eastern princes, the most childish and silliest things appeared to impress him most. He was in ecstacies at seeing us play at bowls, but what appeared even more to delight

him was having the game of cock-fighting performed. Perhaps, considering the way in which an Asiatic prince is brought up and the fashion of his life, this particular one was not a bad specimen of his class; but he reminded one of the description given by Evelyn of Peter the Great when the Czar visited London—a mixture of civilisation and barbarism, of magnificence and dirt, in which the latter qualities preponderated. At the end of his diary the Shah writes :—'The English people were really annoyed and sorry on account of my leaving them!' Let us hope, for the sake of the English people, that this statement was as incorrect as most of those recounted in this personage's diary.

In November of that year I made the acquaintance of M. Thiers. An old friend of his and of mine, Lady Alice Peel, had given me a letter of introduction to the ex-President of the French Republic; and, armed with this, I called at his house in the Rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré, a few doors beyond the English Embassy. That evening I received an invitation to call on him. Accordingly at nine I made my bow. 'His apartment is situated in the inner courtyard of the hotel; a flight of steps leads into an anteroom, where was a servant in attendance, who ushered the guests into the drawing-room, or rather rooms, as you pass through an anteroom before reaching the larger one, where the ex-President received his company. At first, on finding myself in the centre of a large room occupied by a

dozen people seated somewhat formally against the walls, my habitual shyness inclined me immediately to retire to freedom and cool moonlight air. But it was too late for retreat, for Thiers, who had been sitting on a sofa by the side of a lady dressed in pink, had espied me, and quickly crossing the room, at once entered into conversation and my shy fit vanished. I began by thanking him for the kind celerity he had shown in so promptly responding to Lady Alice's letter, and for the honour he had done me in leaving his card at my hotel. "Oh, Lord Gower, *n'est-ce pas?*" he said. He then led me up to a stout middle-aged lady dressed in black, to whom I was presented. This was Madame Thiers. Her sister, Mdlle. Dosne, dressed also in deep mourning, sat near her by a roaring fire. Thiers here returned to the pink lady, leaving me with his somewhat formidable-looking spouse. However, she was talkative, even agreeable, and had it not been that I was slowly roasting in front of the exceedingly ardent wood fire, I should have felt tolerably happy. More visitors now were announced, the American Minister among others, Mr. Washbourn, and "his lady," a pert little Americaness, who rattled away to Madame Thiers in English, or rather in Americo-English, and also to M. Thiers, in spite of Madame T. telling her that he did not understand that language; but this only made her speak the more and the louder. Apparently glad to escape from this unknown tongue, Thiers

beckoned me to a place out of the region of that terrible wood fire and the Washbourns, and, sitting down on a sofa with our backs to a large mirror, he began talking as if he had been suddenly wound up by an invisible key. He speaks in a clear, metallic, penetrating voice. He said how many of my relations he had known—Granville (perhaps on account of the family name being the same) he seemed to think much nearer related to me than anybody else. Of my dear mother he spoke with greatest admiration. "*Elle était*," he said, "*la plus grande dame du monde!*" I could have hugged the little man, spectacles and all, when he said that. When I asked him if he saw her likeness to Marie Antoinette, he said, "*Mais, elle était bien plus belle que Marie Antoinette!*" and there again he was right. The conversation once set going on that topic —Marie Antoinette—I pumped him regarding any letters of hers that might still exist, yet unpublished. Thiers said he thought there were some in Paris, and, perhaps, he said, there might be still some at Vienna. He thinks Feuillet de Conche's published letters of her are in the main genuine. He then talked politics; said he had wished and striven throughout his life to introduce into France the English form of Parliamentary Government, and to establish a Constitutional Monarchy like ours. "*Mais*," he said angrily, "*c'était impossible; tous nos rois que j'ai connus ont été fous!*" He thinks it is all up with

the old French *noblesse*; in fact, that they are almost extinct; when Talleyrand was in power he had known some, but now they had all gone. One of the Members of the Assembly came up to Thiers, whom he eagerly questioned whether he had heard M. Grévy's speech during the great debate on Macmahon's term of Presidentship—the best speech this, he said, during the whole of the debate. On my taking leave he expressed a wish that, whenever I was in Paris, I should call on him. In appearance he is just what I had expected, but he is not quite so little a man as I had imagined. His complexion is a clear olive, not unhealthy looking, nor does the skin look dried-up at all. The little eyes gleaming behind the spectacles are singularly bright, and nothing can be neater than the way his white hair is brushed up to a point rather to the right side of his head. His voice is the oldest thing about him, a sharp treble, like an old woman's, and one can well understand how difficult it must be to hear him in a large space.'

'Compared to another acquaintance I met last week, Thiers, although seventy-five, is a mere youth. In the steep old Rue des Martyrs, at No. 74, on the fifth floor, lives an old, a very old, gentleman—so old that he might have seen the great Frederic and Voltaire; who lived through the great Revolution, and who can recall the terrible days of the Terror as well as he does those of the Commune. When at Lady Waterford's,

two years ago, I saw the photograph of a striking looking old man with a Rembrandt-like head, this Lady Waterford told me was the likeness of an old Count Waldeck, a centenarian, who lived in Paris. Later on Lady Waterford sent me a letter from Mr. John Palliser giving some account of this aged patriarch, of his artistic capacities, &c. He sent pictures to the Salon, which he styled "*les loisirs d'un centenaire!*" The great age of this Count, his talents, and his having been acquainted with Marie Antoinette, made me wish to see him, and accordingly I called on him lately here in Paris. After what appeared an interminable ascent up a very dirty staircase, I reached the Count's door, and was shown into a small den of a study in which, seated by a table near a window, and employed in drawing what looked like some mathematical figures, sat an old man who required only a peaked hat and a dressing-gown covered with comets and stars to be Zadkiel, or the Wizard of the North. Not but that the old gentleman had a most benevolent countenance; but, knowing his almost fabulous age, this greybearded old relic of a former century, whom death had seemed to have forgotten, gave me a kind of mystic feeling when face to face with him. He wore a long, loose dressing-gown, and on his head a dark green Tyrolese-shaped wideawake, from under which fell long, scanty grey locks—both beard and hair as long as any hermit's; the eyes, bespectacled and nearly

hidden by the drooping eyelids, looked over a large and heavily-veined nose. Except being very deaf, the old Count has nothing about him indicating the centenarian. His memory is marvellous, and he seems to recollect the events of ninety years ago as clearly as those that happened a few months back. He knew I was English, and he said he never failed to recognise those of that nationality. Having asked him regarding his painting, he took me into an adjoining room, a rather bigger one and better furnished than his study; it was in fact "*le salon*," evidently a room only used on state occasions. The day was bitterly cold, and I was sorry for the poor old man staying in such an icy room; but he had got hold of a large portfolio full of his drawings, made half-a-century ago in Mexico, views of ruins of cities once inhabited by now forgotten races, quaintly carved gods and temples of an unknown religion; these the poor old gentleman said he would publish if he could get enough subscribers to aid him. The late Emperor had promised to take a dozen copies of the book, at ten pounds a copy. Sedan has been a calamity for the old Count. Alluding to the war and the Commune, he said these things had shortened his life by ten years! What much interested me was the photograph of a picture he painted from recollection, of Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie; the original of this belongs to a lady in Ireland. It appears that during the Queen's imprisonment he succeeded in

making his way into the prison, disguised as a National Guard, on the second day after her removal from the Temple to the Conciergerie. Some of his Mexican sketches are very forcible, but his oil paintings have all the hard look of the school of David. A large painting, "Pyramus and Thisbe," he exhibited last year at the Salon.

'I called again next day on this old relic of former days. I found him in his sitting-room. Alluding to the Reign of Terror, he said he still felt a cold shudder pass all over him whenever he thought of it. The following is copied from a letter he wrote me, having asked him to write any recollections he could recall of the unfortunate Queen:—"*Quand Marie Antoinette,*" he writes, "*fût Reine, Trianon était sa demeure de prédilection, et ses actions de grand jour sont connues de tout le monde, sa vie de Bergère entourée de ses dames d'honneur, la Princesse de Lamballe en tête-à-tête, décrite dans plusieurs ouvrages. Attaché par mon père à la Royale résidence, j'avais de journalières occasions de me trouver avec l'auguste victime dont le seul défaut était son maintien de fierté. Etant Allemand je jouissais d'un privilège que les plus grands et nobles courtisans auraient pu m'envier. Sa Majesté aimait à parler la langue de sa noble patrie, et j'étais devenu une heureuse nécessité, un passetemps sans conséquence; quand le temps n'était pas beau, elle me conduisait dans son boudoir, et là je répondai à mille questions, que ses Royales lèvres dai-*

gnaient m'adresser! Elève de Jussieu j'aimais les fleurs, et mes descriptions classiques avaient le bonheur d'intéresser mon interlocutrice; c'est à la Botanique que je devais l'honneur dont le souvenir m'est encore précieux. C'est l'unique épisode que je crois ait échappé à l'observation de ceux qui ont retracé les paisibles loisirs d'une Reine qui a été honteusement calomniée par d'autres auteurs vomis par l'enfer. J'étais loin de prévoir alors la fatale Révolution de '93, *et la Conciergerie où je la vois les cheveux grisonnant déjà; il n'est donc pas étonnant qu'ils soient devenus blancs dans la nuit qui suivit son inique condamnation !!! Mes tristes souvenirs des jours de la Terreur ne peuvent s'effacer de ma mémoire, et je me vois encore inondé du sang de la bonne et loyale Princesse Lamballe découlant de sa tête portée sur une pique au-dessus de la mienne. Voilà, Milord, le peu de faits qui se retracent douloureusement à ma mémoire. Né le* 16 *Mars*, 1766, *si mon autographe peut vous être agréable, je me souscris avec, etc.*,

'JEAN FRIEDRICH MAXIME DE WALDECK.'"

This letter, which has to me something in it as touching as an old Royalist song, that of 'Pauvre Jacques' for instance, hummed on an old spinet, is written in a beautifully clear small round hand, as legible as type. It can certainly be considered a curiosity of literature. Some people have their doubts respecting the real age of the Count de Waldeck, what seems uncontested, however, is

that in 1826, when he was sixty and in want of money, he presented some of his oil paintings to the École des Beaux-Arts, and asked 40,000 francs for them. M. Bastard, the director, replied that the funds at his command did not permit him to make a purchase of that importance, but that if M. Waldeck consented he would obtain for him an annual allowance of 2,000 francs. The painter has therefore received during forty-eight years a total sum of 96,000 francs!

CHAPTER XXIII.

1874 : WORK AND PLAY.

THE new year was saddened by the news reaching us, while passing Christmas and New Year's week at Trentham, that Alfred Charteris—second son of the Elcho's—had died on his way back from Africa, where he had taken part in the Ashantee campaign. 'He was in bad health when he left England, and the doctors had warned him that he went out at his peril; but Alfred Charteris had one of those natures which are attracted by danger, and nothing could stop his following his regiment to the war. His was a very bright young spirit. His parents had gone to meet the vessel at Southampton that was to have brought him back to them, and only when it arrived did they know their loss: what a tragedy!'

'I called on Sir Henry Thompson at 35 Wimpole Street, to have a talk with him about cremation, in which I quite agree with him. I found him painting a still-life subject in a delightful studio. He showed me his strange pets—a python and a young boa constrictor. Then to Seymour Haden's studio in the

Avenue, out of the Fulham Road. I found him in the act of taking a proof of a glorious etching he had copied from Turner's "Calais Pier," in the National Gallery. It is probably the finest, and certainly the largest, sea-piece ever etched. Seymour Haden is a most enthusiastic artist.

'*January* 14.—Met at Maclure's—the publishers of my Lenoir book—in the city, old George Cruikshank, whom I had not seen for many a year—not since 1857, I think, when he gave us children each one of his fairy books; mine was "Hop o' my Thumb."

'Although eighty-two, his eye is as bright and full of life as ever, and he looks not more than seventy. We lunched together in one of the crowded restaurants near the Mansion House. George Cruikshank never touches wine, and seldom water.'

On the morning of January 24, London awoke to find that the Liberal Government had ceased to exist. 'A startling bit of news indeed. Gladstone's manifesto to his Greenwich electors fills three columns of the "Times"; he promises, if returned by them to power, to abolish the income tax, &c. This will end my short Parliamentary career, which began in May 1867. Now that young Stafford is twenty-three, it is high time that he should represent Sutherland. The only regret I feel in leaving the House of Commons is that Albert cannot also be accommodated with a seat; but unless he contests North Staffordshire, I do not see

how this can be.' Two days later I sent my farewell address to my kind constituents in the North.

A few days after this I met Ruskin in the National Gallery. 'He takes a very gloomy view about politics, and of Holman Hunt's latest paintings! As I was leaving the Gallery, I met Gladstone. "Very sorry for your disappearance," he said, referring to my having given up Parliament. I could only thank him.'

On February 3 'I was invited by Lord Granville to contest the representation of North Staffordshire; but I told him I had no wish, inclination, or intention again to enter Parliament; and this I repeated to Gladstone, whom I met at dinner that evening at Lord Granville's.' Two days later the papers were full of election news—in which the Conservatives carried all before them. 'Even at Westminster two Tories are victorious, Russell and Smith; and throughout the country the tide of Conservatism steadily rises, bearing on it Disraeli and his followers.'

Early in February 'I made the acquaintance at Cyril Flower's place, Furzedown, near Streatham, of Whistler, the Anglo-American artist of Chelsea. He has certainly talent, but too much affectation and self-admiration, almost amounting to regarding himself as a kind of fetish. After dinner we had a long discussion, in which Whistler decried all artists; the dead as well as the quick—all—except Velasquez, Moore, and himself!'

Later that month I paid the Granvilles a visit at Walmer Castle. 'A long and dull railway journey to Deal. Mr. Dasent (Delane's brother-in-law); Devey, the architect; and Miss Blanche Pitt, Granville's niece, were all the party. Dasent is an amusing and incessant talker, and prevented the others from going to sleep after dinner. Walmer has been much improved by Lord Granville. Before his time it must have been about as uncomfortable a habitation as a lighthouse or a Martello tower. The little, plainly-furnished room in which the Great Duke died is kept in the same state as when he occupied it. Some of the furniture, the Chippendale dining-room chairs, for instance, were here when Pitt was Lord Warden. Walmer Church is a frightful erection—without and within; but redeemed by two grand old yew-trees in the churchyard.

'We visited Lord Clanwilliam's castle at Deal; but he is only there—wise man—during the autumn; and then went with Granville and Devey to see a little house they have built on a desolate hill, which Lord Granville calls "Vetas" (his eldest daughter's name) "Villa." Granville informed me that Westminster was about to be made a duke; but it was three days later that Westminster received a letter from Gladstone announcing this bestowal of dignity "with his dying breath."'

I had made the acquaintance of a well-known and

now regretted Royal Academician, Mr. E. M. Ward, some time before this period, and often paid him and his gifted wife visits at their house in Tyburnia.

'To see Ward's new picture, the subject of which is Lady W. Russell interceding for her husband's life with Charles II. A good work. Mr. Doran was there, and Frith came into the studio soon after. The latter made many criticisms on the picture, and went so far as to make corrections on his Majesty's wig, which he thought was too long.

'Called on Lady Cowper after dinner, and found her all alone in her great drawing-room facing St. James's Square. The old lady, in her white cap and black gown, lighted with but a pair of candles and a lamp in that long room, with its massive gilt carvings and ceiling, and the dark old paintings on its walls, would have delighted Rembrandt.'

At the end of April I left town for Castle Howard, where I passed three months hard at work copying the Clouet collection of portraits, three hundred heads of kings, queens, and courtiers of the middle of the sixteenth century, drawn in chalks.

'When I arrived, Lord and Lady Lanerton were here; but they soon left; and my squire, Robert Tuffs, and I have the great palace all to ourselves.' The days passed and resembled one another, with but little variation. 'April 23, visited the mausoleum. Few of the catacombs within that spacious tomb-house are

occupied—not more than a dozen, I think; there must be room for over a hundred to come. The only funeral I attended here was my uncle Morpeth's, in December 1864. He rests below his parents, almost on a level with the floor, which is damp. Against the discoloured stone on which his name is inscribed is a fragment of a little faded wreath. It was a great contrast coming out of these chambers of the dead on to the sun-warmed, daisy-covered grass, all around lambs sporting and spring flowers perfuming the breeze. It was indeed like a little rehearsal for the resurrection.'

I had brought my blue roan 'Merrylegs' with me from London, and on him I scoured the neighbourhood; but nearly all day was passed employed in copying the old French portraits. My efforts at reproducing these, or rather the Lenoir collection, had gained the attention of one eminent man. The following letter from Mr. Disraeli made up to me for any feelings of disappointment that I may have felt at the failure of my labours.

'April 27.

'DEAR RONALD GOWER,—Alas! I never see you; but I do not love you the less. There is a vacancy in the Trust of the National Portrait Gallery, over which Lord Stanhope presides. The duties of a trustee are light, but they are most interesting and agreeable; and adapted to your tastes. If you like, I will appoint

you to the vacant post. You will find, among your colleagues, some of the most eminent men in England.

'Yours sincerely,

'DISRAELI.'

Some of my colleagues were certainly among the 'most eminent men in England'—being Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, the Dean of Windsor, and Lord Derby, among others; but one of the most remarkable, Thomas Carlyle, had resigned six years before I became a trustee.

While copying half-a-dozen Clouets per day on an average, my artistic valet was not idle. He was ambitious enough to make an oil copy of the famed 'Three Maries,' by Carracci; and of the splendid portrait of Snyders, by Vandyck. He had suddenly developed a strong artistic faculty, which, in one kind or another, every one has something of, and this faculty, under favourable circumstances, might often be improved and developed. At other times he would be photographing views of the house and gardens.

So busy was I then, that even an invitation to pass a Sunday with an agreeable neighbour, Lord Houghton, at Fryston, did not seduce me from my work. I had 'scorned delights,' and was leading 'laborious days' at my self-appointed task. Letters would arrive full of the great life in far-away London; in one, written in May by my sister, Constance Westminster,

she tells me that Millais is painting her portrait—'a rugged face, but better,' she thinks, 'than if it were too pink and smooth.' 'Methinks,' she writes of the Czar, then in London, 'the Emperor is a fine looking man, but so sad and worn; Guildhall was said to have been very touching; when he spoke of his daughter, the tears ran down his cheeks.' However, once during that month of May I thought a change might be pleasant, and one Saturday afternoon I went to neighbouring Scarborough; but this visit was not a success. A very short inspection of Scarborough was enough—for the next afternoon I was back again at Castle Howard. 'Scarborough is a bad imitation of Brighton, with a touch of Rosherville Gardens about it—in fact, a detestable place; and how swarms of people can go and pass a summer there is to me inconceivable!'

The family was continually increasing, and being given in marriage. Almost on the same day in July I heard of my youngest sister having had a fifth son, and an eighth child, and the announcement from her eldest born (Grosvenor) that he was engaged to Lady Sibell Lumley, of whom my sister writes with delight: 'She is a little darling and perfection; there is no one in the world Grosvenor and self would have preferred.' And so it proved.

Before the end of the summer, I had some dissipation in London—two balls, and rather remarkable

balls these were—the first a masquerade at Lady Marian Alford's, in her pretty red house at Kensington. 'It seemed a most un-English affair altogether, but was amusing enough. I was much puzzled as to the identity of a lady whom I took to supper; and only discovered, on her taking off her mask, that it was my august relative, Princess Louise!' On my return to Castle Howard, in order to finish a work I would have done well not to have begun, I worked harder than ever, nine hours a day! Mark this, gilded youth! Probably the gilded youth will think me the greater fool of the two, as the labour, I have confessed, ended in failure; but it proves that one who might have led the same easy, useless, frivolous, aimless life thought it better to bury himself down in an old house in Yorkshire, and work as few of the poorest of clerks and attorneys do, or can.

I apologise for again referring to my book on the Lenoir collection; but my excuse is the following letter, which (I having sent a presentation copy to Mr. Disraeli of the Lenoir collection) reached me at Castle Howard:—

'2 Whitehall Gardens, July 16.

'DEAREST RONALD GOWER,—You must think me the most ungrateful of men—instead of the reverse—for not before this acknowledging the receipt of your interesting and sumptuous offering. But I could not bear to thank you by the hands of another, and I have

been so pressed with affairs, that it is only recently that I have been able to examine the contents of the welcome volume. It is a great accession to the Hughenden library. A new portrait, to me at least, of Mary Queen of Scots, and not a disappointing one! What women were Cleopatra and Mary! Men are in love with them still! When shall I see you?

'Ever yours,

'D.'

At the completion of my task, I proudly entered in my diary—'Completed 301 Clouet drawing copies. I may truly say I have worked at them like a machine.'

On July 22 (this is that other ball I have referred to) the Prince of Wales gave a fancy dress ball at Marlborough House.

'It was very picturesque, and some of the dresses (the Duke of Buccleuch's, for example) quite superb. The Duke of Wellington lent me a gorgeous suit of slashed crimson velvet with blue satin—in the style of the German knights of the sixteenth century. Annie Sutherland as Henrietta Maria, and Florence as "the White Cat," were very effective. Irving and several others came to Stafford House to see these costumes. Billy Russell looked well in a black cavalier costume, wearing a Shakespearean tuft on his chin. The Duke of Wellington, as a Spanish hidalgo, wore his father's

order of the Golden Fleece. Poor old Quin appeared in a Charles II. dress. The Prince looked well, and gained in height in a cavalier's dress, and, as usual, the Princess was the most beautiful and graceful woman in the place: she wore a Marie Stuart dress. Poor old Quin, as the daylight conquered the candle-light, assumed a very decayed appearance, his face, within the luxuriant locks of his wig, looked like a *Memento mori* in the midst of that gay scene, as he sat cracking his jokes in one of the many tents in Marlborough House gardens that morning. After forty no one, who respects his appearance, should be seen by daylight after sitting up all night in a ball-room.' With this ball, the London season of 1874 came to a brilliant end.

At last I had time—being out of the House of Commons—to make a long-wished-for tour in the Low Countries.

'Left London from Blackwall in the *Maastrom* steamer early on the morning of August 12. Roden had taken me down the river from Westminster in his steam-launch. The morning was fine, but the day clouded over later, and we had rather a roll out in the German Ocean. Up and on deck next day at six; a very wet morning and a moist landing at Rotterdam at seven A.M. on the Boomjees, or quays of this picturesque old port. I put up at the Hotel Victoria—clean and comfortable—and visited the Church of St. Lawrence and

the Museum, where are some interesting paintings. Rotterdam is highly picturesque—the combination of canal with the red-bricked and high-gabled houses, and the rows of limes that are so common in these watery streets, have a capital effect. I detected no smells—as I was told I should find here. The people are extremely civil. What is best worth visiting here, are the drawings by old and modern painters in the Museum —there are upwards of 3,000! The best modern collection of pictures at Rotterdam is that of Messrs. Lebebur and Heyerman's; but modern art is miles behind the old art of the country. From Rotterdam all who value Dutch art must pay Cuyp's birthplace —Dort—a visit. It is easily reached by steamer. Here is a fine old church, but, like most Dutch churches, very bare, barren, and cold within. The carnival was in full swing while I was at Rotterdam; and all night long the streets were crowded with a noisy population cheering and shouting, and generally making sleep impossible and night hideous. But one hardly saw a single case of drunkenness. The singular and, as it appeared to me, irreverent fashion that obtains in the Dutch churches, even during service, of the men keeping their hats on, must strike all visitors; one felt—as I told the Queen of the Netherlands — that one had entered a Jewish synagogue by mistake, and not a Protestant place of worship.

'At Rotterdam, the Church of St. Lawrence boasts of a fine organ, and the congregational singing is decidedly good.

'I had intended going to the Hague from Rotterdam by canal; but the weather was so bad for that mode of travelling, that I went instead by rail, stopping at Delft on the way. That old town is a most quiet and sleepy place, and, for all the world, has not waked up since the time of William the Silent. It is full of his memory—you are shown the spot where he fell, and within the cathedral the fine monument erected over his remains.

'From Delft the pleasantest way of reaching the Hague is by the tramway. The best hotel at the capital of Holland was full—the *Oude Döelen*—and so I had to put up at the "Hotel Paulez."

'The whole of the next day I passed in the Museum of Paintings. Altogether they rather disappointed my expectations—although it is well worth all the journey to see the Rembrandts here. Paul Potter, too, is grand on these walls. Mr. Motley, the historian, had given me two letters of introduction—one for an artist, M. Bischopp; the other for the Baron Schimmelpenninck. "The eminent painter of the Hague," as Mr. Motley calls him, was absent. "I know no one," writes Mr. Motley of him, "in the whole country who will give you more exact information regarding the art treasures of Holland than he can—

his wife, an English lady, is also an artist of great distinction." Of the Baron Mr. Motley wrote :—"He is a gentleman of talent and high position—an intimate friend of mine, whose near relative, M. Steengracht, is the owner of a famous private collection of old masters at the Hague."

'To Scheveningen—the Brighton of the Hague —recalling Van Goyen and Backhuysen's landscapes, and of interest to English folk as the spot from whence sailed Charles II.'

The amiable Queen of the Netherlands, who was then at her villa near the Hague, the House in the Wood, I also visited. Her Majesty had sent for me to call on her there. The Queen was most affable; I had a long *tête-à-tête* talk with her in her little cabinet, hung all around with portraits and miniatures of princes and princesses of the House of Orange. Motley's portrait hangs in one of the drawing-rooms in the *Huis in Bosh.*

'On returning to the Hague, which is a pleasant half-hour's drive from the royal villa, through a wood in which Potter and Adrian Van der Velde often studied, I found that Baron Schimmelpenninck von der Oije (to give his lengthy name in full) had called on me; and with him I dined that evening, and on the next day visited with him some more collections of art-objects. Among these was a house beautifully fitted up in the seventeenth-century style by, and

belonging to, an Englishman, Mr. J. Loudon. In the evening I went again to Scheveningen, this time with Baron Mackay (now Lord Reay), a most amiable, intelligent, and agreeable gentleman, Scotch by extraction but Dutch by education.

'After again calling on Queen Sophie in her little palace in the wood, I left the Hague (August 22), going to Haarlem by rail. On the way I visited the dull, stagnant old university town of Leyden, where is little to detain the traveller.

'At Haarlem I found a perfect hotel, the "Fonckler." The glory of Haarlem (in the artistic sense, for, of course, the story of its heroic defence against the Spaniards is its crown of glory) is the series of portraits by Frans Hals in the Town Hall. No one can form a conception of the talent of that great painter who has not seen his works here.' The likeness in his style to that of Millais I alluded to in my little pocket guide to the Dutch galleries, and Millais has since told me that he quite agreed in my opinion when he visited Haarlem some years after I had seen these portraits.

Amsterdam was reached next day. 'By all means let the traveller go to the delightful old-fashioned *Bracks Döelen* hotel in preference to the far larger and more pretentious monster hotel that has lately risen some way out of the town.' Here what pleased me most were the museum paintings and the Van der

Hoop collection, now unfortunately dispersed. Baron Mackay had given me a letter of introduction to an amateur at Amsterdam, a M. Crommelin, who lived on the *Heerengasse*, the most aristocratic part of the city; and here he had got together a very fine collection of modern Dutch water-colour drawings. Thanks to M. Crommelin's kindness, I was admitted to most of the private collections in Amsterdam, and here I found so much to see that I gave up a project I had formed of visiting the north of Holland, and devoted all my time to these collections. None of these private collections is of greater interest than the Van Loon; many of the pictures have never left the house since they were first hung in it some two centuries ago. No artist should omit visiting the collection of etchings preserved in the *Treppenhuis*, or Museum. Among many rare ones are some that are unique.

The village of Saardam is well worth seeing. From one spot near it we counted sixty-nine windmills all hard at work. How very mad such a sight would have made the Knight of La Mancha!

After ten pleasant days passed amidst the galleries of Amsterdam I left for Utrecht; and here I stayed some time, finding most comfortable quarters at the *Hôtel des Pays-Bas*. 'I cannot too highly praise this hotel. The people to whom the house belongs are civility itself.'

The ancient, and once strongly fortified, town of

Kempfen should be visited from Utrecht; an old town-hall and one or two of the picturesque and fortified gates are well worth seeing.

Returning to Amsterdam I again went to see the Frans Hals's at Haarlem, and heard the old organ in its church, on which Handel had studied in his youth, played. His 'Dead March in Saul' sounded most impressive as it echoed through the darkling aisles of the old church.

Besides the portraits by Hals at the Town Hall there are four superb portraits by him at a sort of almshouse, called the 'Berestein House.' Visit these by all means; one of them represents a little girl dressed in scarlet, and is a perfect gem. We were told that large sums had been offered for this portrait—but in vain.

Having completed my notes I returned to Rotterdam, and from Breda to Antwerp by rail, which I reached on September 19. It almost took away one's breath to see Rubens' gigantic canvas after the works of the Dutch school.

At Brussels I found a letter from my sister Constance Westminster that made me regret having been out of England. The letter is dated from Loch More. She writes: 'I was very tired after the festivities' (there was a reception given to Westminster by the town of Chester in honour of his having been made a duke, and rejoicings at the approaching mar-

riage of his eldest son), 'but all did so extra well; such weather—quite perfect—no hitch at all. There were over 1,000 to feed all that week daily; the tents enormous and handsome; but what I did wish is that any and every one who cared for us at all should have seen our Chester reception. For a mile and a half a sea of human beings, all so enthusiastic, cheering violently. The road all lined with Venetian masts, and the old city a mass of flags and decorations. The procession took three-quarters of an hour to pass us, marching briskly, at the Town Hall. We all stood on a landing, and were much cheered by the surging crowd. Grosvenor and Belgrave got through their speeches very well. Sibell looked a great love, and was nearly knocked down by old women at Chester rushing to shake her hand. But we felt this reception at Chester was really for Grosvenor, and I assure you it quite thrilled through one, for one could not but see that from high and low how genuine it was.'

On arriving at Loch More another reception awaited them; this time given by the ghillies and foresters of the west of Sutherland. 'We had,' she writes, 'a thorough surprise on reaching Loch More; a great reception, much cheering, and a large heather arch, numerous flags, horses taken out, and we dragged up by forty or fifty men, at such a quick pace—all foresters and ghillies. In the evening a bonfire on the top of Ben Screvi, and rockets too.'

From Brussels, which I made my head-quarters for a few days, I visited Mechlin, to see there the great Rubenses in three of its churches, and the little village of Perck, in whose plain church, without even a stone to mark the spot, rest the ashes of David Teniers. His old home—the once handsome château of Dry Torren—so often introduced in the background of his pictures, is now a mere farm building; but the old gateway remains, above which tradition says that the great painter worked.

On another day I made a pilgrimage to the old château of Stein, the summer retreat of Rubens, and here I passed the better half of a summer's day, day-dreaming in the neglected and weed-grown old garden once graced by the buxom forms of the wives of Sir Peter Paul and their comely children, as they still live in such portraits as those at Blenheim and elsewhere.

During my stay at Brussels the English minister, J. S. Lumley—a man as fond of art as myself—showed me every kindness and courtesy. We visited many of the studios of the Belgian artists. Perhaps the most interesting were those of the old painter Madou, eighty years of age, but painting still as if only thirty; and of a still very youthful artist, but full of rare promise—Wauters. But of these and of other art subjects mention is made in my little guide book already referred to.

Louvain, with its superb town hall and curious old churches, as well as the splendid altar-piece by Vandyck at the little church of Saventhem, half a dozen miles out of Brussels, representing St. Martin dividing his cloak with the beggars (of which the Rubens at Windsor Castle is almost a *replica*, but inferior to the work of the pupil) were also seen.

One of my most interesting expeditions was to the beautiful place of the old Prince de Ligne—*Belle-œil*—near the town of Ath. Its gardens almost rival those of Versailles in their stateliness and the grace of their well-trimmed *charmilles*. The old Prince, crippled though he was with gout, insisted on doing the honours of the place, driving about the gardens in a pony chair. The castle (which has belonged to the family of De Ligne as long as Dunrobin to the Sutherlands—some eight centuries) is as full of family portraits of its successive owners as Woburn of the Russells. Of the gardens of *Belle-œil*, Delille has sung and Voltaire written. At the time of our Queen's coronation the Prince represented Belgium at St. James's; he had also been Ambassador to the Tuileries in the reign of Louis Philippe, and was so great a potentate that there was at one time a question of his being made King of the Belgians. The famous memoir-writing Prince de Ligne was his great-uncle. I never met kinder people than the old Prince and

his wife. They warmly pressed me to prolong my stay at *Belle-œil*, but my time was limited, and I had to decline.

Leaving *Belle-œil* in the afternoon I visited another property of the De Lignes, the Castle of Antoing, overlooking the battlefield of Fontenoy. That night I slept at Courtray, an uninteresting town; and after visiting the fine old town hall of Ypres, went on to Ghent. That, too, disappointed my expectations. There is a deadness and a dulness in those priest-ridden old cities in Belgium that contrast sadly with the stir and cheerfulness of reformed Holland and its busy towns.

A great sorrow closed the year.

In December my brother Albert—alas! for the last time—came from Beaudesert to London. He had come to buy some Christmas gifts; among others, one for our old nurse, for he never forgot the friends of his youth. On the 19th he was back with his wife and her parents at Beaudesert. On the 22nd, at seven in the morning, I got a telegram from Sir Thomas Abdy saying that Albert was seriously and dangerously ill. 'At nine o'clock I left Euston, going down with Sir William Gull, who had also been telegraphed for. At one that afternoon we were at Beaudesert. After a consultation, in which Gull met two local doctors, he gave us—my nephew Stafford and Constance Westminster had arrived from

Trentham and Eaton that morning—no hope. Our dear brother gradually sank, and died at three o'clock on the morning of the 23rd. He was conscious almost to the last, and, when told how hopeless his condition was, said he was "content to die." The Bishop of Lichfield (Selwyn) arrived about midnight, and administered the Blessed Sacrament to him and to those who were by his bedside—Constance, the Abdys, and his poor wife. May my dearest brother's soul be for ever at peace! His patience, and almost cheerfulness, throughout the short but very painful illness (which was peritonitis, of which he had already suffered an attack in the summer) showed what a brave, unselfish nature his was; and the love and affection he evinced to all around him none of us can ever forget.'

Of those half-dozen persons who watched by him that awful night only two are now (1881) alive. My sister, the Abdys, and the Bishop of Lichfield have all passed through the dark valley. Poor frail mortality! 'Even as a sleep, and fading away suddenly like the grass!'

The funeral was at Trentham, in the mausoleum—Trentham, where but a few days before we had hoped to have gathered for Christmas-tide and the New Year! My nephew Stafford and I met the body at the station, and followed it with Sir Thomas Abdy and his sons. Mr. Edwards read that most touching of Church services impressively.

This makes the seventh of our dead in that mausoleum.

Among the many letters of condolence I received at this time, none were more full of deep sympathy and affection for the dear brother whom I had lost than those written by my old friend W. H. Russell.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1875 : IN PARIS AND ELSEWHERE.

In the middle of January of this year I went, to be quiet and undisturbed, to Cliveden, which I had all to myself. There I heard of the death of two distinguished persons whom I had seen something of—Canon Kingsley and Lady Carnarvon. Of the former I write in my diary of January 25 :—'Canon Kingsley's death announced in to-day's papers. When at Cambridge I frequently met Charles Kingsley, and attended his lectures there on Modern History; those relating to the French Revolution were deeply interesting. I also much enjoyed his sermons when he preached at the two o'clock service at St. Mary's. Some of these sermons have been published; those relating to David were especially good. I shall never forget the impressive manner in which he quoted some of the Psalms, which one then felt to be truly inspired. The stutter, which in conversation was with him excessive, he quite surmounted when in the pulpit and lecture-room, but when speaking in public he never paused at all.' Of Lady Carnarvon I write on the

same day :—'Yesterday died Lady Carnarvon, in every sense a *grande dame*; her death a terrible loss to the poor husband, and she will be much and widely missed and regretted; amiable, clever, accomplished, and kind, with a charm of voice and manner peculiar to herself, she was the most perfect hostess, and in her time no place was more delightful to stay at than Highclere. The last time I saw her, some three years ago, was in the Isle of Wight, when she was in deep mourning for her brother Lord Chesterfield. The world is full of tears!'

Leaving my retreat at Cliveden at the end of January, 'I returned to town, bringing from the country a box full of snowdrops, which delighted my great-niece Eva Baird, the dear little woman with the beautiful brown eyelashes and brows to match.'

At the close of the next month I paid Ruskin a short visit at Oxford:—'*February* 27.—Reached Oxford at five, and put up at the "Clarendon." Called at Corpus College, where I found the Professor in his cosy study, the walls hung with Turners, Tintorets, and Titians. We dined in hall, sitting at the upper table, where we numbered some ten. The Professor of History (Mr. Laing) sat at the head. The dinner was as short as it was good. On leaving the hall we adjourned to the common-room, and then formed a semicircle round a blazing fire: claret, sherry, and biscuits passed round. Later, with Ruskin to his

study, where we talked together far into the night. Ruskin spoke much respecting his St. George's Society or Brotherhood. He purposes adding to the ground already in his hands, and on it to build, and let at a moderate rate to any who are ready and willing to work and cultivate the ground themselves. In London he has a block of houses under the management of Miss Hill, of Nottingham Place; she is educating and civilising a little colony there of roughs and vagabonds. He believes the right way to live is to enjoy what can and may be enjoyed rightly by everyone to their own and neighbours' advantage; not to attempt the life of anchorite, ascetic, or missionary. On the subject of marriage he amazed me by saying he thought being able to bestow the title of "My Lady" on the girl of one's choice a sufficient reason for one's getting married. "But any City Knight can do the same," I remarked. Next morning he showed me his schools, on which he has already spent five thousand pounds. He is utterly opposed to the South Kensington system of art instruction.'

During March I went abroad, staying some weeks in Paris on my way, to and back, from Vienna. My object in going to Austria was to make the acquaintance of Mr. Arneth (the Librarian of the Imperial Library in Vienna, and the publisher of Marie Antoinette's correspondence to and with the Empress Queen). My hands were very full of work then, and

my head of schemes—too many 'irons in the fire,' to use the old-fashioned figure, for all to get properly heated. Here are some of them:—First, to study sculpture; secondly, to work in the Archives in Paris on the life of Marie Antoinette (while at work on this subject in Paris I received very great kindness from Mons. Campardon, the author, from Mons. Geffroy, the historian, and from the well-known bibliophile, Mons. Jacob, known to all lovers of old books and art works as *le Père Jacob*); thirdly, to collect all the engravings, medals, and illustrations obtainable relating to the life of the unfortunate Queen; and, fourthly, to study and visit the places connected with her life. Most of these projects have been carried out, but some are still unaccomplished.

Till that visit I had formed no idea that so much of old Paris had escaped the changes, the storms, and the improvements of Revolutionary and Imperial epochs. One day 'I was charmed at finding the old abode of Madame de Sévigné (the Hôtel Carnavalet, in the angle formed by the Rues Sévigné and Francs-Bourgeois), externally at least, as it appeared when the witty and most delightful of marchionesses and letter writers inhabited it; precisely as it was when Horace Walpole got Ravenet to paint a view of it for his collection at Strawberry Hill, now at Stafford House. The rooms have been turned into a museum of antiquities.' On another I stumbled on a less

interesting but sumptuous old building—the Hôtel de la Valette, on the far distant Quai des Célestins; within, the old place was but a ruin, the *parquet* floors so decayed that they were as unsafe as rotten ice to tread on; the old carved ceilings and wall decorations coming to pieces like the Giant Room in old Hardwick Hall, but retaining an old-world-air look about them far more suggestive of ancient pomp and splendour than had they been renovated and restored. The old streets about the Latin quarter, which have now been removed to give place to the Boulevard St.-Germain, were then full of quaint old houses and curious buildings; in one of these—in the Rue de la Médecine—the glorious murderess, Charlotte Corday, rid the world of a monster. It was with more than interest that I entered the narrow door and visited the old room in which that never-to-be-forgotten deed took place. Among the old hotels, almost palaces, of old Paris still remaining, were those of Charlemagne and De Sens, inhabited by Charles V., and now fallen from its high estate and turned into a sugar refinery. At the sculptor's, M. Carrier-Belleuse's, in a studio full of workmen, I used in those days to work hard, varying my labours there, in that mountainous street Des Saints-Pères, by rambles on the quays and in the old streets of the fast-changing old town of Paris. While there that month I heard of the death of the French Ambassador in London, the Comte de Jarnac. I had only

parted with him a few days before, when he had given me a letter of introduction to a talented young Frenchman, the Marquis de Beauvoir, traveller and author. '*March* 23.—I have just heard from M. de Beauvoir the sad news of the death of Jarnac, which occurred—thanks to our awful east wind—in London yesterday from pleurisy. Two most amiable public men dead within this month, and from the same cause!—the French Ambassador and Sir Arthur Helps. The former had been for so short a time at the post he had longed to fill for so many years, building, too (for he probably knew from late experience that a French envoy does not remain long at St. James's), a house for himself in Paris, and now he goes out, as a French lady said yesterday of him at Madame de Beauvoir's *entre quatre planches!*' His poor Irish wife and old father, the Vicomte de Chabot, are sad subjects to think on, and he himself is a real loss to France and to all who knew him, being of that very rare breed, a thoroughly good specimen of the old French *noblesse*, full of courtesy and kindness. M. Double's collection of curios and of seventeenth and eighteenth-century furniture and ornaments I also visited, and there and elsewhere I gathered grist for my Marie Antoinette mill—at places, too, where I should have least expected to find any; for instance, one day in the Palais Royal, in that pretty shop near the theatre, full of snuffboxes and precious toys, the proprietor, Mons. Laurent

showed me some old accounts he had kept with religious care, relating to the court of Louis XVI., in which the dressmakers' account of the much-maligned Queen is less extravagant than those of her aunts-in-law, Mesdames Adelaïde and Louise of France; Laurent showed me also a list of the scanty clothes supplied to the imprisoned Queen when in the Temple, and he also possessed a fragment of her corsage which no money (although M. Laurent is, I take it, an Israelite) will tempt him to part with. Then, too, I made the acquaintance of Mons. Taine. *April* 10.—From ten till one o'clock worked in the Archives. I had there a long talk with Taine the author; rather a German professor-like looking man, extremely short-sighted. *À propos* of the causes of the first French Revolution—a subject on which he is now writing—he spoke very fully. We sat in a room he works in upstairs in the Archives; the public reading and writing-room where I pass several hours a day is on the ground-floor, stuffy, and ill-ventilated. Taine was most instructive in what he believes were the chief causes of the great French cataclysm. Firstly, he attributes it to the terribly severe and unjust taxation that quite crushed the poorest classes; secondly, to the hatred engendered amongst the people to the aristocrats, by, for instance, their servants not having to pay the heaviest of these taxes, the 'dîme' and the 'corvée;' and, thirdly, to the fatal effects of centralisation of the

Court and Government being established at Versailles, instead of in the capital. Taine thinks that the upper classes of that day in France were not as Carlyle writes 'corrupt,' but that they were content to talk and would not act. He sees danger to England and our present institutions in our 'bloated landed estates.' Another interesting acquaintance I then made was that of the Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Dupanloup. The Bishop invited me to breakfast at his *évêché* at Orleans. '*April* 15.—Reached Orleans at noon. The Bishop a very handsome old gentleman, with a most taking and benign countenance, a gracious old head, but somewhat palsied, alas! He is seventy-three. During and after luncheon, at which half-a-dozen abbés took part, Monsignor held forth much on the subject of the Revolution and of Marie Antoinette, for whom he has almost as much reverence as for the immortal Maid of his diocese. He gave me a list of works that he thought might interest me regarding the Queen, and he insisted on climbing up the ladder in his library to read the titles of the books relating to that subject. He is quite the *beau idéal* of a prince of the Church; with his handsome, ruddy, benign, and spirited old countenance, framed by grey locks; the profile of his face is worthy of a medal. He wears a dark-blue long dress edged with scarlet, a large gold cross hangs from around his neck on his breast. The *évêché* (what we should call the palace) is a handsome

but somewhat tawdry building, containing one fine apartment, the state sitting-room. The walls of this room are panelled with apparently imaginary full-length portraits of Dupanloup's predecessors in the see of Orleans. Before returning to Paris, I visited, in company with one of the abbés, the fine old cathedral which had witnessed the triumph of Joan, and the taking of the town in recent days first by the Prussians and then by the French!' I find that I had time even on that day to do some work in the studio of Carrier-Belleuse.

During a visit of ten days to Vienna I had the good luck to find there our Minister, Sir Andrew, and Lady Buchanan. The Embassy was unfinished, but their hospitality and kindness were of the most finished sort. In Vienna I saw much of the Chevalier Arneth in the Imperial library, whom I found a most obliging person. There I studied the papers in the Archives, but those of any interest regarding Marie Antoinette had been already made public. From Vienna I visited the homes of that august victim when an Austrian Archduchess, Schönbrunn and Laxenburg; full of recollections of her and her relatives. Perhaps the most noteworthy visit that I made at that time was one to Fröhsdorff, the home of the Comte de Chambord. '*April* 1.—To Neustadt by rail, taking two hours to reach it. Drove from there for about half an hour over a wretched, rutty road to Fröhsdorff, which

has no look at all of the happy village its name might lead one to suppose. A Baron de Raincourt did me the honours of the place, which is a cross between a large farm building and a third-rate château. The portrait of Marie Antoinette, to see which was the object of my going there, I found to be a poor portrait by, or probably after, Madame Lebrun, in an oval frame, life size. It bears the marks of bayonet thrusts and rents received on August 10, 1792; but it is not otherwise remarkable. The Comte was out walking with his cousins, the Grand Duke of Tuscany and Alfonso, brother of Don Carlos, both of whom were visiting Monseigneur. I had no particular curiosity to see these uninteresting descendants of illustrious houses. The house contains some curiosities relating to the Bourbons. In the dining-room is the bronze head of Henri IV., once on the equestrian figure of the Pont Neuf (this, I heard, when back in Paris, had been sent the Count by Laurent, the Palais Royal jeweller, but never acknowledged). In the corridors and on the staircases full-length portraits of the last kings of France, in their coronation robes, from Louis XIV., bewigged and girt with sceptre and crown, down to silly-faced Charles X. in the same apparel. In the Count's smoking-room upstairs are two of Vernet's works. Priests glided in and out of the rooms and up and down the stairs thick as blackbeetles in a London kitchen. Only one lady I espied; she also in black; this was

Madame la Duchesse de Blacas, an ancient and sombre dame.'

During the early summer of that year I was back again at Castle Howard working at copying the French portraits in chalk by the Clouets, also getting many of the paintings in that noble collection photographed, with the project of having these and others in the great private galleries of England published—a scheme which, thanks to Mr. Joseph Cundall and his enterprising sons, has been accomplished in a monthly form under the title of 'The Great Historic Galleries of England.' It took nearly half a dozen years for this object to be realised. Here is a pleasant little bit of Yorkshire scenery. 'I do not think I ever saw anything more lovely as to out-of-doors beauty of colour than neighbouring Kirkham (some two miles from Castle Howard and close by the railway station) looked this evening. The Clough-Taylors, to whom it belongs, are people to be envied. The house is surrounded by banks of lilacs in full bloom, set off by masses of copper beeches, and those again contrasted by showers of golden laburnums. Beyond and at the back of the house rise the woods on the other side of the bright and quickly-flowing Derwent, and close by that stream stand the old grey and ivy-clad ruins of the priory set in an emerald field of verdure. What a picture it makes! Those old ruins among the hawthorn trees now in full bloom! The bright meadows reflected in

the river, the fields around all powdered with sheep and lambs. On the left the old bridge, on the right a waterfall.' That summer I visited some of the old show places in the country. 'To Temple Newsam, some six miles out of Leeds, a hideous drive through the black country and suburbs of that gloomy town, one of the vilest-looking places, and among the most forbidding looking population, with the exception of that of Glasgow, that I have seen. Temple Newsam belongs to Mrs. Meynell Ingram. It is a stately old place, much like Beaudesert in Staffordshire. The park full of grand clumps of timber sadly blackened by the smoke of Leeds. Within the house are some good portraits by Sir Joshua; one, a full length of Lady Hertford, is especially fine, the least faded full length I ever saw of Reynolds. It has probably been so well preserved owing to its position between windows unexposed to a strong light. The long gallery has been a splendid room, but after a fire in 1796 it was badly restored, the ceiling abominably. Here hangs a fine half-length male portrait by Titian.' I also paid Knowsley a visit. 'Lord Derby had written to his librarian to show me what I had gone there to see, viz., the book of Clouet drawings, once the property of Mariette and of Horace Walpole; among them are many duplicates of the Clouet portraits I had copied at Castle Howard. Knowsley has a dreary look about it, surrounded, however, by well-kept

gardens and grounds; within the house are some interesting portraits of Stanleys, and there, too, is the fine Rembrandt of Belshazzar's Feast. In the dining-hall is the portrait of the heroic Lady Derby, the defendress of Lathom House, *née* Charlotte de la Trémoïlle, an undistinguished flat-featured brunette, but, as one might expect, with a good deal of determination in her countenance. There also in the hall is the old low-backed carved chair which was used at the execution of her gallant lord when he was beheaded at Bolton. Of interest, too, are the couple of MS. volumes of note-paper on which, with hardly a correction, the late Lord Derby wrote his translation of Homer.'

That summer I also visited the ruins of Fountains Abbey and those of Jervaux, and the beautifully-situated town of Richmond, in Yorkshire: 'Found Lord Ripon at Studley Royal, who did me the honours of his superb possession—the finest ruin of the monastic age in the island; a ruined gem, set in a living casket of bright fields, and woods, and river: the owner worthy of his great trust and stewardship. At Ripon I lodged at the "Unicorn," a most excellent hostel. The following day drove over to Swinton Park—Mrs. Danby Harcourt's—where are a few good Dutch pictures, and some of Sir Joshua's: "The Child Moses" the best of these. Drove eighteen miles to Richmond on the way visited the ruins of Jervaux Priory—pronounced "Jarvis"—which, though not to compare with

those of Fountains, are well worthy seeing; for they have a charm about them all their own, a charm which it is not easy to describe, but which must be felt. The Chapter House is especially beautiful and curious, with its six graceful pillars; some of these still retain beautifully carved capitals representing fruit and foliage. The road lay between hedgerows of wild-roses and honeysuckles. Richmond, with its castle-topped hill overlooking the town and country, is a striking feature. I pushed on that afternoon to Barnard Castle, where I found the only inn full of dirty militia-men and roystering farmers. Neighbouring Rokeby, immortalised by Walter Scott, somewhat disappointed my expectations of beauty; but the view over Teesdale from the old ruined tower at Barnard Castle was worth all the journey to see—like a living painting by Turner, a dream of wood, valley, and river. To Wentworth House, to see the Vandycks of which it boasts: these are worthy their fame. Stubbs's life-size presentment of the famous chestnut horse "Whistlejacket," in the great drawing-room, is in its way a fine work—never had a horse a finer tail to its back as one sees it represented on this canvas; but, in life, "Whistlejacket" was minus that appendage—the only fault in that famous quadruped, I believe.'

Another expedition made that year was to a little place near Tunbridge Wells—Dornden—that Lorne

had purchased. 'We visited some places in that neighbourhood—Penshurst, and an old moated place, Groombridge; we also looked in at "Steam-hammer Nasmyth's" pretty villa and its brick-paved garden, and drove through the beautiful heather-clothed domain of Lord Abergavenny's place, Eridge. Lorne thinks of parting with Dornden, finding it rather expensive to keep up. This seems a pity, as the Princess is much attached to it, and it is pleasant to see the busy German housewife strongly developed in her here; she bustles about all day, looking after and superintending all the domestic arrangements, carving at meals, and making herself generally useful. After dinner we stroll out in the grounds of the pretty little domain, and visit the stables and the kitchen-garden; and generally finish the evening by a game of billiards or pool, on a capital table, given them, when they were married, by the Prince of Wales.'

During August I worked in Paris, both at sculpture and in the Archives, on my then all-absorbing subject, the life of Marie Antoinette. Through the courtesy of the officials, even the papers once contained in the celebrated iron chest found in the Tuileries were submitted to me, and the last letter of the Queen's, written on the eve of her execution to Madame Elizabeth, and her death-warrant, signed by Fouquier-Tinville, I was allowed to have photographed. Early in September I made an expedition connected with

this 'all-absorbing' study. It may appear to the reader strange that the life and sufferings of an historical character should have filled so large a space in one's life. Perhaps this would be the place to attempt to explain how and why this was so. The interest and compassion for that unhappy Queen was, in our family, what I might call an hereditary feeling: my eldest sister, Elizabeth Argyll, possessed it strongly, as the following passage from one of her letters to me will show—in a letter written in acknowledging the little bust I had made (my first plastic creation) of Marie Antoinette on her way to execution. 'It is,' she writes of it, 'too painful for the perpetuity of sculpture. One can hardly bear it in painting. Few things ever shocked me so much as "Marie Antoinette" being acted two years ago. One could as soon look at a dear relation's sufferings being put on the stage. Mamma used to say that our grandmother (the Duchess Countess)—not a soft woman—would cry if she heard any abuse of Marie Antoinette.' I can never remember a time when the life of Marie Antoinette did not interest me beyond all other subjects; it has been an ever-increasing attraction, this feeling of sympathy for one of the bravest, although most womanlike, characters in modern history. Perhaps, too, having also had something hard to endure oneself, of having had to live through detraction and calumny, has made this interest and sympathy (for one whose life, so bright at its outset,

was so soon rendered a long martyrdom by the foulest and cruellest lies that were ever heaped upon the head of queen and woman long before her physical sufferings commenced) stronger. I have often envied the surname acquired by a French gentleman lately deceased —M. Leopold Double—who shared my veneration for the memory of that Queen and of sympathy for her 'matchless wrongs.' So loyal and devoted was he to her memory that he was called 'l'amant de Marie Antoinette.' The American historian Prescott says that 'there is no happiness so great as that of a permanent and lively interest in some intellectual labour,' and that 'no other enjoyment can compensate or approach to the steady satisfaction and constantly increasing interest of active literary work;' and this satisfaction I have found in studying and writing on the subject of Marie Antoinette—studies and writings that I hope one day to make public. All places connected with that subject I had visited and made myself thoroughly acquainted with, such as Versailles and Trianon; frequently, too, had I stood in the prison, now converted into a chapel at the Conciergerie, where the last days of her sufferings on earth had been passed. Fontainebleau, Compiègne, and Rambouillet I knew well; but St.-Cloud I had never seen except as a ruin. All these palaces are full of recollections of her happy days; but other places had to be seen, and that year I made an expedition to Varennes, visiting on the way

the noble cathedral of Rheims, before seeing the different stages of the road to Varennes, so full of tragic memories.

Leaving Paris one September afternoon I reached Rheims after dark. 'The Hôtel du Lion d'Or, where I lodged, faces the cathedral, and is within but a few paces of its noble portal. The grand old pile looked prodigiously solemn under the star-lighted canopy. Within, the restorer has been at his destructive work, and has committed more havoc than the Revolutionists themselves; but much remains that is old and venerable. The coloured glass is superb, especially the great rose window in the west transept. A series of fine old tapestries line the walls within. The bells of the cathedral clashed and clanged all through the night, and early in the morning the hotel seemed to shake to its foundations from a torrent of metallic sound. The next day, after visiting besides the cathedral the curious old church of St. Rémi, striking from its great age and excessive length, but desecrated by wretched modern painted glass, I left Rheims for St. Ménéhould, where I put up at the old Hôtel de Metz. Here is the large kitchen immortalised by Victor Hugo, placed close beside the entrance door; but in spite of its fame it is certainly not larger than many an old kitchen in an English country house. In this hostel lodged some thirty years ago Alexandre Dumas when here on a similar pilgrimage that brought

me. Both Hugo and Dumas probably occupied and slept in the double-bedded room here, with its old-fashioned figure-papered walls, the ceiling crossed with heavy wooden beams. After visiting the old Post-house—where the fugitive Royal family were recognised by notorious Drouet—and the Hôtel de Ville, where they had some much-needed rest on their return from Varennes, I got mine host M. Bazinet (a most amiable little man) to drive me in his cabriolet some nine miles to Clermont (in Argonne). The latter part of this drive skirts the hills of the old forest of Argonne. At Clermont I changed carriages and drove on in a tilbury some eight miles further, and at length reached my destination, Varennes. This "tilboorie," as the youthful owner of the two-wheeled shay in which we jolted over the dusty road that hot summer's day called it, was drawn by a stout gray stallion, who responded to the name of "Coco." At Varennes we stayed an hour, long enough for me to see all that remains of the place connected with the event that has made a third-rate obscure French village one of the most notorious places in the world. There is little left of the Varennes of 1792, for the house at which the arrest of the royal family took place is gone, and a bran-new one stands in its place. The gateway, too, which played such an important part in the events of that night, and which stood near the river at the end of the guillotine-shaped street, exists no more. In fact, it

requires a good deal of imagination to reconstruct the Varennes of the year 1792. At the *mairie* I found an obliging old clerk who showed me the two *procès verbaux* relating to the famous arrest. The old inn where "Coco" was baited still retains the pre-revolutionary sign of the "Grand Monarque," and is probably much in the state that it appeared during the days of the great Revolution. That night I passed at St.-Ménéhould, going on the following day to Châlons by rail. Here is still one of the most interesting old inns in France, the "Haute Mère Dieu;" the name alone recalls the Middle Ages, but the building has been unluckily greatly modernised externally.' Returning in the late autumn to England, I underwent some country-house visiting. This is the *résumé* of a week passed in country quarters. 'A dawdling week has at length come to a close, and passed, as is generally the case in a country house, in utter laziness and in great boredom; both hosts and guests seeming to consider it incumbent on each other to fritter away the time they pass together as much as is possible. Much of the day and night spent in guzzling, much in inane talk, and in dawdling in and out of doors. No possibility of doing any work, not even that of reading a serious book for long; for, if one reads away from the others, one appears to avoid the rest and is considered a sulk; and, unless one turns the leaves of a photograph book or of a newspaper in the drawing-

room, one is probably set down as unamiable, morose, if not worse.' At the close of that month of September my niece, Gertrude Stuart, married William, the eldest son of W. E. Gladstone. The marriage took place at St. George's, Hanover Square. The breakfast was given in the house of the bride's father in Berkeley Square, and the honeymoon was passed at Cliveden. 'Granville had come up from Walmer to be present at the marriage. Francis Grey read the service, assisted by Stephen Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone seems thoroughly happy at this event in his family, and at his son's choice ; he spoke to me with great feeling of the happiness it would have been to him could my dearest mother have lived to have seen this day.' Later in the autumn I worked in Paris at my modelling, and commenced a statuette of Marie Antoinette as Dauphiness in her hunting costume, the idea having been given me from a pastelle at the Palace of Laxenburg, near Vienna, drawn by Liotard. I also accomplished a head of the Saviour. These two busts were exhibited during the following year at the Academy in London. Passing the anniversary of my mother's death at Trentham, I find the following notice of a bust by Mr. Noble of my brother Albert that had lately been placed in the church there:—'I like to think that in after years the poor little fatherless boy (Frederick Gower) will perhaps look up at least with interest at this bust of his father, whom in life he can-

not remember, and who would have been, had he lived, so good and kind to him.'

A bright morning in November tempted me down to Windsor, to look again at a little house that had there taken my fancy that summer. I had looked within, and the cosy little rooms had seemed to me just what I required for myself and books and pictures.

I had always admired Windsor; its castle, and that matchless view from its terrace of Eton—

> With shadowy forests and with champaigns riched,
> With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads.

That day I saw this view in all its autumn glory, when, as Lord Beaconsfield has said, the 'woods were beginning to assume the first fair livery of autumn, when it is beautiful without decay.' 'Beneath the castle terrace for miles stretched the rows of elms and of oaks that looked like some vast field of golden corn all aglow in the setting sun, fringed by rolling clouds in which Bonnington would have delighted.'

That day at Windsor decided me to take the little house hard by the Long Walk that had so taken my fancy, a decision I have not regretted, for ever since early days at Cliveden and Eton the charm of Windsor had been strong upon me; and I agree with the French critic, Nestor Roqueplan, who, describing its glorious park, says that one view of a single glade there is better than all the landscapes of Italy.

CHAPTER XXV.

WORK IN PARIS—MILLAIS—THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

One, perhaps the greatest artistic genius that ever lived, Leonardo da Vinci, has written somewhere that the most trivial and accidental effects of form and colour, such as the marks of damp on a wall, or the form of clouds or of foliage, may inspire the artist with images which, when worked out, will form precious works of art.

Indeed, very ordinary things have given birth to works that the world will not easily let die. One of Thorwaldsen's finest statues—that of the seated Mercury—owes its origin to the sculptor having noticed in one of the streets of Rome the graceful attitude of a wearied peasant youth; and probably many of the noblest works of art, ancient and modern, owe their origin to some such inspirations, which we call accidents. It is that unknown quality we call genius, in the mind of the artist, that, on seeing such trivial and everyday sights, forms the shadow into a form; and from what to the vulgar eye appears but a dirty peasant, or an uncouth shape, creates in some enduring form an everlasting legacy to all time.

Aware of the risk I run in referring to the few pieces of sculpture that owe their origin to myself, and of becoming tedious and prolix, I will refer but to one such 'inspiration' very briefly. At the close of the year 1875, passing a shop of plaster casts near the Palais Royal, I noticed two little figures of grenadiers of the old Imperial Guard—one at attention, the other presenting arms. It occurred to me how good a subject for an animated plastic work such a figure would be if treated largely and in a moment of heroic action; and at once the Old Guard at Waterloo, '*qui meurt et ne se rend pas!*' struck my fancy. That evening I made a sketch of such a figure, and after getting every detail, down even to the buttons on the gaiters, complete; and after securing a good model for the figure, a French soldier who had seen the fall of Sebastopol, I set to work and completed in the following spring the statue that was exhibited in the London Academy of 1877, and of which Cardinal Manning wrote to me that he thought it no slight feat to have 'translated the Dying Gladiator into modern French!'

In London at the end of January (1876) I made the acquaintance of two people, both of historic but of very different interest. One of these was the Empress Eugénie, the other, Thomas Carlyle; this occurred in the rooms of Burlington House. I was introduced to Carlyle by his friend, Miss Davenport

Bromley; he was genial and talked much (alas! not a word of what the great Scot said do I remember now, for my diary then is but a record of passing events; but doubtless the talk concerned the pictures he had come to see). 'He looks wonderfully hale and hearty for fourscore; his cheeks as ruddy as those of a charity-school boy. To the Empress I was presented by Henry Lennox, who, as First Commissioner of Works, was doing the honours of the Academy to her Majesty. She, too, was most gracious, with a winning smile and great dignity, but no stiffness of manner.

'She was struck, she told me, by my likeness to Romney's portrait of my grandfather, Lord Stafford, which had been, with three other family portraits, lent from Trentham to this exhibition. The Prince Imperial was also of the company; he, too, very civil; and for a time we were inseparable, he having lost his mother's party in the crowd.'

Early in February my niece, Lilah Grosvenor, married Ormonde. I was unable to go to Cheshire for the wedding, but met them in London on their way to Cliveden, where they honeymooned. My sister, writing to me on the evening of that wedding-day, says:—'Lilah looked too lovely, and the sun shone on both of them all the time in church. The drive through Chester was beautiful; how I did long for you. I never saw anything so pretty as the

whole thing was—the church a mass of eucharis, white camellias, and ivy. There was just enough colour in Lilah's eyes, so bright; veil not over her face, and Marie Stuart shaped. It is so strange and sad here without her, I cannot bear looking into her room. She was so affectionate, poor little soul, the last evening; I miss her quite terribly. I did so enjoy her beauty, I find now, I have lost it.'

Alas! the terrible separation of death has fallen between the loving hearts of that incomparable mother and her lovely beloved daughter. Still later, when the young couple appeared together in Dublin at the Castle, a scene that reads like a bit out of one of Horace Walpole's letters took place; for the musicians left off playing their fiddles when the lovely bride entered the ball-room—left off playing in order the better to stare at that bright happy face!

During that winter in London I did some work at the Record Office on the Papers relating to the French Revolution, and when in Paris began the full-length statuette of Marie Antoinette (which was afterwards done life size in marble). A friend, whose little hands were admirably suited to make a model for the Queen's, allowed hers to be tied together at the wrists at her back, and then to have a mould taken of them in plaster. The mark that the cords left on the soft wrists was healed by a bracelet that recorded her kindness and endurance. Millais had painted my

portrait in April. Some notes from my journal of these sittings to our greatest living master will interest those who care for art:—

'*April* 6.—To Millais's studio at eleven. He began to work soon after, and by one o'clock had made a capital sketch; almost in profile, life size. He commenced by covering a fresh canvas with a low tone of Vandyck brown as groundwork, and then worked over this while the ground was still wet, painting in the head without any previous drawing. He works *con amore*, and makes much use of a pier looking-glass. He makes one stand up all the time, and allows but little time for rest. However, he lets one talk and even smoke throughout the sitting.' Four sittings, or rather standings, and the portrait was finished; it was considered extremely like, and is a fine specimen of the great painter's second manner; his kindness in making me a gift of this portrait, and many years after of a more valued head, the kit-cat life size of my sister Constance Westminster, are deeds that pass thanks. For many years Paris and my work there attracted me more to the French than the English capital, and with old Richard de Bury, Edward III.'s Chancellor, I might then exclaim, 'Oh, God of Gods in Zion! what a rushing river of joy gladdens my heart as often as I have a chance of going to Paris!' Richard de Bury was attracted to Paris by its booksellers' shops, I by the

galleries of the Louvre, and my studio far away on the left side of the Seine, where no Englishman ever came unless asked to do so. In a little stuffy room in the Rue Candolle, hard by the old Church of St. Médard, famed early in the last century for its *convulsionnaires*, and the more celebrated couplet these possessed ones gave rise to—

> De par le Roi défense à Dieu,
> De faire miracle en ce lieu,

was the studio which the young Italian sculptor Luca Madrassi, since known to fame, and I shared between us; here waxed into form and finish the statues of the 'Old Guard' and of Marie Antoinette. Social duties could not be kept up with art studies, and the former were as repugnant to me as the latter delightful, as appears from the following:—'*May* 2.—Left cards—another of the small curses of modern society; I wasted an hour in driving from a Madame de Poilly's house (a lady who had lately given a fancy dress ball) to half a dozen other houses where evenings had been frittered away, in order to leave a bit of cardboard on people who could not possibly care if one did so or not, or, probably, if they ever saw your face again.' Early in June I visited Oxford with a young artist whom I had met at a party at the Millais's, and who has made a name for himself by his graceful drawings and faithful transcripts of women's faces and English landscape—Frank Miles.

'*Sunday, June* 4.—By early train to Oxford, with F. Miles. We put up at the "Randolph," a Gothic but good hotel. The afternoon was a lovely one, pleasantly passed wandering from one college to another. Magdalen is certainly the most beautiful; there I made the acquaintance of young Oscar Wilde, a friend of Miles's. A pleasant cheery fellow, but with his long-haired head full of nonsense regarding the Church of Rome. His room filled with photographs of the Pope and of Cardinal Manning. His father was the distinguished oculist of Dublin.

'Most of the next morning was passed in the Botanical Gardens, now in full bloom. Miles is a fervent and enthusiastic botanist as well as artist, and it was pleasant to find in him so much knowledge, coupled with so much healthy enthusiasm for God's creations, of which surely the world of flowers and plants is the most beautiful. We went to evening service at New College, where I had been once with Ruskin; the singing of the choristers and the playing of the organ worthy the place and its associations. We strolled later, till dark, on the banks of the Cherwell, Miles making a clever sketch of the graceful towers of Magdalen in the gloaming. Next day we had breakfast with a son of Matthew Arnold at Balliol, where was also a son of Childers; a copious repast, but the habit of drinking beer on the top of tea cannot conduce to good digestion—after not only tea, but

coffee, chicken, and salmon! Arnold is a good musician. While performing on the piano he was sent for by the Master (Jowett), and returned to tell us he was "gated" for a week, owing to a recent escapade. We saw Jowett, who looks a most inoffensive old gentleman, walking in the gardens of John's College; he is not popular in his own.

'We paid Blenheim a visit; lunched with the hospitable Marlboroughs, and passed a pleasant afternoon in rambling over that superb house and in the "limitless gardens."

'*July* 5.—To Holland House, where I dined and slept. Roden was also stopping there, far from well, and obliged to keep his room. F. Cadogan and I sat with him. We had a small party at dinner, a few foreigners, including the delightful Duchesse de Mouchy, Mrs. Bishop and her daughter, and Augustus Lumley. My room is next Roden's, formerly lived in by Mary Fox (Princess Lichtenstein), and looks out on the entrance yard and Inigo Jones's beautiful gates. Up the next day at five and had a delicious ramble over the gardens and grounds, which naturally at that early hour I had all to myself. A heavy mist hung over the place and forestalled a day of great heat. We breakfast here at half-past twelve. To-day is Sunday, and some of the party are attending mass at Kensington. All day people, mostly foreigners, come trooping in, and Lady Holland has an informal *levée*,

which begins at two and lasts till seven. We were fifteen at dinner this evening, Sir Augustus and Lady Paget, the Ilchesters, Huddlestons, &c.'

A few days after I was again back at Holland House in order to meet the Empress of the French. 'At Holland House at four, the Empress had tea with the Duchesse de Mouchy and Lady Holland, and we four sat for nearly an hour in the little sitting-room adjoining the ground-floor reception-room, in which hang the portraits of Talleyrand and Madame de Lieven. We spoke a good deal, almost exclusively in fact, about Marie Antoinette, a subject that has always much engrossed the Empress, who, some say, thinks herself like that Queen. Of her the Empress always speaks as *la pauvre Reine.* The Empress told me the following story of the Prince Imperial *à propos* of that personage:—When a mere child, seeing a picture by Müller of the Queen in prison, he was so indignant that he begged the Empress to have her released at once; nor would he be pacified till his mother assured him that the Queen had finally escaped. The night of this conversation with the Empress I met the Prince Imperial at a ball at Marlborough House, and he told me he perfectly remembered the incident spoken of by his mother.' Later in the month I went to see the Empress at Chislehurst, and had the honour of an hour's *tête-à-tête* with that august lady in the drawing-room on the

ground-floor of Camden House. 'Before leaving the Empress gave me a little bust in alabaster of Marie Antoinette—a very faithful and unflattered likeness of that unfortunate Princess which the Empress had been able to save out of the wreck of her possessions when leaving Paris. There was something almost fatalistic in a little incident which then occurred. Becoming animated in an account of her dangers in leaving Paris on September 4, the Empress knocked the little bust from off the table, and I picked it up with the head as clean off the shoulders as if it had been cut with a knife. "*Pauvre Reine*," sighed the Empress, "*elle n'a pas de chance!*" and she told me how a similar thing had happened when a bust of Louis XVI. had been sent to his daughter, the Duchesse d'Angoulême. When unpacked the marble bust was found to be broken off at the neck; another was sent for from Paris, this time in bronze, but when it reached its destination a fissure was found that almost divided the neck. Who can wonder when such things happen that royalties are often superstitious? The Empress's account of her flight from Paris was deeply interesting, and I regret that I have not written down what she told me that July morning at Camden House. How well she described the hurried flight through the palace and the galleries of the Louvre, followed by only two or three attendants; of the respect with which the guardians of the galleries received her, and

their emotion at seeing her almost a deserted fugitive in the palace of which she had so lately been the idol; of her great danger of being recognised while alone with Madame le Breton in the Rue de Rivoli, where for hours they had to remain, the street being blocked with a mob of Mobiles and the rabble forcing their way to the Hôtel de Ville to proclaim the Republic; of another terribly long period of suspense when, at some station near Paris, her only safety from detection while waiting hours for a train was a newspaper that saved her from recognition and probable death. She said such a death as that had terrors for her which, if she could have remained and faced the dangers in the palace, she did not feel; and, indeed, it made one shudder to think what would have happened had that mob guessed who one of the two ladies in black was in the cab in the roaring street that bright September day. I believe the Empress has regretted ever since having left the Tuileries, and she had almost to be forced to leave the palace. She had the courage and the will to stand alone against the mob, but then her fate might have been that of Hypatia.'

Most of that summer and autumn I passed in Paris, my 'Old Guard' being then in hand, and the statuette of Marie Antoinette being enlarged and worked in marble by a pupil of Carpeaux, in a little shed hard by the Versailles road, over which the poor Queen had so often passed.

During the autumn I paid two visits—one to Mouchy, the sumptuous château of the Duke of that name, near Creil; the other to the old Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, at Argenteau, near Liège. Of Mouchy I write:—'I must confess I prefer mine ease at mine inn to the mode of living even in this most luxurious of châteaux. We meet soon after twelve for breakfast, or rather for luncheon; if the weather is wet, as to-day, one passes most of it indoors, where luckily is a fine library, a room more like a chapel than a library, its only fault a want of daylight, as the windows are of stained glass; a mistake in a room in which there cannot be too much light. In the centre of this library is the original mask of the head of Voltaire by Hudon. We are a small party, only George d'Aramon and a Comte de Brissac. D'Aramon is copying for me a portrait of Marie Antoinette, representing her when fifteen, probably a gift of hers to that Marquise de Noailles (afterwards Maréchale de Mouchy) whom the Dauphiness styled Madame l'Etiquette. One becomes, I find, very hungry before twelve o'clock, and still more so before dinner, which here is at eight as with us, and consequently one pines for the two o'clock luncheon. Nothing can exceed the kind courteousness of our hosts; the house is internally both luxurious and comfortable, the outside rather too ornate, but curiously like Dunrobin, especially

when seen from the approach. But it is smaller and not to compare in situation to the Scotch Castle, for instead of the Northern Sea, at its feet is a little artificial pond. The life at a French country house seems less attractive than it is with us; here one feels that men as well as women are pining to return to Paris. No hosts can be more amiable than the Duke and his charming Duchess; their children, the little Prince de Poix, and his sister, Mademoiselle Sabine de Noailles, are as polished and perfectly brought up as it is possible for children to be; but they have a delicate over-old look for their age that most of these high-born French people's progeny have, and seem as if they had been brought up in a hot-house and fed on sugar-plums and orchids.'

My visit to Argenteau took place in October. On my way there I had met in Paris Monsignor Capel, fresh from Lourdes and its miraculous cures. There was a smart lady with him, one, he told me, of the 'miraculously cured'; but I failed to find out, from his description, of what particular complaint the lady had been healed. Argenteau, as already stated, is near Liège, delightfully situated on a hill overlooking the Meuse, and its beautiful valley that fulfils more the Biblical simile of overflowing with milk and honey than any other scene I can recall. The present building in which the old Count lives is but an appanage of the old castle destroyed by

Vauban, and of which but a fragment remains. There was no company at Argenteau, only the kind old Count, his daughter-in-law (*née* Princesse de Chimay, a blonde beauty of the Empire), and her sister, the Princesse Czartorisky; these ladies used to go out shooting together! I had not come to meet a party, but to overlook some letters kept at Argenteau—letters written by Marie Antoinette to her mother's minister, the great-uncle of my host and bearer of the same name. About a score of these I found and, by the Count's permission, copied before leaving Argenteau. A great charm besides the lovely view here are the orchards or rather forests of walnut trees; the harvest of those trees, quite an income to the Count, was in full activity while I was at Argenteau. 'The Count is one of the old school, tall and commanding in stature, with penetrating dark eyes, clean shaved, in elaborate English-made clothes, and always *bien musqué*; he looks like a marquis of the Court of Louis XV. who had put on modern costume by mistake.' That same autumn I paid a visit in Scotland, going with Lorne and his royal spouse to Inverary to see my sister, who had been seriously ill. 'The Archie Campbells and children are here. "Neil," as they call the boy, and "Neikie" the girl, a delicious little gipsy-like creature of two or three years old, are vastly improved. A year ago the boy when he saw

a strange face would set up a howl and a shriek, in which his little sister lustily joined; now they are perfectly tame and even amiable; the little girl, the prettiest child one ever saw, with lovely grey eyes, black eyelashes, a dazzling skin, and cheeks like peaches, and any quantity of curly-brown hair; she is one's idea of Beatrix when a child, in Thackeray's "Esmond." I returned southwards with these children as far as Glasgow in Argyll's yacht the *Columbia*. Neikie enjoyed the yachting part of the journey, but cried dolefully on reaching Helensburg. "Me want to go back, Neikie don't like dose dark places," meaning by "dose dark places" the railway tunnels. She was consoled with getting some rosy-cheeked apples when we reached Glasgow.'

Sunday, October 1, of that year, was the first day passed at my Windsor house. 'Sunshine,' I write that day, 'after heavy rain. I take it as a good omen of my future, so much of which I trust will be passed in this little house. Robert has made it as comfortable as possible, and I ought to be grateful for so good a house and so faithful an attendant; his wife and child are here. Through the Long Walk, that best work of Charles II.'s, to call on Tait at the Home Farm; he was for many years head "greive" at Dunrobin, and is now the Queen's head farmer. How beautiful the Long Walk looked in the afternoon sunlight; it has the charm and almost the solemnity of some huge

cathedral, more gorgeous even than Köln or Rheims.' The year closed with more marriages of nieces and of nephews. Francis Tarbat and Miss L. Macdonald, Florence Gower and Henry Chaplin—the former in the Chapel Royal, at which Lord Beaconsfield was present; the latter at Trentham Church. Of the latter I write—'*November* 15: "Happy may the bride be that the sun shines on!" and luckily it has been a singularly bright and summer-like day for November. There was a great crowd in the church, which was beautifully decorated with eucharis and white camellias. Mr. Edwards, who naturally (being the Rector of Trentham) took the principal part in the service, was much overcome, and doubtless he felt much moved. I did, standing so near my mother's monument and Albert's bust; both of whom would have sympathised so warmly with Florence's happiness.

'The bride looked and went through the trying ordeal well. They left for Cliveden under showers of rice. A large assemblage at luncheon of guests staying in the house and others from the neighbourhood. Among the latter dear old Lord Harrowby wearing his Blue Ribbon and Garter Star; the Lichfields and others.' On my way back to town I met Lord Beaconsfield at Stafford Station, on his way to Ingestre. 'How is your Lordship?' 'I am quite well,' he answered, somewhat coldly, not making me

out; but then, in a tone of affection, he added, 'Oh, is it you, dearest?' The year closed in with wars and rumours of wars; the black cloud in the East cast its shadow over snow-covered Europe, and for days and weeks no one expected that a great European war could be staved off. Writing on Christmas Day to a friend, Lord Beaconsfield, who had been invited but prevented from passing that time at Trentham, says:—'I don't know how things will end—everybody seems to despair of peace, but I never despair, and think that even at this last hour some settlement will be arranged. Nobody wants to fight, and least of all Russia, but she has played her cards so ill that she will find it hard to extricate herself from a false position without some discredit, though I hope we may even gild for her a golden bridge.'

'*Christmas Day.* Trentham.—How much this anniversary,' I write, 'brings back old happy days passed here, and the dear faces of those I shall never see again on earth—"the old familiar faces!" The days when a child among other children, this house was full of youthful joy and gladness—of games in the evening—in which old and young joined; the Christmas gift-laden tree, and the theatricals in the drawing-room with the billiard-room for the green-room. The presents, and the lotteries in which no one was forgotten or drew a bad number; the

sleighing, and the hunting, and the skating. The old are dead, and many of the young also are departed now; the rest married, with children growing up around them.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

1877: 'VANITY FAIR'—CARLYLE—THE GUILLOTINE.

DURING the early London season of this year I wrote every week for the journal 'Vanity Fair' accounts of what went on in 'the world'; my chief reason for doing so being a wish to show 'Society' that one could write in a so-called 'Society' paper without writing ill-naturedly or being scandalous; and also because I found that it gave me often the means of doing a good turn to fellow-artists and others by alluding to their works in my weekly notices of what was stirring in the London world. That even artists who did not need any such notice were pleased and even grateful for one's writing about their work, the following passage from a letter by Gustave Doré, after he had seen a notice on his talents in 'Vanity Fair,' will prove:—

'Cher ami,' he writes, 'il me faudrait vous emprunter un instant le style avec lequel vous m'avez fait l'honneur d'écrire la page qui me concerne, pour bien vous dire combien je vous suis reconnaissant des lignes si généreuses et chaleureuses que vous m'avez consacrées, et combien je suis heureux et

touché de cette si cordiale marque de sympathie de votre part. J'ai eu la bonne chance de me trouver tout de suite en possession du numéro de "Vanity Fair;" vous ne doutez pas que l'on trouve tout à Paris rien qu'en tendant le bras. Au reçu de votre lettre je me suis précipité chez le marchand de journaux étrangers du Grand Hôtel, et j'y ai trouvé tout de suite mon affaire. J'ai donc pris une nouvelle et agréable leçon d'anglais (quand donc le saurai-je parler?) en lisant soigneusement vos aimables lignes; sans avoir le défaut de modestie bien marqué, j'ai dû cependant rougir à certains passages.'

But in 'the world'—the little, base, ill-natured, ill-speaking, ill-thinking handful of men and women who form much of that world of 'London Society'—I found to my surprise (for although I knew it to be ill-natured, I had not till then guessed its unfathomable stupidity) that people were ready to lay anything that might be construed into being offensive either to themselves or others in 'Vanity Fair' at my door. I can only recall one expression that was brought home to me and that I regret having written, for it gave annoyance to the person in whose house (a hired one by the way) the ball was given at which the lamentable revelation I plead guilty to having made occurred. This was not, as the reader might imagine, that the butler had been found drunk in the kitchen, or even that the hostess's daughter had

eloped during the cotillon; no, it was something much worse, and showed an almost fiendish love of detraction in alluding to what must have been unpleasantly evident to all the guests—this was the prevailing smell of roast mutton that pervaded the building. But I repeat I regretted then, and do still, having recorded this misfortune, as it gave, I was told, annoyance to the gentleman who had gone to the expense of giving a ball, and who had included the writer amongst his guests. Poor man! Could he have foreseen that there was a 'chiel' among them 'taking notes' I imagine that my invitation would have been cancelled. But when it came to a relation writing to tell me that I was 'roundly abused by all sorts of people' for writing those social notes in 'Vanity Fair' without reluctance or ill-will to the silly folk who chose to judge of others too much by their own standard, I ceased to contribute the short articles signed 'Talon Rouge,' which, if anyone cares to read them, will be found during the early part of that year (1877) in 'Vanity Fair'—notes, rough and without pretence of style or elegance of diction, but which perhaps some day, like those I am now writing, may help the historian when describing the social life in England of this latter half of the present century. They only live now in a still (1881) recurring paragraph used as an advertisement, in which an anti-cold-in-the-head homœopathic medi-

cine named 'Glykaline' is highly recommended by 'Talon Rouge.' Although still occasionally writing notices for the same journal in which appeared these ill-starred 'Social Notes,' all I subsequently penned for the paper concerned art or kindred matters, and Society was left undisturbed, no longer to be shocked by revelations regarding the perfumes rising from its kitchens.

But to go to a pleasanter subject. Here is a morning passed in Burlington House on the critics' day, three days before the opening of that year's Exhibition in May. 'Spent nearly all the day at the Academy, which the "gentlemen of the Press" had all to themselves; going there with Billy Russell, who introduced me to Tom Taylor, and with these two literary bigwigs I remained for several hours. I cannot say how kind and complimentary people are about my statue of the "Old Guard"—such as Tom Taylor, George Augustus Sala, old Planché, and in fact all those whose good opinion is worth having on such a matter. Wrote to "Vanity Fair," signed "Megilp," a critique of the Exhibition at Grosvenor House in the interval between a dinner and a ball at the Marjoribanks's at Brook House, their splendid house in Park Lane, that night.' A couple of days later, and the private view at the Academy takes place, where more kind compliments, from Millais and Leighton among others, are paid the 'Old

Guard.' So, as I wrote, 'I have enough to satisfy even one who loves praise as much as I do.'

The following Sunday (May 6) I entertain at my little Windsor house Millais and Sir W. Harcourt; the little place sweet with Cliveden flowers. 'We have been down to Eton to see Harcourt's son, who is there, and whom he calls "Lou-Lou," and who the father rather idolised too much. "Lou-Lou" also did me the honour to come and have luncheon at my house. We then adjourned to Virginia Water. It had been a beautiful afternoon; Millais quite revelled in the beauty of that place, and was especially delighted with the Greek ruins; he seemed to enjoy himself as much as a boy fresh out of school.

'Holmes (Queen's Librarian) came to meet my illustrious guests at dinner. The two young Wards, and H. Coulson and Percy Anderson, the former a professional actor, the latter a clever amateur artist, joined us later. Millais had to return by the last train to town, in order to paint Lord Shaftesbury tomorrow early; Harcourt stays the night.'

Later that summer I had another distinguished artist under my roof—Gustave Doré—who was accompanied by his boon companion, Canon Harford.

'*July* 9.—Luckily this has been a sunny day to show Doré Burnham Beeches, of which every Cockney is naturally proud. After luncheon in my little wigwam, which (the wigwam) seemed to please the

painter, we drove about the park over to Virginia Water, where Doré made a sketch of the classic ruins. We called later on Prince Leopold at the Castle, who was as gracious and cordial to the great artist as his own talent and charm would lead one to expect.' A few days later and Doré again honoured me by his presence at Windsor. We visited Stoke Park and Burnham Beeches; fit place for his studies for Ariosto's great poem that he was then illustrating. We also spent a few hours at Cliveden, where my sister (although in the midst of the excitement of having just heard of her daughter's engagement to Compton Cavendish) received Doré with that kindness and *bonhomie* that she always showed to the least distinguished as well as the most illustrious of those who came within her genial and beautiful presence. And here a word about Doré's companion in these excursions—Canon Harford, himself an artist in the varied branches of painting, modelling, poetry, and music. I quote again from my journal:—'Canon Harford's rooms in the Dean's Yard at Westminster savour more of artistic Bohemia than of the English Church. Never did I see or imagine such confusion of artistic properties. It reminded me of a scene in Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop;" but with a touch of clerical confusion combined with Bohemian *bric-à-brac* of the most rampant order of disorder. Gothic carvings and stained glass, figures of angels, saints,

dragons, corbels, griffins, and goblins. Heraldic blazonry, prints, and pictures, sacred a few, but mostly profane and pagan, litter every nook, corner, chair, table, floor, and even staircase, in vast and glorious confusion. For all the world his reverence's rooms look as if they had been possessed by an artist who had lent them to a stage property maker, in which a bishop had lost his way and forgotten his alb, mitre, and crosier.'

Another visit that I paid about this time to a very different ecclesiastical abode was to Archbishop's House in the Vauxhall Bridge Road, the barrack-like palace of the Cardinal of Westminster. 'It is a gloomy building; formerly a soldiers' club and athletic institution, now it is an archbishop's palace. I had gone there, as I had to Fröhsdorff and other curious places, to see a portrait of Marie Antoinette which Lady Herbert of Lea told me the Cardinal would show me. This picture I found to be a *replica* of the well-known portrait of which the original is in the Duc d'Arenberg's palace at Brussels. The Cardinal also showed me his other paintings—mostly copies, or poor originals, of saints and martyrs. But by far the most interesting feature in the place was the Cardinal himself, looking like a portrait of a Prince of the Roman Church by Bellini or Mantegna, out of place indeed in this featureless building, surrounded by the slums of Westminster, with his purple robes,

scarlet skull cap, setting off the Cardinal's ascetic-featured, parchment-hued face, and the massive, intellectual brow. His high-bred manner and gracious deportment recalled to me another great Church dignitary, but of a physically different stamp of man —the Bishop of Orleans—Dupanloup.'

That season I renewed acquaintance with the owner of Ford Castle. 'Called'—I write one summer's day in my diary—'Called at Claridge's on Louisa, Lady Waterford, with whom I had a long and pleasant talk. She is to me one of the grandest and noblest of living women. So magnificent and stately, still bearing traces of her former beauty, withal so simple, so natural, and so completely unaffected.' That summer, too, I made the acquaintance of a different type of beauty from the majestic châtelaine of Ford Castle. In some rooms at the end of Salisbury Street, looking out on the river, occupied by Frank Miles, I met 'a Mrs. Langtry—*née* Le Breton, who hails from Jersey; she is certainly a very lovely woman, and Frank is quite in ecstasies about her, and declares that he with his pencil, and his friend Oscar Wilde with his pen, will make her the Joconde and the Laura of this century! Went on from Salisbury Street with F. Miles to the Academy, where I had a rendezvous with the French Ambassadress, Madame d'Harcourt, who had asked me to show her my statue of Marie Antoinette.

While there we met E. Argyll and Mary Campbell, accompanied by the ever-faithful Uncle Charles (Howard), who was chaperoning them through the Exhibition.' More jottings from my diary of that pleasant summer in London. 'One evening after dining at Grosvenor House I went with my sister and her daughter, Beatrice, to a theatrical entertainment at Bridgewater House (entertainments at Bridgewater House are nowadays such rarities that they deserve to be recorded), a successful dramatic performance which lasted till long after midnight. The following night went with my sister to a concert at the Albert Hall, when Wagner conducted. It was his third concert; the pieces mostly selections from his greatest work, the "Ring des Nibelungen." The hall crammed; our box next to the Spencers. I was intensely delighted with the music; quite glorious, unlike any other. Wagner received quite an ovation at the close. A proud position his; almost worshipped by thousands; and to have his great work so nobly rendered in that vast hall.'

Later came pleasant expeditions to and from Windsor to Cliveden. 'Left Windsor early with Harry. Up to town, this time for the Birthday Parade (June 2) at the Horse Guards, where the balcony of Dover House, as of yore, crowded with children, and still more with old memories. New

generations springing up around one like mushrooms. The children of yesterday have now their children on this balcony to watch the prettiest military spectacle of the year in London! This year the show was marred by inclement weather. Later in the day with Harry to Cliveden, which was looking like a scene in Martin's picture of the "Plains of Heaven!" The next day is a Sunday, when we went to Hedsor Church, walking through Lord Boston's lovely grounds. Mr. Robins (brother of the popular Windsor Garrison preacher) gave us an excellent sermon. In the afternoon, while basking in the sun on the terrace with my friend, appeared others—H. Coulson and Percy Anderson. We all boated in the cool of the evening, and sat late out that lovely night while H. C. read aloud to us the new American book "Helen's Babies."' Trivial shreds of the past; of the happy far away. *Vieux galons* indeed, but what exquisite beauty the mere thought of those summer days and nights at Cliveden recals. And of what a friendship; one like those described by Moore in Byron's young days at Cambridge, or in later life with Lord Clare.

During that summer two old friends disappeared—one my old German tutor Dr. Gaebler, who died at Lähr, in his sixty-third year; the other George Loch, formerly M.P. for the Northern Burghs, with whom I had frequently made the tour of Sutherland,

he as my brother's agent, and I as Member for the County. In apparently the prime of a vigorous middle-age a terrible malady struck him down; during that summer he lay dying in the pretty little house hard by Englefield Green, which he had but lately finished building. Towards the close of his illness he received the greatest honour that a subject can have, a personal visit from his Sovereign. The Queen visited the Lochs a few days before George Loch's death, which occurred on August 18. 'You know,' said Her Majesty to him, 'the interest I take in all that concerns the family of Sutherland!' And the kind heart that spoke thus knew how devoted both George Loch and his father had been to that family. 'The funeral took place in the cemetery of St. Jude's Church, at Egham. Henry Loch, the chief mourner, the poor widow and daughters, a touching sight as they knelt at the brink of the open grave. While waiting for the funeral in the little church, I was struck by the appropriateness of the subjects introduced in the stained glass windows—all the Saviour's gospel of mercy and pity for the afflicted and the poor shone from them; the divine gospel of pardon and infinite compassion came to one with vividness from these "storied panes." What an inspired thought was that of Murillo, which lined the walls of the Church of the Divine Charity at Seville with subjects taken from sacred legend and story—subjects illustrating in the highest art a divine

compassion mixed with human pity—the parable of the Prodigal and the cure of the afflicted by the sainted Queen of Hungary; the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, Moses striking the Rock, and Abraham welcoming the three Angelic Visitants at the door of his tent! The Old Testament is not one of pity and compassion—what misery and cruelty has it not excused? In it the merciful God of the New Gospel appears rather as the destroyer and the avenger—more like the terrible Judge in the "Last Judgment" of the Sistine than as the Saviour on the Mount. Surely Christianity is a Gospel of Peace, of Love, and Forgiveness; is it possible to believe that the All-merciful would throughout eternity condemn the very vilest soul that ever bore body on this earth to a never-ending state of suffering? Or that a punishment which not the most cruel of men would inflict on a fellow-creature should be the will of the Deity? At any rate, in such a church as this of St. Jude in which I waited for the funeral that August morning such a belief was impossible.'

Thomas Carlyle honoured my statue of Marie Antoinette (which had lately been placed in the Gallery at Grosvenor House) by a visit that autumn.

'*September* 12.—Mrs. Greville drove the "sage of Chelsea" to Grosvenor House to-day in a royal carriage!' her sister, Lady Probyn, having the use of one of these regal conveyances. 'I don't think,' Mrs. Greville

wrote after this visit to Grosvenor House, 'Carlyle had the least idea he was reclining in a royal carriage. I am afraid he believed it to be my natural property.'

Carlyle was in good spirits and talked much, but somewhat indistinctly. He appeared interested in the statue, and made allusion to the Queen's shoe, which she repaired herself when in prison, and generally of her heroic conduct during her infinite misfortunes. A tiresome old woman with corkscrew ringlets would come up to us and place herself between Carlyle and the statue in the midst of his talk, and made inane remarks about nothing in particular. She wished to be informed whether Dalou's statue of a mother rocking and singing to her babe—(which is near my Queen's statue)—was not intended to represent one of the Grosvenor family, and other such idiotic questions. We drove back together to Carlyle's house at Chelsea, where he showed us his portraits of Frederick the Great, also those of Martin Luther's parents. Of these he is very proud. Carlyle was full of cordiality and good-humour; his natural and inborn courtesy is marked, insisting, for instance, on escorting Mrs. Greville back to her carriage and seeing her drive from his house, standing with his good gray head uncovered in the street. It is impossible not to feel an attachment for him, combined with the veneration that all must have for that vast intellect.

'Until,' writes Mrs. Greville to me, still harping

on this visit, 'until you hear Carlyle groping and prancing among the men and women of the first Revolution, you cannot imagine what manner of man he is.' One day I had the good fortune to hear him 'groping and prancing' amongst the actors of that world-shaking drama. During that autumn the Social Science Congress (whatever that means) held its annual meeting at Aberdeen. I had been asked to preside at the section relating to Art. Having to deliver an address in that capacity, I selected the Scottish painters as my theme. Thanks to my kind host at Aberdeen and his accomplished wife (the Forbes-Whites), I was made to feel quite at home during my sojourn in Aberdeen. Of their house I write: 'It is not only charming within as to decoration, but is full of good modern paintings, many of them by mine host's friend, the clever portrait painter, George Reid, who is sure to rise to fame.'

My duties at Aberdeen consisted in taking the chair of the Art section in one of the lecture rooms in the handsome Marischal College. One evening a huge banquet of over two hundred guests was given in the Town Hall. 'Very long, and the speeches atrocious, but the dinner good. Four pipers played lustily; the affair lasted many hours.' The following day, after listening to endless speeches and lectures, which occupied all day, and of which Forbes Robertson's was the most eloquent, I delivered my address that

evening in the Court House. 'A relief when it was finished.'

Before returning South I paid Huntley (an old Cambridge friend) a brief visit at Aboyne—'a hideous pile, all harled without; within it is comfortable. Granville Gordon and his sister "Maggie" are here, in their usual boisterous spirits; young Lady Huntley rather subdued by their side, but pleasant.' Aboyne is surrounded by beautiful hills. A bit of scenery near the house left a picture on my mind—the foreground a field full of ripe golden corn sheafs, with a background of purple hills, with rolling banks of white clouds against a dark grey sky.

'There is some hope now,' I write after hearing of the fire at Inverary on October 12. 'There is some hope of the ugliest building in Scotland being improved.' About this fire I received a batch of interesting letters, one of which I copy. 'It is a great wonder we are all alive,' writes my niece, Mary Campbell, from the inn at Inverary, where they had taken refuge when burnt out of the Castle. 'We were all quietly sleeping while the roof of the centre hall was being burnt to ashes. A contradictious old man who had been left in charge of a boat which he had moored to the pier the evening before, insisted on going to look after it before five in the morning, though his wife tried to make him be quiet. He had no sooner got to the pier than he saw the smoke and flames in

the Castle roof, and having roused the townspeople they came. It was dreadful, they said, to see all the place quiet with the house in flames. They found the doors locked and called "Fire!" and knocked and shouted for the keys. Once within they awoke everyone. The butler came to Frances and me, and, being met by Constance and her maid, we rushed downstairs by the side halls. The heat and glare were dreadful, and the shouts of men and the hissing and roaring of the flames quite deafening, while burning glass and plaster wrapped in sheets of flame, together with molten lead, were falling in all directions. I got separated from the others, and on going to mamma's room found them gone, but on reaching the old dining-room I could just see in the darkness a number of people. Papa and mamma were safe there, and the Lornes; he had just brought down Lady C. Charteris and Mrs. Campbell. In calling over the names, for it was too dark to see, Victoria and Evy and the Archie children were missing, and Lorne darted away through the burning hall for them. I ran to the door to call him back. While standing there the gas chandelier that hung from the top began to sway, then we saw a perfect avalanche of fire, and then all was dark for a moment, followed by the most awful crash, which made me draw back—the roof had fallen in, and it was some minutes before we knew if Lorne had escaped. When we knew all had got

away, we started barefooted and bareheaded in our dressing-gowns and any loose wrap we could find for the stables. The night was very cold, the hills white with snow, and the ground wet, and constant hail showers. Having seen us safe at the stables, Papa and Lorne went back. The fire was spreading so fast that the house was soon given up for lost, and "Save all you can!" was the cry. The townspeople, workmen, and servants behaved splendidly, tearing down the pictures and the tapestry, flinging out the books, furniture, &c.' My niece concludes her graphic description by saying that I will be glad to hear the Gainsboroughs are saved. Lorne, writing on the same subject, says:—'The Jameson I asked you to come and see is no more!' (a portrait of the celebrated Marquis of Argyll). 'It perished in the hall, which almost became a furnace, after the fall of the burning roof. We had passed through it just before the crash, and were well out of it, but only just in time. A Zuccharelli, two Jamesons, a picture by Angelica Kauffman of the "beautiful Duchess" and her children, besides others, are all gone. Somebody put his foot through Cotes's portrait of the Duchess of Hamilton, and someone else tore the Opie of Lady Augusta, but the Gainsboroughs are not destroyed.'

For reasons not of a morbid kind I saw a sight that autumn in Paris that I certainly never hope again to see. It was an execution by the guillotine. An

old woman living in the outskirts of Paris had been brutally murdered. So cold-blooded a crime could not be condoned even by a French jury or any *cause atténuante*. For several days, or rather nights, the quarter of the Rue de la Roquette (in which is situated the prison of the condemned) had been on the stir. The police had orders not to make public the day of execution, and a mystery hung over the fated morning when the guillotine was to do its work. Rumour went, however, that the morning of October 28 would be the day of execution. Capital punishment now, thanks to a merciful Republic, is extremely rare in Paris, and as much as possible the people are kept in ignorance of the day. The execution always takes place at early dawn, when it is presumed the city is wrapped in sleep.

It was a bitter cold night. The Place de la Roquette is not at any time an agreeable place to pass the long hours of an October night on—least so when waiting for such a sight as death by the guillotine, which, although probably the most merciful form of capital punishment, is surrounded by an element of tragedy far greater than our death by hanging or the Spanish garotte. But it was this very element—the associations of the terrible year of ninety-three—that induced me to pass the hours between two and seven in the morning of that day, on the blood-stained Place de la Roquette. 'By two o'clock,' I quote from my

journal, 'a crowd had already collected when I left my cab and walked to a group of people standing in front of the prison. Showing my card to the sergeant of police, I was admitted into the enclosed space (outside of which the police kept back the crowd), wherein only the newspaper reporters were allowed to remain. About four o'clock two closed carriages rattled up and stopped in front of the prison. Out of the foremost stepped three men; one of these is M. Roche, "Monsieur de Paris" as the head executioner was formerly termed here, who answers to our Calcraft; the two other men are his assistants. From out the other carriage, a long and sinister conveyance, these men rapidly remove some beams and planks, and by the light of a lantern the ghastly shape of the guillotine takes form and substance. No scaffold is used. The machine is placed on the pavement, on which are marks that indicate the exact spot—four darkened stones. In order to make certain of its position a spirit-level is employed. In a few minutes the hideous narrow instrument of death is fixed and ready for use. The dawn now slowly began to appear, a dull reddish light streaked the dark blood-red colour of the guillotine that had before looked black. Now a cab drove rapidly up to the prison door, out of which a priest descended and quickly disappeared within the gate. Then ensued another long wait. It was a relief when a body of mounted dragoons

clattered up and halted facing the prison, the guillotine between them and it—a relief anything that for a moment took our eyes and mind off that ghastly machine standing within a few feet of us, which now Monsieur de Paris and his assistants were trying experiments on to see if the great blade of steel worked easily in the indiarubber-covered grooves. All this, with the wait of several hours, was beginning decidedly to make a disagreeable impression on my nerves, even without the knowledge that at this moment the victim had been summoned to his doom, and that the ghastly ceremony of his *toilette*, as they call the pinioning and cutting off the hair at the back of his head, was taking place. "*C'est épatant!*" was the whispered comment on all sides, and *épatant* it certainly was. Now the light broadens and spreads, a redder hue covers the place and the people, the guillotine, and the heavy prison gates. There is a horror in this light, for all seems bathed in blood—decidedly *épatant!* Watches are nervously consulted, and the cigars and cigarettes that seemed to fortify a few minutes ago are thrown away, for a creak from the prison gates has turned all heads in that direction. First one side, then the other, of these doors slowly draws back; then suddenly, as in a dream, pass out from the darkness into that bloody-hued dawn a small group of people, in the midst a man white as death with his arms pinioned and legs shackled so that he can hardly walk. On

one side, and rather pushing him forward with hand on his shoulder, is the head executioner, followed closely by the two assistants. In front of these walks the good old priest, who, as they approach the guillotine, raises the crucifix he carries to the lips of the prisoner; and then, but only for an instant, it seems that the man intends to stop, to attempt to address those around, but he only throws his white face heavenwards, and in a loud voice cries, "*Mon Dieu, pardonnez-moi!*" At that moment his eyes seem to fix themselves on the great knife hanging above, he seems to hesitate, but the strong arm of Roche is on his shoulder, and he is propelled up against the *bascule*, as the swinging beam is called, on which the sufferer lies face downwards, when it turns down and slides under the upright cross-beams of the guillotine. In a moment the *bascule* revolves, the man now stretched on it, and runs rapidly forward. And then—but then we did not look, a suppressed cry comes from all around—without a sound, and literally in the twinkling of an eye, the spring has been pressed, the great polished mass of steel has fallen like lightning, and body and head are in separate baskets.

'It was enough, and one felt glad to turn into the crowd and feel oneself among the living. Beyond, on the outskirts of the crowd, were women shouting in carriages, rouged and painted, and far more horrible than the sight one had just turned away

sick at heart from; but beyond these creatures one met the sober workman in his blouse trudging with his neatly dressed wife to their daily honest toil and drudgery down to Paris, and the guillotine and the prison of the Roquette and the horror of it and of its surroundings seemed, as the bright day broke again over the great city, but as some horrible dream out of which one had awaked.'

Less gloomy scenes closed happily the year.

Two marriages—one of another niece with a cousin—the other also of a cousin, both of which weddings I attended. The former of these alliances took place at Eaton, from where I write: 'I came here for the marriage of Beatrice Grosvenor to Compton Cavendish. We are a small family in this yet most unfinished gigantic building, but the Grosvenor Hotel at Chester has been taken for the occasion, and is full of wedding guests, relations to the tune of half a hundred; Cavendishes and Lascelleses—their name is legion. Dinner there this evening transported me to Chatsworth; fifty at dinner, and all first cousins! At Eaton the house, all except the private wing which contains the Westminsters, Ormondes, and children, is still uninhabitable. Years must elapse before the main building, which someone not inappropriately compared to a cathedral city, can be completed. It takes more than an hour to go rapidly over this portion of the house, without visiting the wing, the

tower, or the chapel. The stables are a sight in themselves; the offices in every sense remarkable—"Make me like one of thy hired servants," said a visitor to Westminster when he saw how his dependents were lodged! The harness-room alone is finer than many a great country house's state-room as to size and fittings. If the harness were removed from out the oak glazed shelves it would make a handsome library. The kitchen is nothing more or less than a huge baronial hall; the stewards' room has a central column of granite supporting its arched stone roof that recalls one of those in the cathedral of Durham; all the rest of the building, down to the merest office, is *en suite.* I think it was Rosebery who said, after being shown Eaton, that he thought the "odd man" (as the man of all work is called in these big places) had grounds for complaint; at any rate, said Rosebery, "I was not shown the odd man's drawing-room."

'The marriage took place in Eccleston Church on November 13. Chester that day was *en gala,* and its reception of the departing pair most cordial; the whole town seemed to be in the streets, which were bright with flags; the rice poured down on us as well as on the bride and groom. Volunteers kept a way in the station along the red-druggeted platform. The proceedings wound up with an animated ball at the Grosvenor Hotel.'

The other marriage I was at that month was that of 'my cousin of Norfolk' to Lady Flora Hastings, attended with all the pomps and ceremonies of the Roman ritual, on November 21. 'The Bishop of Southwark came late to the Brompton Oratory; the ceremony lasted from eleven till one o'clock. Among the guests near me were Princess Louise and Lord Beaconsfield; the latter followed and watched with evident interest the different forms and stages of the service. The music was Gregorian, solemn and effective, but not so the posturing of the priests. The arrangements, except the departure, were well carried out. The wedding breakfast took place in the house of the bride's father in Grosvenor Street. Lord Beaconsfield proposed the health of bride and of bridegroom, to which the latter replied briefly. One responded heartily to Lord Beaconsfield's hope for this couple's future happiness. Considering the difficulties of his position, Norfolk has come out scatheless of what must have been trial enough to spoil a dozen young men; he is as simple as a child, liked by all who know him, openhearted and openhanded, a true Catholic in the best sense of that much-abused term.'

The following is from a letter I received from my old friend W. H. Russell, who says: 'I write on the last day of this wicked old year 1877, which has brought so much misery, pain, and sorrow to the world, and left so much of these to the year to come.

Famine in India and China, plague and massacre in the East, and every crime in the nearer East, where the records of battle and murder can only be exceeded by the accounts of what man did before Christianity was known, and that we find in the Old Testament.'

In truth, not a cheerful retrospect for the passing or prospect for the coming year.

Writing on the same day at Eaton in my journal I find: 'This world without Constance would be to me but a sad and a doleful place. As years go by one feels these anniversaries of expiring years sad and mournful, and one cannot but long for the time when in God's mercy all those we have cared for and loved on this earth may be met again in a far happier and more perfect existence.' To which I say, Amen.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1878: TO AUSTRALIA AND BACK AGAIN.

In the early part of January, while at Eaton, I made acquaintance with Hawarden Castle. 'Several of us rode over there—a pleasant ride of some eight miles. The soft line of the Welsh hills lay on our left, and to the right appeared the towers of Chester Cathedral fading away in the distance.

'Hawarden Park is highly picturesque, with undulating ground. The Castle is a pretentious modern Gothic building. We had not time to visit the ruins of the old Castle, which flanks and towers above the modern house. Mr. Gladstone was in his study, surrounded by books; he welcomed us with his usual cordiality; he is excited regarding Lord Carnarvon's recent peaceful speech on the Eastern Question. His study is over-crowded with books; here he showed us the box made of carved bog oak which had been presented him on his late visit to Dublin; also a tray, on which lay, piled a foot high, a vast heap of printed cuttings from newspapers, many of these full of abuse. On one of these slips of paper I saw written "Gladstone's Howl." "I never read them," he said laughing.

Mrs. Gladstone was away in London, nursing a sick relative, but the young Gladstones were there.

'We had a most successful theatrical performance at Eaton of "Woodcock's Little Game." Westminster appeared as the footman in his own livery, and brought down the house!' Towards the end of the month I went with my sister, Constance Westminster, to Ireland; staying first at Carton, then going to Kilkenny to the Ormondes. 'Crossing the town bridge, the view of the Castle recalled vaguely that of Warwick. The town of Kilkenny is a miserable-looking place, but there are some curiosities in it; the Black Abbey, for instance, and one of those quaint round towers that have mystified so many generations of antiquarians as to their origin and use. The old crones in the streets are full of blessings on Lilah's head, but mostly in expectation of alms. Poverty is terribly apparent here, and the old women are as repulsive as the witches in "Macbeth." A photograph was taken in the gallery of the Castle, which would have suggested a group for Sir Joshua —my sister, with little Beatrice Butler in her arms, seated in one of the recesses of a window. She is the loveliest baby one ever set eyes on—an incomparable infant! What a country this is, and what a people! There is an indescribable appearance of misery over it and them, and, good Heavens, how they hate us! It was only this evening that we heard cheering, or

rather yelling, accompanying an execrable brass band, not far from the Castle. On inquiry, we were told this noise was caused by some of the people practising for the triumphant reception of a newly-released Fenian convict, who is expected to arrive at Kilkenny to-morrow! To the town with Arthur Butler. The cathedral is a fine building. A most amiable dean (Vane) did the honours. I was disgusted at the fearfully overcrowded and shamefully neglected state of a churchyard near the Castle.

'It seems singular that in this country, where the hatred between Roman Catholics and Protestants is so strong, they should nevertheless be buried in the same churchyard. Generally, the Roman Catholics respect the homes of their dead, but not here; perhaps they consider that the proximity of the bodies of those of the other faith is a reason for neglecting those of their own. I heard a good and sensible sermon from a young priest in the Roman Catholic church on Sunday, which was filled by an attentive congregation. The sermon might have come from a Protestant pulpit; it was full of good advice for these poor Irish, recommending them to forbear taking vengeance in their own hands. In the evening, I went to the cathedral service; there the attendance was very meagre, but a bishop and a dean, and a crowd of choristers and clergy, did their best to make it look imposing. It was indeed time

that the monstrous inequality of the English Church in Ireland should cease.

'We visited the beautiful home of the Tighes at Woodstock. Lady Louisa Tighe is a most amiable old dame; she was a Lennox. It is remarkable to find a very active old lady as fresh and lively as a kitten who, when a girl, more than sixty years ago, was present at the ball given by her father the Duke of Richmond to Wellington at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. Lady Louisa buckled on the sword of the great Duke on that eventful night.' Returning through Dublin, we stayed a few nights at the Castle, where the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were then keeping Viceregal Court in magnificent style. We attended one of the Drawing Rooms, where Lord Sligo preceded the Viceroy with a drawn sword of State borne before him! 'There was a splendid banquet given in St. Patrick's Hall, followed by a ball. I liked the fashion of playing the jolly old French air of "Malbrook s'en va t'en guerre" when their Excellencies entered and left the Hall.'

Writing at the Castle:—'How well I remember this rambling old place twenty-one years ago, when my dearest mother came with me here to visit her brother, "Uncle Morpeth." The place has undergone much repainting and upholstering (in the worst taste) since his reign. It was pleasant to talk of these old times with some of the servants here, and

to find what a pleasant memory of kindness and geniality my uncle has left behind him.'

Soon after this Irish visit I went for a night or two to Petworth, where Everard Primrose and Herbert Gardiner distinguished themselves by acting 'Uncle's Will' and 'To Oblige Benson;' and then again I enjoyed the luxury of rambling through that vast house, crammed full of pictures of all schools and by various masters.

On February 8 I had a glimpse of Carlyle. Calling on him with Mrs. Greville, 'we found the grand old man seated near the fire in the stone-coloured dressing-gown which Boehm has immortalised in his superb seated statue of the sage. Carlyle was in force and in good spirits; his talk full of grist and humour. I gave him my reduced statuette in silvered bronze of Marie Antoinette. He seemed pleased with it, patted and caressed it, and placed it in the centre of his chimney-piece. He spoke with intense bitterness of Lord Beaconsfield, and called him "that melancholy harlequin." Of the Pope (just dead) he said, "At length he is out of this troublesome world;" and of Popery he said, "It is the greatest humbug in the universe."' On the 13th I report another visit to Chelsea. 'An interesting day, for I have been with two of the greatest minds in the country—Carlyle and Tennyson. Mrs. Greville again drove me down to Cheyne Row, where we found

Carlyle as usual seated in front of the fire. He referred several times to the little statuette on the chimney-piece that faced him, and told me that Tennyson and other of his friends had liked it. He read us two chapters in his "History of the French Revolution"—those on the death of Mirabeau and on the Queen's trial and execution. Nothing could be simpler than the surroundings, but withal nothing more impressive than to see and hear this "old man eloquent" read aloud those stirring chapters in that poetic prose, as he sat in his long-robed dressing-gown, his hands folded before him. Behind him on the walls hung the portraits of many of the actors in some of his histories—Cromwell, and Frederick "called the Great," his sister the clever Margravine, and near them Luther's parents. From Carlyle we called on Tennyson in Eaton Square. Mrs. Tennyson has a face like the Santa Monica of Scheffer. Tennyson said he found it impossible to write away from his home. They have come to town to attend the marriage of their second son to Miss Locker. A few evenings later and I passed a very agreeable one with the Laureate in his study while he smoked. He read the "Ballad of the Fleet," yet unpublished, and "Boadicea"—glorious works, with the din and clang of battle ringing through every line. Tennyson thinks Gray (the "Elegy," for instance) less read now than formerly. He thinks that Shakespeare was careful

about correcting his plays. "Hamlet" he certainly corrected with attention. He thinks Victor Hugo less great in tragedy than Molière; and on my asking him what Molière had written of tragic, he said "George Dandin," "that is infinitely so."'

The day after that pleasant evening with Tennyson in Eaton Square on February 23 I was back again in Paris. The only event of interest that happened there to me was making the acquaintance of Victor Hugo, thanks to a letter of introduction from T. Gibson Bowles, who had known the poet during the siege. Hugo was living at 21 Rue de Clichy, close by the Church of the Assumption, where I took him Bowles's letter; he was courtesy itself, and invited me to call on him in the evening. I found him in a little room, all covered (even the ceiling) with crimson silk. There I passed a very pleasant half hour alone with Hugo, only interrupted by the occasional visits of his grandchildren; one of them a pretty little girl of six or seven, who would run up to him and nestle on his lap. He spoke much of my uncle, Lord Ellesmere, or, as he called him, 'Lord Francis Gower.' Some forty years ago a correspondence relating to 'Hernani' had passed between them, *à propos* of that tragedy, which my uncle translated into English, and had had performed by amateurs at Bridgewater House. I tried to get him to talk of the Revolution, the great one, but he avoided this, and plunged into the future

of Europe. He thinks that at no very distant time France, Italy, and Spain will proclaim themselves 'Les Etats-Unis de l'Ouest.' He thinks our Constitutional Monarchy the best, next to a Republic, of any form of Government. In France he wishes for Parliamentary Government without even a President. Nothing can exceed Hugo's civility. It is quite of the old school, and he insists on seeing one to his door, in spite of all one's protestations. One cannot doubt of his patriotism, at the same time regretting the lengths it is carrying him. I mixed at that time in Paris with a pleasant Bohemian set of artist friends — Americans, Scotch, Irish, and English. 'We used to meet at breakfast about noon at a little restaurant called the "Alsacienne," in the Rue du Bac. The walls of this place are covered with works of art by former patrons of the establishment. The tables are innocent of cloths, but the food, although modest, was not unsavoury, and it had the further recommendation of extreme cheapness.'

I saw the Exhibition building before it was completed. 'Probably a more hideous erection has never been imagined than this monstrous construction. To compare it to the ugliest of railway stations would be flattery; in its bad taste it surpasses all conception.' While in Paris I commenced the statuette of Mr. Gladstone; the idea of it had been given by a photograph from life of the statesman, taken at Hawarden,

in which he is seated on the stump of a recently felled tree; he rests one of his coatless arms on a woodman's axe. The attitude suggested a plastic work, and I believe altogether it has proved a success. Before completing this statuette I returned to England, having heard of a misfortune that had happened to a friend, who had become involved in a miserable family scandal, and, inspired by the worst counsels, had thought it necessary to leave England. The letter in which he announced this intention decided me to follow him, and, if possible, urge his return; at any rate, through good and evil report, I was determined not to desert him. It is unnecessary for me to enter into the details of the reasons that prompted me to renounce for many a month all that I cared for most; my one and engrossing wish was to be of use to my friend in his distress, and all other considerations made way for that one. I was ready to sacrifice a great deal for him, and I sacrificed much, but I do not regret the feeling that prompted my voyage to Australia, although few, I imagine, can understand it, and therefore there is little danger of many acting as I did. 'Friendship,' Lord Beaconsfield has written, 'is the gift of the gods.' I knew my friend was unjustly and cruelly treated, and I would not turn from him in the hour of trouble; on the contrary, I then only knew how deep was my friendship for him.

Events followed rapidly. Within half a dozen hours

of hearing from my friend I was on my way to London, and within a week on board the Cunard vessel, the 'Abyssinia,' bound for New York. From information received I believed my friend's destination to be Australia, and by crossing America and the Pacific I hoped to arrive there at the time that he would reach that continent in a sailing vessel in which I believed he had left Plymouth, bound for Adelaide.

As a rule methinks nothing can be duller (unless thickly sown with adventures that too often owe their existence to the imagination of the writer) than the descriptions of long journeys and travels to distant parts of the world.

Recent American works of that kind are brilliant exceptions; there is, however, but one Mark Twain.

Nothing nowadays is easier and safer than to 'globetrot' round the world; far less troublesome indeed than to go out of the beaten track in France or in Germany, and infinitely less fatiguing than even the ordinary tour through Spain.

The risks of such a voyage are very slight when circumnavigating the world in the splendid floating hotels that now span it. As I lack the imagination that is required to render the account of travel exciting, I will make my narrative of my Australian journey as short as I can. But here again, as in the chapter describing my drive to York, I should suggest

that a good deal of skipping will be of advantage to the reader. Leaving Queenstown on March 17, after a fair passage of ten days we arrived at New York. We had encountered only one heavy squall during the passage, but that was the one which proved fatal to the poor young fellows on the 'Eurydice.' 'New York harbour looked very picturesque as the sun sank like a great fire balloon, leaving a long red tail of light on the green waters; lights flashed in all directions from ships of all shapes and sizes, darting in and about the great estuary between New York and Brooklyn; where, high above, the yet unfinished suspension bridge loomed vast through the rising mist. A few church spires here and there pointed heavenwards. The most notable feature of the scene as we approached the landing-stage was the amazing bustle and animation all around. An unwonted sight to European eyes are the huge steam ferries rushing through the waters covered with passengers literally jammed together as tight as herrings packed in barrels. Landing in Jersey City, we drove through its Dutch-looking quarter to our hotel. I have already published a short account of my impressions of the Americans, and my feeling of admiration and regard for that great nation has in no whit been changed since I penned that notice three years ago. To me they are intellectually, as a people, vastly superior to any other nation, and the progress they have made and are

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supped with us after his acting at Wallack's Theatre, where "London Assurance" is being performed. We have visited a gorgeous house in Fifth Avenue, belonging to the Stevens's. Within one might imagine oneself in Sir D. Marjoribanks's palace in Park Lane; we seemed suddenly to have returned there or to Paris, so elaborate are the fittings and decorations of this house. The ball-room floor, ceiling and all, had been brought over *en bloc* from an old Belgian château. As to the fashions here, the ladies' head-dresses are very eccentric, the hair rising to a foot above their foreheads, elaborately puffed and tortured into every possible shape. On Sunday to service at Grace Church, a building remarkable for the frightfully ugly stained glass in it. The congregation, formed of well-dressed men and over-dressed women, all most attentive. The singing rather operatic, but good; a tolerable sermon preached by a Mr. Potter. The Old Hundredth sung at the end made one think what a surprise it would have caused to any of the Pilgrim Fathers if they could have found themselves in this smart throng singing this grand old hymn on the spot where they had so often intoned it—then, a mere swamp in the midst of a wild forest, now one of the wealthiest and greatest cities in the world.

'I was disappointed not to be able to see Mrs. Beecher Stowe, but she was "down South." The Central Park reminds me both of the Regent's Park

and of the Bois de Boulogne, but is more extensive than either. That Sunday the park was filled with swarms of well-dressed people. Montagu drove me there, and we admired Ward's really fine bronze statue of Shakespeare. The rate that some of the trotters spin along the beautifully kept roads of this park is a sight. How much Samuel Johnson, if he could have been by the side of one of those fair Americans, behind one of those trotters in one of those spider carriages, would have enjoyed himself!

'The best photographers in the world are Sarony and Mora; no one passes through the Empire City without giving one or the other a sitting.

'*April* 2.—I begin to think this American climate the most perfect in the universe. All this week has been heavenly, the sky infinitely more blue than ours in England, and the air has a lightness and sparkle about it that gives one a sense of continually quaffing ethereal champagne.'

My next entry is dated San Francisco, April 12. 'After a week's stay at New York, I left for the Far West. Leaving New York on April 3, we found a most sumptuous railway on the Erie line; but travelling in summer on those Utrecht-velvet covered seats must be a martyrdom little inferior to that undergone by St. Lawrence. The scenery along the line is picturesque, but I find myself caring less and less for mere scenery *per se* unless associated with some historical interest;

when that is combined with a beautiful prospect, or even with a succession of plains, as, for instance, the site of some famous battle-field, or even a marsh, such as Runnymede, to me there is no greater pleasure than to look on such spots; but I care little for mountains, hills, or vales if these have no story or legend to give them life; and little can be less historic than the country this line passes through between New York and Buffalo. At the latter place we changed trains, and went on to Niagara, passing over the suspension bridge too late in the evening to see the great waters, but we heard their ceaseless thunder. We lodged at a little inn near the station, kept by a jolly fat Swiss named Rosli—an ex-courier, with an English wife. The little hostel is very clean and comfortable. The next day seemed to have been "cut out" for visiting Niagara, which, in spite of all that man has done to mar it, is one of the grandest and most impressive sights in the world. I say "impressive," but, somehow or other, I have not the faculty of easily being impressed by nature; whether this is from being too artificial a creature, the fact remains, that on seeing these famous waters I felt no emotion, no "lump in the throat," such as very consummate acting or great music sometimes gives one. I saw Niagara from all points and from every side, or nearly all, for some of the summer platforms had been washed away during the previous winter months and not yet replaced; but, protected by waterproofs, we got as near

under the falls on the Horseshoe side as was possible. On the American side, and with rocks at the base of that great unity of foam, and spray, and water, I thought the waterfall looked its best. There the topmost ridge of the cascade seems formed of the purest silver, sparkling against the deep azure of a cloudless sky; the mounting spray rises in wild wreaths like spirits, myriad winged, rising and descending from the measureless base; an incalculable host of shadowy forms for ever hanging midst earth and sky over the yawning gulf, where the turmoil and toil of the mighty waters never ceases throughout eternity! Man has done all he can to spoil the framework of land that surrounds these sublime cascades. Hideous passages and tunnels are cut out and pierce the ground all round, along and down which tramway and other infernal machines of misapplied ingenuity are constantly running, puffing, and rising and falling. On every side one is stopped and harassed by toll-keepers, and loathsome refreshment-stalls and public-houses spring like toadstools within the spray of those awful waters. We visited the Goat Island, and stood on the brink of both the American—(where three rainbows played)—and the Horseshoe falls, and gazed on the rapids from the Sister Island. It was a grand sight, the wild waters dashing by, with stone pines making a weird-looking foreground.

'Then on westwards. The sleeping cars are as

comfortable as beds can be made in a train; the only drawback is the want of fresh air at night, a great one.

'Chicago was reached the day after leaving Niagara. We breakfasted at the huge caravansary, the Palace Hotel, but we had only time to take a stroll through the streets, still bearing traces of the awful fire. In the afternoon we sped on in the North-Western, bound for Salt Lake City. The scenery flat and monotonous; dinner served by negroes in the train, a most comfortable way of crossing a vast continent. No nation understands the comfort of travel as does the American. The chief drawback is the impossibility of getting a bath; in summer this must be a great misery. Reached Council Bluffs next day, where the State of Iowa is entered after crossing a huge suspension bridge, from that of Nebraska. Omaha is not an attractive place, so little attractive that we gave up the idea we had formed of passing a night there, and pursued our journey. Our train was now that of the Union Pacific, more luxurious than any of the former ones; the carriages fitted up in good taste, the "state saloon" comfort itself. The scenery all the next day a bare desert. Nothing can be imagined more mournful than the prairies, and had I not got Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay" to read over again, its hideousness would have depressed me. Not a live thing to be seen on earth or in the sky—only the remains of some dead bullocks, victims of a snowstorm that had overtaken

them here a few days ago; all the rest a sea of desert, brown parched-up land.

'After leaving Cheyenne we passed through a succession of snow sheds, wooden tunnels that showed how disagreeable this route must be for travelling on in winter. Even now—in April—it looked more like January here than spring; huge patches of snow lay along the line three or four feet in depth, and now and again snow and sleet fell, and for the season it was wondrous cold! We found it a comfort to have a compartment to ourselves, as the other part of the train was infested by the progeny of a Mr. M. Jones, and the youngest Jones roared and bellowed like a diminutive bull of Bashan. As we advanced westwards the scenery improved, and in a couple of days we got away from the prairie, mounting into a wild country. We ate at log hut stations, the food piled up in grotesque forms; tea and coffee execrable, and meat uncertain. It seemed strange to find familiar prints nailed on the walls of these shanties—Correggio's "Magdalene" in one, and a print after Landseer or Ansdell in another.

'Next evening we reached Ogden, a beautifully situated place; the hills around recall Switzerland. Here we entered a branch line, which in one hour brought us to Salt Lake City. A lovely amber-coloured sunset turned the neighbouring hills into a deep amethyst hue. The Walker House is a capital

hotel in every respect. As to its position, no town can be more beautifully situated than this of the Mormons. Infinitely finer in situation than even Florence, but recalling a little the position of that city. An Englishman, named Leamon, who belongs to the Walker House, took us over the sights, and showed us all that was most noteworthy in the city of the self-styled Prophet and his Apostles. We began with the Tabernacle and the New Temple now building. Near it is the great block of granite under which Brigham Young continues to lie. This is in a kind of refuse yard; some of his relations rest under a mound near him. A strange character, this Brigham Young. One is curious to know whether he imposed upon himself as well as on others. Although a thief, a murderer, and a fanatic, he certainly had extraordinary influence over the minds of the people, and Salt Lake City is a standing proof that in his way he was a genius. Since Moses brought the children of Israel out of Egypt, no such expedition as the one Young led across the pathless prairie to Salt Lake some thirty years ago has been better conducted, or the people who formed it so well kept together. Some of the stores (shops) here are excellent, large and well stocked; but it was impossible to admire what they are very proud of here, and that is a pretentious villa called "Amelia Palace," in which the last of Young's wives and widows resides. Amelia

was flaunting her finery in the sun in front of her palace. The views on all sides are beautiful; the distant snow-covered hills, with the fertile valley at their feet, and the foreground all pink with peach blossom, make up a bewitching scene. We called on the successor of the Prophet—the President of Mormondom—Mr. Taylor, a fine, handsome, powerfully-jawed, deep-eyed old man of about sixty-five. Mr. Taylor was most courteous, and his manner most dignified; in appearance, at least, he is more suited to represent the great Republic than this curious little offshoot. Around the room where he receives visitors hang some execrable daubs—portraits of Mormon Prophets and Apostles. Mr. Taylor is contented with only five wives. Returning to Ogden, we went on our voyage to the West, still accompanied by the Jones tribe. By nine o'clock at night all the beds are made, and everyone disappears behind the drawn curtains, and soon from either side sounds are heard proclaiming that most if not all the passengers are unconscious.

'The following day's run was through the finest scenery we had traversed since we left Buffalo. The line passes beneath a series of mountains, the great Nevada range, remarkable in shape and colour. At many of the stations west of Ogden, Indians were squatting or marching about the platforms—the squaws with their "papooshes" strapped to their

shoulders; most of them are beggars. One of our passengers was a curious hermaphroditical object, a being with long dark hair falling on sloping shoulders. It appeared at first a woman, but turned out to be a Polish youth born at San Francisco, named Leuchtenberg, a violinist already of some fame. This youth's playing varied a little the monotony of the evenings passed in the train.

'The next morning the sun rose over valleys covered with Californian firs, and lighted what seemed a great lake, hundreds of feet beneath the line. From Cape Horn, where the train halts a few minutes and seems to hang over the side of a bottomless abyss, this lake of mist had a wonderfully fine effect; only some of the higher points of the fir-capped hills were visible as one gazed down into that mysterious valley, lying like islands in a hazy sea of cotton wool. What a study for Gustave Doré! We reached Sacramento that day at noon, and from there on to San Francisco the country one runs through is like an immense English park; oaks abound, and the pastures are as green and fresh as those of Kent in May. Crossing a ferry at Oatland in one of those triple-decked steamers, on which hundreds of passengers and dozens of carts and horses can all be stowed away comfortably, looking like a Noah's ark, we reached 'Frisco, as the Western Americans invariably call the City of the Golden Gates, and there

we put up at the hugest wooden inn in the world—the Palace Hotel. On arriving at San Francisco, Mr. Mackay should be called on. Whatever is required he will obtain for the traveller, whatever there is to see he will show, he is the most obliging and willing of cicerones, and, as he does not fail to impress on you, he makes no "personal charge." The sight *par excellence* at 'Frisco is in the harbour, where, on some surf-beaten rocks, the sea-lions congregate, their half-yelp, half-bark-like cry distinctly heard from the shore. This and the Chinese quarters are the principal curiosities of 'Frisco.'

On April 15 I left the City of the Golden Gates, having parted with my faithful Robert that morning with regret, he to return to England, while I had to traverse the Pacific bound for New Zealand and Australia. 'It would have been selfish folly to have taken him on with me so far from his wife and bairns, but I feel very much alone in this wide ocean. The rain came down in torrents as we steamed out of the crowded harbour, and the start was not a cheerful one for my far-away goal. The first days were detestably cold, with a heavy sea running; our vessel, being laden to the deck with coal and cargo, rolled like a barrel, and we shipped seas innumerable. The water soaked through nearly every place between decks, and I believe I had the only dry cabin on board. Some

luckless ladies woke one morning to find their dresses floating about the floor of their cabin. However, one drop of water found its way to my berth, and gave me some idea of the water torture as practised by the gentlemen of the Inquisition, and at the Hague, where in the prison a round hole has perforated the tiled floor of the cell made by the constant dropping of that little volume of water during the Lord knows how many years; when applied to the victim's forehead he dies or goes mad within a few days. Among some sixty saloon passengers the pleasantest were the De Vœux, on their way to Fiji, from Trinidad. He had been some fifteen years in the West Indies, and those years have left their mark on his tall form and handsome face; his charming wife I had known slightly in London before her marriage, where I had met her at her father's house—Mr. John Pender. Their boy, a fine little fellow of about two years old, was of the party. It has been quite a godsend to meet this pleasant couple, for besides their being most agreeable people they have been generous with the good things they have brought on board with them; among others is some cider, real nectar compared to the horrible stuff called wine and beer supplied by the ship. Reading is the only distraction, except a game on deck of quoits, but one soon tires of that. What longings during those long weeks at sea one had for green fields! How beautiful

must now Windsor be looking (I write on Good Friday, April 19) in all its freshness of the new spring foliage; the Long Walk like a cathedral with windows in emeralds and sapphires, and all the glory of the young summer bursting over the grand old park; my little plot of ground in front of my cottage all in flowers! Alas! I shall not see the green leaves of 1878!'

On the afternoon of May 2 we saw land—the island of Hawaii, *alias* the Sandwich Islands; and early next morning we landed, and saw what we could of the place during the limited time—but four hours—that we were allowed to remain there. With the De Vœux I landed on a wharf, where we got a two-horse carriage driven by a native whose English was remarkable; asking him the time, he told us he could not say, as he had left his 'turnip' at home. Our Jehu was a most intelligent fellow, and apparently doing well in the world. We passed a neat verandahed house; he told us that that was his property, and that he had refused $10,000 for it. Even the De Vœux, fresh from Trinidad, were struck by the tropical beauty of the island.

The houses at Honolulu are neat and well built, and each stands nestling among gardens, with balconies festooned with fruit and flowers. The people have prosperity and contentment writ on their happy smiling faces—the men not ill looking, and some of

the women with their coal-black eyes and rich bronzed complexions would be good looking but for their flattened noses; the children are delightful. It was quite a pretty sight to see them salute one as we drove along. We called on the English Consul, Major Wodehouse; his place surrounded with creeping plants that one only sees in hot-houses with us. On the walls of his stable grew in wild luxuriance a creeper, one mass of mauve colour—the beautiful Bougainvilliers. Unluckily, time did not allow us to visit the far-famed Pali Valley; but we had enough to have a capital breakfast on land; and, after our ship's fare, how we did enjoy this meal at the hotel, where the fresh fish, eggs, and water-melons were appreciated! We drove to a beautiful valley from whence the view of sea and hills, with the pretty outskirts of Honolulu and its bright villas, formed a lovely picture. The only ugly object was a hideous stone wall, created around his property by some barbarian of an Englishman. On our way back to the harbour we met some of the native ladies on horseback, riding male fashion, wearing jaunty straw hats and attired in a kind of loose dressing-gown.

Before ten we were again aboard, and soon after steaming away from one of the happiest and brightest looking places that exists in either hemisphere. Here, at any rate, the much-abused missionary has done good service to the cause of civilisation. The natives have

had ten years of compulsory education, and those who were savages twenty years ago are now civilised as much as any, and more in fact than many, Europeans. The islands looked beautiful as we left them —their long tracts of sand skirting the deep blue sea ; beyond waved the graceful trees, and, above, the hills faded away into the sky. The days passed on without interest. To watch the flying-fish was among our greatest excitements, and at night the Southern Cross was also gazed at with interest ; but, between ourselves, this is not a cross at all, but a very palpable child's kite.

On a Sunday we crossed the line. The usual antics took place on board, and H.M.M. Neptune was duly honoured. The next entry in my diary is dated from 'Government House, Wellington, New Zealand, May 10.—Arrived here last night in this wise. The last few days on board had been quite as uneventful as the former. One day, however, we saw an albatross, on another what we imagined were whales, but which were only "black fish"! On May 7 we entered Auckland Harbour. It was a beautiful morning; the sea and sky of a deep blue colour; porpoises sported and waltzed round the vessel's prow. The pilot boarded us, full of exciting European tidings. No war—but warlike news. Twenty ironclads have been sent up the Baltic, which Bismarck considered a menace to all European States.

One hundred and fifty thousand (?) Indian troops are said to be on their way to defend Constantinople.'

The general situation of Auckland put me a little in mind of New York; the harbour much larger than I had expected. On landing, I called on the Governor, Lord Normanby. 'You come,' said his Excellency, 'at an unfortunate moment; we start early to-morrow for Wellington.' On hearing that I had no wish to remain any time in Auckland, or in the north of New Zealand, Lord Normanby kindly proposed that I should go with them to the capital, Wellington, which proposition I gladly accepted. I dined on board the *Wolverine*, with Commander Hoskins and the Governor, and slept at the Auckland Club. With regret I bade farewell to the De Vœux, who were going on to Fiji from Auckland. At dinner on board the *Wolverine* we met an interesting old Polish Count—Zabra—with a shrewd Italian-like face, reminding me of Poerio. He is travelling with his daughters, and lectures on Polish literature. The Count is in great hopes of war breaking out between England and Russia. He was at the Polish bazaar at Chiswick, and spoke with much admiration of my mother. 'What a smile she had!' said the dear old fellow. On returning to the Club I found that Lord Normanby's son, Hervey Phipps, had been entertaining the middies of the *Wolverine* at dinner. These jolly boys made the harbour musical far into the night

with 'Auld Lang Syne' and other melodies. Early next morning we were off in a special train to Onehangu, where we embarked on board the steamer of which Mr. Fairchild was captain—quite a character.

The scenery along the coast more curious than beautiful; the volcanic origin of the island is very apparent. During the day the weather was fair and sea smooth; but at night the wind freshened, and off Cape Egmont it began to blow hard, and many on board disappeared to the privacy of their cabins. Lord Normanby, his A.D.C., Le Paturel, and myself, were the only three who put in an appearance at meals or on deck. We were to have called at Taranaki Bay for a certain Judge, who was there awaiting our steamer, but Captain Fairchild thought it more prudent to keep clear of that bay on so rough a night; and so the poor Judge, for all we know, is still pacing the shore of that steel-covered beach. I regretted not to be able to see snow-capped Mount Egmont, but we ran by it during the hours of darkness. Passing by Cook's Straits the following afternoon, a line of picturesque hills lay on either side—on our starboard, Cape Farewell and Massacre Bay, off South Island; on our larboard, the coast range of the extremity of the North Island, and the wild range of hills, the Taranaki.

Darkness had fallen over sea and land before we reached Wellington. The lights gleamed from the wharfs reflected in red and gold in the silvery sheen of

the moonbeams that plashed in myriad rays like gems by the landing-stage. During the next ten days I lived under the hospitable roof of the Normanbys, in Government House. What a contrast was my large bedroom there to the narrow cabin of the vessel in which I had come across the Pacific! The view from my windows most picturesque; but the foreground spoilt by some ugly Government buildings, that half shut out the harbour from sight. 'This,' I write from Wellington, 'is my Capua; and here I have been able to get my linen washed.' In the excellent public library close by Government House I spent many an hour, and there I met a Sutherland clansman—Nathaniel Sutherland—who has passed thirty years in New Zealand. He remembered seeing my uncle Ellesmere riding through Edinburgh, bearing the sceptre in his hand, when George IV. came there in 1820. This kind old clansman gave me a Maori walking-stick, carved by one of the chiefs. These fast disappearing people are still to be seen in the streets of Auckland, their under lips tattooed, and wearing their black hair long down the back; except for the clothing, I imagine they resemble not a little the ancient Britons. In the museum is a large room containing a complete Maori stone-carved temple, grotesque and hideous. The weather is of the most boisterous description; it blows tomahawks and tornadoes; at present the idea of a sea voyage is not inviting.

My next entry is dated from the Melbourne Club. 'Melbourne, Australia, June 1.—Nearly a fortnight has passed since I last wrote in this diary. Much of the intervening time has been passed at sea, and consequently there is but little to chronicle. On my last night at Wellington we went to "inaugurate" the new Opera House, a handsome and commodious building. We saw a grand ballet, in which little fellows dressed like British tars danced capitally; the scene represented either the British Channel or the Sea of Marmora! We sat facing the stage, like foreign royalty. An oyster supper, given by the A.D.C.'s to Judge Johnson and others, finished the evening.' On the twenty-first I left Wellington in a comfortably appointed steamer, the *Wakatipu*, for Sydney. Rain fell in torrents; on board was the Governor of the New Zealand Bank—a gentleman ridiculously like Blantyre, a martyr to asthma, and obliged to pass the nights on the landing of the cabin stairs gasping for air! As we left Wellington harbour we met a heavy sea, but our little vessel—commanded by a pleasant Scot, Captain Cameron—cut her way bravely through the waves in splendid style. The next day was lovely. Great white banks of clouds piled against a deep blue sky, like a landscape by Carle du Jardin. On the last two days head winds delayed us, and it was long after dark before we sighted the lights of Sydney harbour. Early next morning, May 26, I saw that the place fully

deserved its reputation for beauty; the islands clustered amidst the richly timbered banks that surround the town make a most striking effect, and for a modern English-built city Sydney is highly picturesque. Being Sunday, I attended morning service in a frightfully ugly Gothic church; and went on later to Government House, on the way passing some public buildings that would not for size and magnificence be out of place in a second-rate French town. Government House is a handsome building of freestone, of the domestic Gothic style, and stands in beautiful grounds, surrounded by stone pines and other picturesque trees and foliage, and commands a fine view of the fine harbour—fit for a scene for a stage or a drop curtain. There I was received by Sir Hercules Robinson like an old friend; and I shall never forget his kindness and that of Lady Robinson to me whilst I was in Australia. Sir Hercules is a smart, well-set-up man, of about fifty; his face full of energy and intelligence. His fondness for the noblest of animals is apparent in his well-fitting costume. A more kind and genial host it would be hard to find. I had not been in his study a couple of minutes before he insisted on my making his house my home while I remained in Sydney. Lady Robinson was at Melbourne nursing her boy; but her daughter kept house for Sir Hercules during her absence, and a most cheery family I found them, full of fun and badinage, a family with whom one feels at one's ease at once—their Irish

blood doubtless accounts for this. 'I met here with an old Eton chum—Littleton, a son of a Staffordshire neighbour, Lord Hatherton—private secretary to Sir Hercules. The gardens of Government House are a little paradise; full of intense light and shade and colour. There the scarlet Ponsettia is as common as poppies in an English cornfield; the tree ferns and palms are here, too, as common as birch trees in Scotland. Would that I could but name the tropical plants here! In these gardens is a house full of the rarest ferns collected by Lady Robinson. Things that should be visited here are the Observatory; the flower and fruit market, full of gorgeous parrots; and the Union Club. Sad tidings reached me from England the day after I landed at Sydney (May 28). Littleton brought me the news of my eldest sister's (Elizabeth Argyll's) death the day before in London. It was not unexpected, but it was most sad to think I should never see her again on earth. But, as I wrote after hearing of this to my sister Constance, after our mother's and Albert's death no fresh one could greatly grieve or shock me now; but I added, that were she to be taken from me, life would then, indeed, be not worth the having. Since 1861, what gaps in our family death has made, and how few are now left of our once large and happy circle! My sister Elizabeth had much in her nature and character to admire; excellent, good, pious and learned, far beyond the average of women

in her station. In her the world of London is deprived of one of its best women, a *grande dame,—s'il en fut*—and the loss to her husband and children is irreparable.'

Left Sydney on May 29 in the *Ly-Moon*, bound for Melbourne. The sailing vessel, the *Beltana*, in which I expected my friend to arrive at Adelaide, was now daily expected at that port, and in order to be there to meet her I left Sydney for Melbourne, *en route* to Adelaide, on the day already named. 'A sublimely beautiful sunset covered the whole expanse of Sydney Harbour in a tissue of scarlet and silver; the sky out-Turnered Turner. My fellow cabin passenger was a pleasing young Australian, a solicitor at Albany, named Percy Carne. The other passengers a grubby lot of scrubby people; bright exceptions, however, in the shape of two charming ladies—a Mrs. Watson and a Miss Mackenzie—both Melbournians. The former was the image of the blonde Lady Westmoreland. In a couple of days we arrived at Melbourne on June 1. At the Club I made the acquaintance of Captain Standish, who is a kind of informal president of that admirable institution. With him I saw the principal sights of the place—the museum and the library—and called on Lady Robinson, who is nursing her boy "Hercy," and sanctioning the betrothal of her charming daughter to Alec Findlay, an old Cambridge

friend of mine. After seeing Sydney one's first impression of Melbourne is not favourable; it strikes one as having all the ugliness of an English with all the rowdiness of a bran-new American Western town. The low houses skirting the absurdly wide streets make the former appear even lower and meaner than they actually are. There is here also an air of unpleasing pretension and self-assertion pervading the place; a kind of "I'm the Capital" impertinence, writ large in every line of the formal and gridiron-like plan of the streets of this city.

'*June* 8, Adelaide Club, Adelaide.—During the last week I have made another sea voyage from Melbourne, which place I left in the s.s. *Aldinga*, a small vessel of some four hundred tons.

'Dined in the huge Government House with Sir George and Lady Bowen, when I made the acquaintance of a local magnate, Sir Edmund Barry, to whom Melbourne owes its public library and museum. It was a pleasure to hear that the good-natured, energetic old gentleman's presentment was to live in bronze before the latter building shortly. Sir Edmund wears a blue coat of the old swallow-tail pattern, with brass buttons, and pumps, and looks for all the world as if a squire of half a century ago had been buried, passed through the bowels of the earth, and reappeared at the Antipodes in the fashion of his day. He showed me over the institutions he has done so much to create,

both of which are admirable. Leaving Melbourne on June 5, after a rough passage of a couple of days I landed at Adelaide, and put up at the Club, where its *doyen* member, George Hamilton, who has been in those parts half a century, made my stay in it most agreeable. At Adelaide, as at Melbourne, the public buildings are splendid and immense; but the charm of the place is its admirably laid out Botanic Garden, where I passed much of my time. The day after I reached Adelaide the *Beltana*, in which I hoped to find the friend for whom I had made this voyage, was signalled, and in a few hours I learnt that no passengers were aboard, so that as far as meeting him went my journey to the Antipodes had been a bootless quest.'

The Fates had not been propitious. I lingered on for some more weeks in Australia, for the chance of his turning up by some other ship; but this was not to be. The Governor was absent from Adelaide, but in his deputy, the Chief Justice, Mr. Way, I found a most kind and civil functionary, who went out of his way—no pun intended—to make matters as pleasant as possible during my stay there. At Adelaide I remained a week. 'The people here,' I write, 'are most kind, and I am inundated with invitations; but I prefer a ramble in the Botanic Gardens, with a book, to any outings. A dinner with the Mayor, Mr. Scott, and his wife, at Glen Osmond,

and an excursion to a villa in the hills belonging to Mr. Ross, are all the excursioning I have cared to go in for. Mr. West Erskine at the Club is artistic; he produced lately a little Greek antique gold "Victory," which made me feel back again in a second of time at the Louvre.' The scenery about Adelaide is uninviting; the vegetation terribly monotonous. One wearies as much of the everlasting gum tree in Australia as one does of the olive in Italy. '*June* 23.—Back at the Club, Melbourne. Returned here again, having left Adelaide on the 18th. What I most regretted leaving at Adelaide was dear old George Hamilton. After an uneventful passage in the s.s. *Victorian*, lasting two days, I was welcomed here by genial Captain Standish, with whom I have been to a place some way inland called Geelong, not a pretty name, but appropriate to the place, which is full of racehorses. Nothing can be imagined more hideous than the country all around Melbourne. I found an artistic couple there, Sir George and Lady Verdon; their house is quite æsthetic and full of art treasures. After a farewell dinner given at the Club by Captain Standish I was off again once more, returning to Sydney this time overland for a change. The first nine hours, as far as Albury, in the train; there I stayed a night and following day, and posted thence in a buggy. Albury (for Australia) is quite a picturesque spot; the clean

little town nestles among the gum trees, surrounded by gently sloping hills. My driver was an active little man from Melbourne, who rattled two very workmanlike little horses over the rutty roads at an average rate of eight miles an hour. The roads in England in the time of Queen Bess must have been like those we jolted over; in places our little conveyance all but stuck or turned right over, but we managed to get to our night's shelter without accident. This was at a mere clearing in the bush, a place which rejoices in the musical name of Billabong; here is a long low single-storied shanty, the only building, exclusive of outhouses and stables, in the place. A track leads through the endless woods up to this residence. Within, a log fire was blazing; a grateful sight after that long cold drive. Some artistic decoration has been attempted in the little parlour of the inn, in the shape of a varnished dado of pitch pine with ceiling to match. A neat little maid bustled about, and soon laid before me a comfortable repast. A tidy little bedroom at the back of the house next this neat parlour made up a model little inn. There are many more pretentious but far less good in England than this wooden one of "Ring's" at Billabong. Up and away early next day, having a drive of some fifty miles to make before reaching Wagga-Wagga, of Tichborne-Orton fame. There I put up at the Criterion Hotel, where I met at the *table d'hôte* a

cheery and gentleman-like set of young Wagga-Waggaians.

'Left Wagga-Wagga next day by coach, driven by one Alexander Gordon, a great whip and a great wag; occupying the box seat, I was able to hear all Gordon's good things, and look out for the parrots that should have been in every tree, but not one did I see. To this day I cannot understand why that coach was not upset, not once, but a hundred times. I never saw anything so reckless as Gordon's driving; whenever he saw two of those gum-trees very near one another, with about enough room to trundle a wheelbarrow between, he lashed his five horses to a more furious gallop, and somehow or other shot the great lumbering coach between them; now and again he would heave the wretched carriage over two or three trees that lay on or near the road, and then, inspired apparently by some Satanic agency, dash in and among the trees until one wondered how he would ever find his way out again. No wonder the parrots did not put in an appearance; I believe Gordon's driving frightened all living things everywhere near the road far away into the bush. In this *ventre à terre* fashion we drove more or less all day, and reached with unbroken necks, which was a marvel, the railway station (after night had fallen) of Bethungra, where, taking the train, I reached Sydney early next day, and for the second time the hospitable doors of Government House

were opened to me.' Here I remained for nearly the whole of the month of July. In that cheery household one might almost have been expected to forget anxieties and disappointments, but I could not forget, and it was a relief to be alone for hours in the beautiful Botanical Gardens that join those of Government House, and which dip in the waters of the bay—a terrestrial paradise, if such a thing could exist. There, with a book, I passed most of my time, and it was there that while reading Leigh Hunt's autobiography the idea came into my head of writing and of publishing these pages.

'We (the Robinsons and their family) made many excursions about the lovely harbour, and some inland. One of the latter was to see the Zig-Zag railway in the Blue Mountains. The view over the valleys towards the Harbour Heads is a fine one—for Australia; but some views nearer London, Leith Hill for instance, are preferable. The pleasantest expeditions were some made in the harbour in Lady Robinson's steam launch. More than once we crossed the harbour to call at a villa perched among the woods on the North Shore, belonging to the Bloxams. Some clever marine pictures are in this house, by Brierley. The officers and middies of the *Wolverine* often took part in these expeditions, and a nicer set of young fellows than the latter it would not be easy to meet. One of these expeditions up the Parramatta

River was particularly successful, and in its way nothing can be prettier than the scenery here. We returned through the harbour under a Venetian-like sunset sky; the bay all aglow with amber and purple lights reflected from the upper glories. Commodore Hoskins showed us some torpedo and Gatling gun practice from the *Wolverine*. We also inspected the defences under construction at the harbour entrance; defences which would make the Heads impassable to any vessel, for a double line of torpedoes now span them, and were an enemy's ship to attempt the passage certain perdition would await her.

It is to be hoped that no British fleet will ever be used in an inimical manner against our Australasian possessions. A King such as George III., or First Minister such as Grenville, might, if they reappeared, jeopardise our vast Antipodean continent, and make British rule there unpopular; but at present there is little wish to throw off the gentle yoke of the Mother country. Sir Arthur and Lady Gordon arrived at Sydney while I was there, on their way home from Fiji, where Mr. De Vœux had replaced him temporarily. Sir Arthur spoke with great feeling about my sister Elizabeth, who had liked him for his father's sake, and with deep affection about his father—the Prime Minister; and what he said respecting the loss of those one loved, making the ambitions of after life valueless, made me like him in spite of a not over-

cordial manner. He is said to be liked by his staff, two of whom were with him—one his cousin Arthur Gordon, the other Mr. Knollys; both of these gentlemen have distinguished themselves in the fighting in Fiji.

'*July* 30.—On board the *Brisbane*, s.s., of the Eastern and Australian line, off Townsville. Here I am on a steamer of some thirteen hundred tons, which I have nearly all to myself. I had postponed leaving Sydney, hearing that although the passage through the Torres Straits was not one of the safest in the world, still that I should probably have the steamer almost to myself; and thus I have found it, and here one is as if on board one's own yacht. The vessel is clean and comfortable, with a first-rate captain (Reddell), a capital fellow. The other saloon passengers consist of a pearl-fisher merchant and his wife, on their way to the north of Australia. Pearl-fishing is not, he tells me, a lucrative profession, as the pearl fishers invariably swallow the pearls that they find. We are waited on by Chinese, as noiseless as if they were ballet dancers. Moore's delightful "Life of Byron" has whiled away the long hours of the voyage. How I would have loved Byron, with his intense friendships and need of affection, his unswerving likes and hatreds, putting aside his soaring genius! We have passed some fine scenery to-day (July 29), a succession of rocky islands, rugged and barren; in the golden haze they looked like immense

amethysts rising out of a sea of emerald and silver.

'*August* 2 (my 33rd birthday) (off Brisbane).—I see in Byron's "Life" that Dante calls this thirty-third year the *mezzo cammino* of life. That, I imagine, means the middle half-way house of the journey of existence. "D—n your *mezzo cammino*," writes Byron to Moore (on his 33rd birthday); "you should say the prime of life—a much more consolatory phrase." Three days ago we landed some pigs at Cooktown—a good riddance, and took some Chinese on board; of these we have now two hundred, only one a saloon passenger, a wealthy merchant, and a most inoffensive creature, as most of these long-tailed folk appear to be. However, it would not be pleasant if these two hundred Chinese should take it into their heads to set on the dozen Europeans or so that man this ship. I landed at Cooktown with the captain. It is the place about which the story is told of one of the Cooktonians after death, who, finding himself not in heaven, asked leave that he might have his great coat sent him, as he was afraid of catching cold. We came across some strange folk in Cooktown; one of those a certain ex-constable, an Irishman of the name of Closey. This policeman volunteered to show us something of the place that he guards, and drove us some miles along a picturesque road. A local merchant and his wife gave us tea in their house, where we met an old Scotch body, a

Mrs. Reid, very full of anecdotes and recollections of my mother, and of admiration for her. Mrs. Reid was very anxious I should tell the Queen on my return how loyal she and other colonists in Australia are to Her Majesty. We are now passing through the great Barnes Reefs, along a very savage-looking coast range. We have had more than once to lay at anchor at night, as the navigation here is difficult, as our captain is aware, he having come to grief with one of this Company's boats, the *Normanby*, which ran on a hidden rock. The passengers had to pass a fortnight as agreeably as they could on this inhospitable coast, until another vessel appeared and rescued them. What makes this sort of adventure still more exciting is the fact that in these parts the natives are very savage and do not object to roast Englishman.'

The next entry is dated from 'The Club, Hong Kong, August 19.' In Cathay at length! To return to the *Brisbane*. We passed through the Torres Straits on the 3rd, entering that evening the beautiful Arafura Sea. Volcanic islands were seen, and in action. Four days after, we crossed the Line. On the 8th we passed the Celebes Islands, where the scenery is highly picturesque, the hills covered to their summits with verdure and trees, great masses of palms growing almost to the water's edge. Graceful-shaped and bronze-coloured sails of fishing boats, looking like buff-coloured butterflies against a blue sky, skim about

these islands, which are Spanish property. The natives live in bamboo huts, huddled among the cocoa-nut groves. On the following day we were again out of sight of land, steaming through the hot Chinese Sea. Here the moonlight nights were inexpressibly beautiful. On the 13th land was again in sight, China at last. The rugged hills loomed faintly through the hot mist. In heavy rain we entered the harbour of Hong Kong; but in spite of the rain and mist I could see that this harbour was one of the most beautiful things I had seen since leaving England, an impression which better acquaintance with it confirmed. The first landing in China in a 'sampan' is one of those events that make a lasting impression; and the sedan-like chair which is the hansom cab of Chinese towns is another novel sensation not soon to be forgotten, as remarkable as the first cruise in a gondola or the first ride in an Irish outside car. I found the Club a delightful place, the freedom of an hotel with the privacy of a first class club combined, and with many what Dr. Johnson would call 'clubbable' young men belonging to it. Carried in the palanquin sedan through the crowded streets of this marvellously picturesque place recalled one's childish ideas of some scene in the 'Arabian Nights,' but infinitely more quaint than anything one had seen on any stage, scene, or picture. I found myself transported two thousand years back in ancient Rome or glorious Carthage. This illusion is

helped no doubt by the coloured dresses and graceful drapery of the Chinese, and by the somewhat classical style of the white houses, with their porticoes and colonnades and balconies sparkling under the intensely brilliant sunshine, outlined sharply against the almost purple sky. But here are Chinese instead of Romans, stucco and coloured bricks instead of marble and freestone. Still the flat-roofed houses and luxuriant vegetation on every side made one fancy how like some ancient Southern city Hong Kong looks, at least to the eyes that see it for the first time, and the rare carriages and many chairs carried on men's shoulders with white draped figures in them help the illusion.

Shortly after landing I received a civil message from the Governor, Mr. Pope Hennessy (conveyed me by his Aide-de-Camp, Major Palmer), asking me to make use of His Excellency's palanquin and red-clothed native chairmen during my stay in Hong Kong. Thus was I carried in state by men in regal scarlet in a mirror-lined sedan, and saluted by the police—Indians, a fine body of men—during my progress through the streets of Hong Kong. The drawback to this form of progression is that I could not make myself understood to my bearers, not having mustered up sufficient 'Pigeon English,' as they here call the barbarous and childish *patois*, a mixture of English, Portuguese, and Chinese lingo, and the consequences were highly

absurd. For instance, the other day, wishing to be carried to the public gardens, I was borne away, protesting, but vainly, and placed right in the middle of the dockyard. On another occasion they did their best to carry me into Government House (now empty, as His Excellency during the great heat lives up in a bungalow at the top of the Peak). I had barely time to get them to desist from doing so, but not before the sentry, seeing the red-coated bearers, had called out the guard with a shout of 'Present Arms!' Never have I felt the advantage to my fellow-creatures so much as now of being a light weight, for the poor chairmen have carried me to the top of a mountain, some seventeen hundred feet above Hong Kong, under a blazing sun; but they seem untirable. Up this mountain I went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Pope Hennessy, in an atmosphere some ten degrees cooler than down in the town, where it is stifling; the glass is never much under one hundred and ten day or night. Pope Hennessy in looks reminds me a little of Irving, and also of what Shelley might have looked had he lived ten years longer. He was kindness and cordiality itself, but everyone was this to me at Hong Kong; and space would fail to name all those to whom I was indebted for much hospitality while there—to Messrs. Locock and Gibbs, the agents of the Steamship Company I came by, to the officers in the barracks, and to a score of charming

fellows in the Club. Of these my chief friend was young Gower Robinson. What pleasant early and late swims we had in the bay, where a wooden building is carried round a watery enclosure to keep one from the attentions of the sharks!

No one goes to Hong Kong without visiting Canton, the Liverpool of China. I passed a night there under the hospitable roof of Mr. Duval, in the English quarter. Canton is more like a dream than a reality, like a page realised out of De Quincey's 'Confessions of an Opium-Eater,' an amazing, astounding scene. Immediately on landing you find yourself in a seething, swelling throng of myriads of semi-nude Chinese, choking up the narrow streets, crowding one after the other until the eye wearies and the brain turns. The river is almost as much peopled as the streets, an infinite number of boats and of barges, of junks and of sampans, turn it almost into another dense thoroughfare. Temples, walls, towers crowd on every side. Leaving Hong Kong by steamer at eight in the morning, in half-a-dozen hours you reach Canton. For hours all day, in fact without a moment's rest, I went from one sight to another in that wonderful place, seeing oxen grinding corn precisely as they did in the days of Nineveh and of Sardanapalus, viewing countless shops and bazaars and manufactories of jade and of ivory, of lace, of silk, and all kinds of embroideries, through streets so narrow that it seemed

impossible one's chair would not stick between the houses, up to the old town walls, and down again to more shops, and then across the river in a boat to the famous temples on the South Island—temples in which were hundreds of gilded idols and scarlet pillars, gardens, divinities and altars, pigs, and posturing priests. The service in one of these temples began by a hideous noise made on some ear-splitting gong, followed by a procession of priests, all shaven and shorn, attired in red and purple robes. These as they walked chaunted, their hands clasped before their faces. When they have marched round the temple several times, each places himself in front of an altar, and prostrates himself repeatedly at the sound of a bell. Much of this performance recalled the ceremonies of the Roman Church. Many things in these Pagan temples remind one also of a still older religion. For instance, to see two fat old priests waddling up to one another and audibly chuckling, recals the augur of old Rome. Among these temples are kept sacred animals: turtles in a tank in one, and some very fat pigs in a marble sty in another. In this custom do the Chinese priests also resemble the Roman. The long day of Canton sight-seeing closed at length under a superb sunset sky all pink and grey; a great pile of coral-tinted cloud stood out grandly like some huge aërial continent on a cloud-mapped chart of some other world.

But for the intense heat my stay at Hong Kong would have been delightful. There, and in fact nearly wherever one goes out of Europe, I found the English of the place courtesy itself.

Dining out one evening with Mr. Gibb in his villa on the mountain side was like making a visit in fairy-land. From the balcony of his house one overlooks the harbour, then one vast coruscation of flickering lights. One was put in mind of the story of the German prince who, on arriving at night in Edinburgh, and looking out of his hotel window in Princes Street at the old town, said that he was gratified to observe that the people had illuminated in His Highness's honour! Hong Kong harbour on such an August night is one of the loveliest visions in the world—the whole place ablaze with thousands of variegated lights, flashing and darting like fireflies, the deep purple panoply above dotted with myriads of stars, the moon sailing majestically above all.

August 23 was my last day at beautiful Hong Kong. Finding that Pope Hennessy, like another Moses, had descended from the Mount, I called at Government House—an ugly square building, but commanding a glorious view over surely the most beautiful harbour in the world.

It will be long before the writer can forget the pleasant days passed with friends at the Club, among whom the French Consul La Grancy's name

must not be omitted, and especially with Gower Robinson and the officers of the 74th.

On the following day I was on board the huge American vessel, the *City of Pekin*, a splendid ship of over 5,000 tons, and some 400 feet long, superbly fitted up. Slowly we steamed through that glorious Ly-e-Moon passage, which for beauty baffles all description; and soon the harbour of Hong Kong, its town, and its hills grew lessened, till they at length vanished from our view. It was too hot to sleep below deck between China and Japan, and I got a cool berth in the 'Social Hall,' as the deck saloon is called. Three days after leaving Hong Kong we were in for the tail end (only, luckily) of a typhoon. Among our passengers were some officers of the 74th Regiment, quartered at Hong Kong. Their Colonel—Mr. Jago—had passed many years in India, he has a look about him of a French cavalry officer, was one of these. Among the others was an army doctor —Campbell by name—I liked much. On August 30 we arrived at Yokohama. From early dawn till anchoring in the evening we had passed picturesque islands; but the first impression of Japan, coming fresh from Hong Kong, is one of disappointment.

Our steamer was soon besieged by shoals of boats full of almost nude Japs, whose fine bronze-coloured frames were in striking contrast with the half-starved sickly looking Chinese coolies we had

left behind us in Chinese waters. On landing at the Bund, as the jetty is called, near which the Club House stands, we felt as if we had suddenly returned back to some English seaside town, so European does the place appear. We were soon installed at the comfortable Y. U. C. (Yokohama United Club). As the *City of Pekin* was to continue her voyage to San Francisco in a couple of days, I had to make the most of my short stay in Japan, but hoping in some future year to become better acquainted with the 'Land of the Rising Sun' than I could be on this voyage. Had I not left in the *City of Pekin* I should have been obliged to wait for another such vessel in Japan a couple of months, and this I was not able to do, although the military contingent proposed me to 'do' Japan with them. But even had I not been anxious to be back as soon as possible in England, I should not greatly have cared to see that country with them; for, like most Britishers, and especially the military ones, they appeared to think it the proper thing to treat the politest people in the world, as these Japanese are, as if they were a very inferior kind of animal to themselves. No wonder that we English are so cordially disliked wherever we go. There is nothing more insolent to a foreigner than an English civilian, unless it be a military Englishman. The Y. U. C. (Yokohama United Club) is smaller and less pretentious a club

than that at Hong Kong, but also is most comfortable. There were some agreeable men in it—most of them English, but a few Americans as well. Of these, Mr. Howland, a very intelligent young man, I liked much; and a young Mr. Ritchie has been most civil to me, doing me the honours of the place. With him I have been over the principal shops—and what shops! Lock King's famous 'store' at Hong Kong fades into insignificance compared to those 'stores' I have seen to-day. Never had one seen more beautiful wares, or in greater profusion what are here called 'curios'—marvellous toys and gimcracks, in ivory and in lacquer, in bronze and in jade, in metal work and wood of all sorts, forms, and fashions; fans, screens, and boxes, inlaid with gems and mother-o'-pearl, as if by fairy fingers, in patterns of flowers and prints, insects, birds, and feathers, gleaming on the wood and metal ground, and jewellery and goldwork as delicate as any of the best antique or cinque-cento Florentine workmanship. In such shops one lets Prudence, Caution, and other such 'dirty passions and bad propensities,' as Sterne calls them, go hang, and allows that delightful virtue, unbridled extravagance, to run riot. Oh, for boundless wealth, and a yacht in which to store to the brim those treasures! First impressions are generally the strongest; and certainly Yokohama and the Japanese do not impress me one quarter as much as did Hong Kong and the Chinese,

where all is colour and every detail makes a picture, while here there is but little 'local colour,' not as much as in an English village on a sunny day; for the houses are mostly covered with black tiles, and many have even their wooden walls painted the same colour, funeral hangings of dark blue only relieved by white letters hanging over the doorways. At Yokohama, too, the dresses, although quaint, are not brilliant like those of the Chinese; and there is an absence of that element which made me feel when in Hong Kong and Canton as if one had been transported into some ancient Roman or Assyrian city. Although it may be said that this is owing to Yokohama being much Europeanised, even at Yeddo this brilliancy of colour as compared to China does not exist. There is, I think, much exaggeration in saying that the Japs have lost so much of their nationality in outward things and appearances. The natives who wear European dresses here are the exception, and you may not see half-a-dozen in an hour's walk in the streets of this place, or be taken miles in the gin-riki-show (a little two-wheeled carriage, drawn by a man in the traces) without seeing anything more European than a Japanese lady wearing a 'billy-cock' hat.

In one of these conveyances I was taken all about the town; up to the Bluff, where the wealthy Europeans live, and on to a tea-garden, where a pretty little damsel brought us (Ritchie and myself) some straw-

coloured decoction they here call tea in a little cup fit for fairy fingers to hold. In this tea-garden, round which a myriad minute shrubs grow in pots, one could judge of the extreme civility of this people, not only to strangers, but to each other: a woman passing through the garden where we were having our pale tea, espying the maid, doubled herself up, and bowed repeatedly, till we began to fear for her spinal marrow, so long did she remain in the shape of a right angle; the little maid was also quite as good a right angle as the other! Imagine two English girls of their class doing this, or when meeting giving anything more than a saucy salute to each other. The next day at Yeddo we saw a native soldier, a private, remain for certainly two minutes in this right angular position; and if you think, madam, that two minutes is not so very long a time to remain thus, pray attempt to remain one, or even half one; the soldier did this not to an officer but to a brother private who was long ago out of sight before the other had resumed a perpendicular attitude. After dinner at the Club my travelling companions all adjourned to No. 9, but what No. 9 is I am not obliged to tell. On the next day, a Sunday, September 1, we visited Yeddo or Tokio; in Japan a tiresome habit obtains of calling the same place by two entirely different names, a practice that is apt to lead to confusion, and is especially hard on one if one's memory has difficulty in retaining even a

single name; it is carried here so far that I have seen an English map of Japan in which that island is called by some entirely different name, but what that is I have now no recollection. At the station we found a capital Pullman car train of English construction; the guards are natives, but the engineers English or Americans.

Throughout the hour that the trip lasted we passed through a land which is a perfect garden—along fields of rice and of Indian corn; the soft hills covered to their tops with summer houses and 'gazebos'—a truly flowery land, much more deserving that term than does Cathay. Our party numbered eight, and in two *chars-à-bancs* we drove all that day about the capital of Japan—first, in duty bound, to write our names at the English Minister's, Sir Harry Parkes, then to view the principal lions of the place.

A town Tokio can hardly be called. It is, in fact, a number of towns, surrounded by other towns, having citadels defended by castellated walls and wide moats, behind which, even in these days, it would be possible to stand a siege. Nothing that I had yet seen in Japan was so fresh and delightful as these moats, in which floated great beds of huge pink water-lilies—as I first thought they were; but they are the rose of Egypt—the sacred lotos of old Nile, the glorious flower whose beauty makes it worthy of its ancient traditions and of its deathless fame. Many temples

we visited, all far superior to any of those I saw at Canton. Here the one I most liked stands in a park called Uyeno—it is like something in an opera, and resembled vaguely a scene in the 'Prophète.' The temple is approached by a stone-flagged way, passing through a grove of large trees, most picturesquely grouped in a thick wilderness on either hand; this road is bordered by double rows of quaintly-shaped and elaborately-carved lanterns in stone. The temple itself, 'all glorious within,' is also very ornate without, as much so as paint and carving and gilding can make a building. The interior is of wonderful beauty. Before entering you have to remove your boots and so slide in your stockinged feet over the black-polished lacquered floor, which is nearly as slippery as burnished steel. The ceiling is perfect both as to colour and pattern, formed of squares framed in ebony in high relief; on each projecting beam a most delicate cross-shaped pattern, made in what looks like gold, but probably gilt bronze, is worked. Between these beams the ground work (which is again subdivided by smaller cross beams in ebony) is of a rich gold colour. When I allow that this temple ceiling is even more beautiful than that in my house at Windsor, I have said all that can be said in the manner of praise.

In this temple we watched some of the worshippers; these were Shintos. A large circular mirror is placed in the centre of the temple; before it the worshipper

stands with clasped hands, and silently invokes the deity.

What according to the guide-books is the finest of these temples at Tokio, that of Sheba, we were unable to visit, as some relations of the Mikado were inside it, and the priests had fastened up all round it long black and white curtains, denoting that there was no admittance during that service at all events. After much trouble our guide prevailed on one of the priests to let us walk round the inner enclosure of the principal temple, the bronze gates of which are said to be marvellous works of art.

Asakusa and its temples is quite a town in itself, hundreds of booths surround the temples—an immense fair. In one of these temples hang monster paper lanterns, some twenty feet high; and near here are waxworks surpassing those in Baker Street, and such as to make Mrs. Jarley turn in her grave for envy.

Our party began to show signs of hunger coupled with acerbity of temper, and our poor little guide got some sharp language showered on him. 'What the ——' said one of our military heroes—'what the —— does this —— fool of a guide bring us all this —— way to see some —— waxworks for? —— him!' You know the eloquence of our tongue when wagged by irascible military youth. And so the poor inoffensive little Jap was sat upon and abused, called all manner of hard names, and repeatedly asked in the most pressing

manner to visit a nameless region for having merely done his duty. I suppose when we accustom our youths to regard corporal punishment—fagging and such other public school customs—as fine and manly, and especially truly English institutions, we can hardly be surprised at their carrying out these practices on an extended scale when they are able to bully some harmless coolie or kick a defenceless native Indian. Not until we had breakfasted were our party appeased ; but their ill-temper and language returned when we had to make a laborious climb up some hundred and fifty steps of stone, at the top of which there is a panoramic view of the town and harbour ; a view more curious than fine. The thousands of dark-roofed houses look mean and tawdry, and the eye seeks in vain for some tower or steeple to relieve the dull monotony of this wide expanse of dark house-tops ; nor can the distant harbour and country be called by any stretch of the imagination even picturesque. This was our last general look at the capital of Japan. As we jolted over the roughly-paved streets to the station, sitting at the door of a shop was a thing that in my short-sightedness I took to be a cat, but some one said it was not a cat, but a frog !—and a frog or a toad it turned out to be, of immense size. One of our party made a sign to the owner of the creature to follow us ; he lifting up the frog rushed after our carriage, but seeing business was not meant put it down again, and it

followed him back to his house at a run. One of our companions, Whitehead by name (an officer, but not one of the 74th), affirmed with many an oath that he had seen a frog at Tokio so large that it required two men to lift him, and that when they set him down he would gallop off on all fours 'just like a racehorse!' He repeated that he would be everlastingly lost in a future state of existence if he had not with his own eyes seen this running frog; further, that he would wager a very large (the sum was not named) amount of money that this running frog could easily outstrip the fastest horse that ever ran in a race. We were now all attention, and he continued that he was convinced he was in imminent peril of everlasting perdition both as regarded his body and his soul if he did not thoroughly believe that this running frog, this extraordinary animal, could reach Yokohama—always supposing that such was froggie's intention—long before our train could. 'For,' said he, and this indeed seemed to me conclusive, 'the —— train stops at all the —— stations, but I am —— if the frog would!' Whitehead then prayed fervently that he might never meet that particular frog in a lonesome road on a dark night; and also swore that he would soon return to 'this —— hole of a place,' in order to purchase this remarkable frog and enter him in the ensuing St. Leger, or some other equally great race. When he does, 'may I be there to see.'

Whitehead is one of the drollest fellows I ever met, with real wit (how rare a quality in our young army men!). His conversation is not only amusing, but his appearance is so too. He has added to the charms of his outer man by being tattooed over back, arms, and chest. Birds, reptiles, fishes, and flowers meander in graceful confusion over his body; and his chief regret in life is that there is no room left on which to immortalise in imperishable tattoo the great running frog of Tokio. My second and last evening passed at the Club at Yokohama was a very sociable one. Colonel Jago and Whitehead told their best stories, and tried to cap each other.

I met that same evening Lord Ebrington, also bound for San Francisco in the same steamer as myself. He has been 'globe-trotting' the last year, and for his age, about four-and-twenty, he has already seen much of the world. He is an amiable youth, but has some of the *brusquerie* of manner and huffiness which I have often remarked in the eldest sons of peers. Next day we were aboard the mighty *City of Pekin* again. My American friend Howland steered the boat which took us aboard from the shore. On our way we had a race with a six-oared boat manned by almost totally nude Japanese boatmen, rolling their oars in the water, and cutting through it in their flat-bottomed boat at a great rate. Although our boat was manned by an equal number of Chinese sailors,

pulling in English fashion and as well as any English man-o'-war's crew, they had some trouble in reaching the ship's side the first. On board the steamer I parted with Howland and Whitehead, with the hope of seeing them again. Soon after ten we were towed out of the harbour, and there was an end to my short visit in Japan.

The Trans-Pacific voyage was most uneventful. On landing at San Francisco the Custom-house officers made a strict search of our luggage; and although they inspected our Japanese purchases, they confiscated nothing, nor did they make us pay a cent of duty on them.

I found myself, on going to the Palace Hotel, in the very same room that I had occupied six months before. That same afternoon I left 'Frisco on an expedition to the Yosemite Valley—an excursion which I should not recommend anyone making so late in the summer; advice which, I think, the following account of this expedition will sufficiently explain :—

'*September* 26.—At the El Capitan Hotel, Merced. Since my last entry I have passed six as tiring days as I have undergone in any of my travels. The train left Oakland in the afternoon at four. We crossed the ferry in a steamer, where I made the acquaintance of an English youth, a son of the proprietor of the "Times," bound also for the Yosemite. That is an expedition of such labour and

toil that, compared to it, a felon's task would be an agreeable change. We have risen every morning before daybreak; we have been devoured by mosquitos; we have had every bone in our bodies bruised, every muscle and nerve wrung; we have been covered inches thick in dust; we have been roasted in the sun; our food has been bad; but we have certainly seen one of the greatest sights in the New World in that Titanic valley of the Yosemite, and in the largest and most ancient trees that exist in the world.

'The first part of the expedition was easy-going enough. This consisted of travelling in crowded cars for about half-a-dozen hours by rail to Merced. On getting up the next morning by moonlight, it dawned upon us that mosquitos had been, during the night, engaged at their bloody work. I had escaped easily enough; but my companion Walter, whose skin is ten years younger and tenderer than mine, appeared in a sad plight. We had been able to get little supper the night before, and less sleep; for it was a ball night, and revelry reigned in the Merced Hotel till we had to rise, when we found the place all *dessus-dessous*, the waiters more or less drunk, the whole place looking like a third-rate *baraque* at a fair. What a night that was! What with the big fiddle and trombone, and a hound under our windows in the yard, who howled a dismal accompaniment to these, until at

length, tortured by mosquitos and maddened by this variety of music, we could stand it no longer, and rose fevered and unrefreshed! After a hurried breakfast in a partially-lighted room, full of the remnants of the previous night's revelry, our party, which had now increased in numbers, started, and was composed, besides my companion and self, of an American and his son—the father short and thick-set, a railway director or surveyor, I imagine, from the attention paid him by the natives; the son, "Ed," as *le gros papa* called him, a youth from Harvard University (rather what the Germans would call *ein Lump*)—two young Englishmen, brothers—sons, I imagine, of a rich haberdasher, on a "lengthy tour"—and two Germans, one an unmistakable Prussian, solemn and consequential, but gentlemanlike, Köster by name, and his friend, a youth from Leipzig, pig-faced, with merry little twinkling eyes—and, last, by a thorough Britisher, a well-to-do burgher of sixty, and a bachelor, with a red face, close-cut grey whiskers, who has seen all the world, but thinks nothing comes up to Cheapside or the Borough, and comes to see the Yosemite because, "you know, it is a sort of a place one must see, I suppose."

'Such were our *compagnons de voyage*. *Le gros papa* took up all the front seat of the carriage—a kind of unfinished *char-à-bancs*, not unlike a bad imitation of the trap I drove from London to York. In the

middle seats were the young Germans and the English brothers; and in the back seat, with a bar of iron that stuck into one's ribs and spine, and on which two people could have been uncomfortably seated, sat the middle-aged Englishman, Walter, and I.

'Off we started soon after six, the sun even then hot. Little did I know till that drive what the tortures of dust can be. In a few minutes we were all of one colour; and in an hour or two almost of one and the same shape. In spite of knowing that one is from dust, and that to dust one will return, I did not experience any more liking for that element on account of this knowledge.

'The horrors of that drive are indelibly engraved on my mind, as the marks of that iron bar behind our seat were then on my person. Imagine eleven guinea-pigs in a small box, violently shaken together for fourteen hours, who would not feel pity for those animals? But ours was a worse plight; for not only were we violently shaken and banged about in that instrument of torture of a carriage, but the dust literally made sight and hearing, putting aside smell, disappear—"E'en reason might well have tottered on her throne." This torture lasted from six in the morning until ten at night, with but one little respite of half an hour for luncheon, when we scraped a few inches of the mud, for the heat had turned the coating of dust that covered us into a solid crust, from

off our faces. Its effect on us would have been comical had it not been attended with so much suffering; the German from Leipzig's face looked like nothing so much as the lower half of the inside of an hourglass when the sand is falling—his tip-tilted excuse for a nose being the only portion of his face that was visible. Dust was not only around and in front and behind us, but it was impossible not to breathe it in at every respiration, and I only wonder that the painful internal malady that Sir Henry Thompson has made his special study has not made its appearance since this fearsome dust drive in California. In vain we tried fitfully to be cheerful as we rocked wearily over the sandy plain. For the first dozen miles or so we traversed a hideous waste; nothing, as far as the dust enabled us to see, but sand flats and sand hillocks, burnt grass, rocks, and stones, and desolation. Now and then a prairie dog loomed through the dust clouds; dogs that are said to make their burrows with the prairie owls and live amiably together. "Of course they must do so *à la* Box and Cox"—the dog out all day, and the owl all night—suggested someone, and we tried to laugh at the witticism, but could only choke out some of the dust from our parched throats. "But how," objected another, "how about the rattlesnake, who is also said to make its home with the owl and the dog?" "Oh, that of course is Mrs. Bouncer, the landlady," and we

choked again a little more of the dust. Towards dusk we left the flat prairie ground and jolted up and down hills, and dashed through pine and fir woods. As the shadows lengthened and the sky turned from blue to apple green, the woods reminded one of some of Doré's landscapes. After climbing what seemed endless ranges of hills we arrived at nightfall at the top of the valley, and then for the next five hours it was all down hill going and at a rattling pace. We had reached the summit of the Sierra, some three thousand feet above the sea, and now entered the Mariposa Forest. The carriage lamps were now lighted, or tried to be, but they were modest lamps and constantly disappeared. At length, when tired to death and vowing that no possible scenery on earth could make up for such a day's journey and such a drive, we drove up to the Big Tree Station, kept by an intelligent man named Washburn. There we sought and obtained for that night the repose we certainly all needed. The station consists of some rough log huts; in the largest of these is the dining-room, sitting-room, and kitchen *en suite*. The bedrooms are in the other huts scattered all about the place; these are clean and comfortable; nor was the food bad, but the charges are exorbitant, and nothing, except perhaps a glass of water, is charged less than half a dollar. To have one's boots dusted costs half a crown. Our start was an early one next morning. Compared to

the former this was a short drive, only of four-and-twenty miles instead of nearly seventy; but most of the way was up hill, and we were six hours over it. We passed over the Merced River, a clear stream; from there the scenery began to be beautiful; immense trees, like gigantic masts, rose on either side of the road, with here and there a gap in the forest when one's eye rested on some well-timbered valley below.

'On reaching Allder Creek we were two thousand feet above the halting-place of the night before. Thence commenced the descent, and in a bend of the road we caught sight of the Yosemite Valley two thousand feet beneath us. Almost opposite and on the other side of that narrow valley rose the perpendicular and mystic peak named "El Capitan," some thirteen hundred feet high. On our left fell the Bridal Veil Waterfall, sadly diminished and brought low by the summer droughts, not unlike the Giesbach, but nine hundred feet in height. This and the Nevada Falls were the only ones in play (if one may use such an expression of a cascade).

'In the spring one of the chief beauties of the Yosemite consists in its many waterfalls; one of these has a fall of three thousand feet. However, the Bridal Veil did its best in the absence of its sister falls; and as we paused a little on this turn of the road, which has been rather appropriately named "Inspiration Point," we saw the cascade robed in a

diaphanous and rainbow-coloured glory, like a stream of chequered light thrown athwart from the stained-glass of some ancient minster. Beyond rose peak upon peak of perpendicular rock; these are named the "Brothers," the "Cathedral Rocks," and the "Sentinel," all more than two thousand feet above the valley; and again, towering higher yet than these prodigious crags, a still more gigantic mountain monarch rears its head of jagged granite, half of its rounded brow cut off as if by some monster cleaver which seems to have shorn its high crown from the giddy summit into the Yosemite three thousand and odd feet below. This is the "Half Dome," and yet again beyond this in the far-away distance towers the great "Clouds' Rest," higher than all—sublimely awful!

As we drove on through the valley one felt almost oppressed by the gigantic cliffs that shut it in on either side. It appears but a path between these huge granite walls. Walter, the Americans, and myself, elected to stay at Black's "Hotel," a long wooden shanty; the others went further in the valley to another inn. That evening we visited the "Mirror Lake," which I consider a swindle. Expecting to see something like an English lake among Swiss mountains, which is the impression given one by Bierstadt's great painting of this "Mirror Lake," we found nothing more than an enlargement of the little Merced River that flows through the valley

in tortuous curves; a lake not much bigger than many an artificial pond in an English or French garden, some thirty yards wide perhaps. That the surrounding rocks are reflected in its waters is a fact, but not, I imagine, a particular or peculiar phenomenon; and I feel almost certain that I have seen such reflections of surrounding objects in other waters and on other lakes. What particularly disgusted me with this Mirror humbug was a tout of a guide who, in the way those detestable pests have, pounced upon us and jabbered away at some nonsense respecting the "lake" and its reflections, and the shapes and forms and figures that could, if one chose to see them, be found on the sides of the rocks above us. Here, he said, you could distinctly see the form of a monkey's head, and there the rump of a bear; Washington's profile on this side, and that of a pedlar on the other. With Hamlet I felt inclined to say, "It is backed like a weasel—or like a whale? very like a whale;" but the tout was even more insupportable than old Polonius, and I wished him at the bottom, if deep enough, of his Mirror Lake. At length I had him on the hip, asking him how many miles wide his Mirror Lake was. This query made him, to use an Americanism, "telescope"; but as we turned to leave he had his revenge, demanding as a right "toll," for, forsooth, having plagued us with his weasel's backs and pedlar's profiles; but the impu-

dent scoundrel, for all that, got half a dollar a head from us. This system of fleecing sightseers by demanding "toll" obtains more in America than in any other country, and more in this Yosemite Valley than any other place in the States. Niagara, on the American shore, is in this respect a scandal; no scenery can repay one the annoyance of being told that one must give a mercenary fellow a dollar for one's having traversed a bridge or for having walked up a badly-kept path. At the Yosemite, when riding up to "Glacier Point" or some other coign of vantage, one has to pay for having ridden up to the place; but the unwary pedestrian, who fondly imagines that, not being on horseback, he will escape payment, is also equally fleeced, and, doubtless, if he thought to evade the black mail by crawling up on all fours he would be told that he must pay double "toll." In fairness to the Mirror Lake I must add that as we gazed at this piece of water, not as wide as the lake in St. James's Park, the top of the rocks, whose white peaks were then gilded by the setting sun, were certainly vividly and beautifully reflected in the still waters, of which one of the Germans had expressed his admiration by saying that they were "*Ach Gott, wie schmutzig!*" Darkness was over the valley before we got back to our wooden tenement, where we found a supper and comfortable beds.

'The next morning, October 23, there were two

sensible people in the Yosemite Valley—these were Walter and myself. We had bound ourselves by a solemn oath on the previous evening, that nothing except a grand conflagration of the wooden house we were in should make us leave our beds at such unseemly hours as we had been obliged to do of late; and although our American friends woke us up by rising at an indecently early hour to do what they call here the "Round Trip," we would none of it, either round or square, and wisely only broke our fast some two hours after "Ed" and his stout parent had left the shanty. We breakfasted well off porridge and trout, and at ten rode off, accompanied by a venerable fossil of a guide who reminded me of the portraits of John Brown, Abolitionist and Martyr. We sat on Mexican saddles, which are well adapted for the kind of riding we had that day—up and down precipitous tracks. Our horses were little wiry nags, sure-footed as mules. Up we rode some three thousand feet to Glacier Point; before this a hut is reached from which a superb view is to be had of the great Half Dome Mountain, but we had still to ascend. Riding through a forest of pines, none of which can be much under sixty feet high, at length we attained the summit of the mountain—a great wide, bare plateau—one huge boulder of decaying granite. This they call the Sentinel Dome; from it the whole of the Yosemite Valley is seen, four thousand feet below. All around

stand the great cone rocks, and in the valley winds like a chain of diamonds the Merced River. The intense desolation of this scene is its most striking and peculiar feature, beyond all conception desolate. This to me is the most remarkable effect in this Californian valley. It is on such a spot and in such a place that the Almighty might have thundered His anger forth against the rebellious tribes of Israel; on such a blasted crag—where only a dwarfed stone pine can live—one can imagine Moses receiving the Tables of the Law from the omnipotent Jehovah, in storm and whirlwind; or here interceding for his people, camped below miles away in that peaceful valley among their tents and their flocks. Awfully grand it is, this Valley of the Yosemite, beyond all question; but not beautiful—at least not in my sense of that term. I could name half a dozen infinitely more beautiful places in Switzerland, and two or three in Scotland; though none indeed more sublimely impressive, both as regards the form and wonderful declivity of these great bastions of rock. Probably at other seasons of the year there is more colour here; now the grass is yellow and parched up, but even in the spring the prevailing colour—from the amount of pine woods—must be a sombre green. The rocks are a dirty white, not like snow, unless it be our London snow, that some people would have them; they are a dull, dirty grey, stained in many places by the water that

has coursed down their steep sides for so many thousands of years. In some places they are so discoloured that one might imagine that, in the times of the Giants, some of those Colossi had used them as writing-desks—their pens, pines eighty feet long, dipped in the waters of some inky lake, of which a little had coursed down the sides of the stony desks.

'Our companions joined us at luncheon at the hut on Glacier Point. We could not but rejoice that those unfortunates who had been since early dawn in the saddle, doing the "Round Trip," were not in the best humour with it, and declared that the view we had before us was the finest they had seen that day. Ed's father did nothing but bewail himself at not having remained like us comfortably in bed till nine that morning.

'A few yards from the luncheon hut is Glacier Point; it forms the corner of one of the mountains, and commands a grand view of the valley below. To test the height we threw some empty beer bottles over the edge; about eighteen seconds elapsed before we heard the slight "bing" that announced their arrival below. Descending the mountain, Walter preferred going on foot to riding down, confessing that he had not the nerve to ride on so narrow a path, from which a false step of the brute would send him rolling down where the empty beer bottles had disappeared.

We started off at cock-crow on our return drive next morning, October 24. Our party had increased—a fat German of the name of Schutz, and an English clergyman of florid hue and white-bearded, a face that only wanted a monk's cowl over it to turn it into a Friar Tuck, and his sister-in-law, a gushing damsel of no age in particular. I was glad to bid adieu to the Yosemite. Of course, if sketching is one's object, three or even more months might be profitably passed there; but for the general impression of the place I had seen enough in those two days. That it is a place worth seeing there can be no question; but whether the miserable journey is repaid by what one sees is another. I strongly advise all but the most ardent admirers of scenery not to undertake the expedition in the autumn; and not for an empire would I go through that drive again from Merced to Clark's. We were told that on an average 3,000 people visit the Yosemite yearly; of these about half are Germans and the others mostly English. Returned to Clark's, we set out on horseback to see the far-famed Mammoth Trees—the *Sequoias gigantea*; the trunk of a portion of one of these trees I remember twenty years ago in the Crystal Palace. Walter was too knocked up to join those who rode to the grove, some six miles away from the inn. A more beautiful ride cannot be imagined. The path leads through a dense pine forest; trees which anywhere else would be con-

sidered of prodigious size look quite puny to those we saw later in our ride.

'The first of these mammoths we came upon are two mighty towers of wood, standing like giant twin-brothers on either side of a small glen; the others are beyond these scattered throughout the forest. It is not easy to recal individually even the greatest among some six hundred of those gigantic pines; the one which impressed me most is called the "Grisly Giant," and stands almost alone in solemn majesty. One is therefore the better able to gauge the enormous size and height of this monarch of the forest, which is some three hundred feet high and nearly one hundred in girth. The first bough which juts out from the red stem is over eighty feet from the ground, and at six feet from the trunk measures twenty feet round. These trees are altogether beautiful—beautiful from their prodigious height and size, and of inexpressible majesty and solemnity; their colouring, too, is another of their many beauties. There is one called the "Forest Queen," more like a polished pillar of porphyry than a tree—a pillar some eight hundred feet high! Much sooner would I have missed seeing the Valley of the Yosemite than these glorious trees; they made one feel, while riding beneath them and looking up at their matchless height, as one only does when seeing or hearing some glorious work of art—before a cartoon by Raffaelle, or listening to a march of

Handel's or a requiem of Bach's. They brought one's heart in one's throat and a mist to one's eyes, and one felt under them nearer to God and to heaven! We measured one of these forest giants—him they have called by the great name of Washington; he is one hundred and seven feet round his base. Many, alas! are fallen, and some bear witness to having been burnt. Through the hollow trunk of one you can ride. With what delight could one pass days in this natural temple, the dome of which is the blue sky, the pillars these stately purple columns! But we had to get back to the inn before dark, as the forest track is not a pleasant one to ride along after nightfall.

'Next morning we were up by moonlight, and off again before dawn. Of all abominable things, none, I think, is worse than having to get up by the light of candle; it is better not to go to bed at all than to do so. And then the weary sixty miles' drive recommenced, the dust and the jolting, but mercifully not as bad as in coming; for the second day's torture can never equal that of the first, the torn nerves are deadened with the former anguish. We again halted for luncheon at Mariposa; from there we rattled at a good rate over the weary prairie, beyond which the great globe of orange colour was setting in a sea of amber and scarlet sky. A great cloud swept athwart the eastern sky shaped like a monster sickle, and above lay a row of tumbled clouds like a frozen sea against a saffron

sky. On the horizon the long range of the Mariposa hills formed a dark barrier over a wide desert of tawny yellow ground; a weird and telling picture.

'*October* 5.—Hotel Brunswick, New York. Here I am back again after an absence of nearly seven months. I have little to chronicle since leaving Merced. The autumn tints on the Wahsatch Mountains looked like gems scattered on the hills, with the bright Weber River glancing and reflecting them. I made the acquaintance of a young American naval lieutenant, *en route* for Albany. We spent a pleasant day at his father's, Admiral Strong's, home. From young Strong I learnt the sad news of my friend Harry Montagu's sudden death at San Francisco in August. I had looked forward to seeing him again on reaching New York, but it was not to be. New York had gone into mourning for the bright, handsome young actor so suddenly cut off. On October 1 we reached Omaha, crossed the Missouri that evening, reaching Chicago on the next day. On the following we arrived at Niagara, thence on to the Hudson, crossing it at Newburgh, where for the day I was the guest of my friend's father, as fine a specimen of an old salt, although crippled with rheumatism, as one could see. Newburgh is a delightful Dutch-looking clean town, surrounded by trim gardens and studded with pretty villas. From Newburgh by steamer down the grandest river in the world. The view from opposite West Point is glorious, combining

something of sea, a lake, and a river all in one. Under a fine sunset sky we passed the Palissades and reached the Empire City that evening. At the Lambs' Club I heard from one of poor Harry Montagu's best friends —Mr. Beckett—the details of his last hours. It was during this, my second short stay at New York, that I made the acquaintance, and I hope the lasting friendship, of one of the most delightful, and of the kindest and most generous of human beings—"Uncle Sam," or, as I dubbed him, "Jupiter Ammon," or, as he is officially known, Samuel Ward, Esq., Poet, Politician, and Prince of Good Fellows. Writing to me on my return to England, and referring to Uncle Sam, Rosebery says: "It is quite a liberal education to know him, and it is worth having gone round the world to be rewarded by his acquaintance at the journey's end;" a sentiment and opinion with which I entirely agree. We, Uncle Sam and I, made several excursions together; the longest and most interesting was that to see Longfellow, at Cambridge, near Boston. (An account of this visit appears in the next chapter.) Many pleasant outings owed I to Uncle Sam; one of these, to Long Island, was most enjoyable; and to many a sumptuous dinner did he invite me at the Brevoort House. At one of these I met the Minister, Mr. Evarts, the best type of what the English call a Yankee statesman, shrewd, trenchant, and incisive. One of Uncle Sam's friends, Mr. Stewart, an English ex-M.P., introduced

me to Madame Modjeska, then appearing before an American audience with almost as much success as followed her after-career in England.

'It would take too long to do more than barely allude to the unfailing kindness and the splendid hospitality that I met with on all sides during my too short a stay that autumn in New York.

'October 12 saw me on board the *Adriatic*, White Star Line s.s., when I shared a cabin with a most agreeable and sociable companion, Mr. Howard Paul. The captain (Jennings), a splendid old sailor, full of quips and cranks, conundrums and stories, all more or less *tant soit poivré*, regarded not storms or hurricane signals, as we found to our cost, for we went out almost in the teeth of a great gale, which disabled six of the crew and played old gooseberry with the boats and portions of the deck gear. Everything was battened down, and for three days, I believe, no one was seen out of his cabin. Howard Paul, who has made this voyage sixteen times, said he never remembered such a gale; however, we were neither of us the worse, and I enjoyed being so much in the society of my companion, whose fund of anecdote and drollery made even these long days between decks in our darkened little cabin pass agreeably. A sad incident occurred as we reached the shores of Ireland. At Queenstown news reached our good old captain that his eldest son had died in China. The poor old man had shortly

before been telling me how proud he was of this son of his, whom he expected home soon, after an absence of five years. Such are the things that make life hard to bear, and if one had not faith and hope in another and a better state, one would be willing and anxious to leave this.

'On the morning of the 22nd we arrived at Liverpool. Soon after sunrise I was on deck; a gorgeous sky of grey and silver clouds all around, like one of Cotman's paintings. On the steam-tug that came out to meet our steamer were some friends, the faithful Robert among them. At Chester station I was met by my dear sister, who had driven from Eaton. She had seen me off at Euston on the night of March 17, and now she was here to welcome me back with all her blessed affection.'

An event, which its despicable character rendered an indescribable annoyance, followed my return. Whilst I was in Australia a miserable weekly paper produced an article so contemptible as well as so scurrilous in its vile insinuations, that were it not unmistakable that one of the two persons to whom it alluded was intended for myself, I should have taken no notice of it. But after I found that my name had been trifled with by the gossip-mongers of London society as one of those alluded to in connection with insinuations as vile as they were false, I felt that my simplest course, and the easiest way of unmasking the

venomous writer, lay in an action for libel against the proprietor of the paper. The result of this was that the paper was destroyed, though the slanderous writer escaped the punishment he deserved by denying that he intended to allude to me in any way.

How hard is the case of those whose inability to pay heavy fees allows their enemies the power of defaming them without being able to obtain redress.

In November I went to Paris with Frank Miles. It was his first visit there. I had not yet seen the Exhibition opened in the early summer of that year. During that time I began the statuette of Lord Beaconsfield, as a companion to the one of Gladstone.

On November 24 died poor old Dr. Quin. Of him, at the time, I wrote the following notice of which this is an extract; a poor *oraison funèbre* of that genial little medico:—

'In the world of London—in that little portion of it that considers itself the best—Dr. Quin will be greatly missed. The close of a life that has been so long and painfully drawn out during a score of years will be felt a real loss, for in his line Quin had no equal. If not "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," he was certainly the last of the wits of London society. Not that his humour was of the best or of the most brilliant kind. By the side of Theodore Hook's fun Quin's would have been thought flat, and his style of pleasantry dull compared to that

of Douglas Jerrold. But in these days we must put up with small wits and poor conversationalists; and until the asthma, with which Quin was latterly so cruelly afflicted, had made his presence at social gatherings more painful to his friends than exhilarating, no dinner would have been considered a success without the presence of his short form, and that face not unlike an ancient comic mask. . . . Quin was something more than a mere jester, or an amusing guest. He had the rare quality of being a true and sincere friend, and both men and women could consult him with a certainty that the advice he gave them would be the best, and that their confidence would not be misplaced. Probably half the scandals that taint London society were known to him during the last half-century: what a fearful catalogue of wickedness he must have carried in his head! I have heard it said that, after reading Charles Greville's disgraceful "Memoirs" Quin destroyed those he had written. This is to be regretted, as what he wrote could not have been ill-natured as were those of old "Punch" Greville. Quin never, I believe, said or did anything ill-natured, and his great popularity in society was doubtless owing to this. What a profound contempt he must have felt for that same society, with its ill-nature and its spite, its back-biting, tale-bearing, and petty slander! Quin had known nearly all the people best worth knowing these fifty years and more. He

had been an intimate friend of the widow of Charles Edward Stuart (call him the "young Chevalier," or "the Pretender," as you will). He has talked scandal with Napoleon's favourite sister, the lovely and frail Pauline Borghese—she who sat to Canova "naked but not ashamed," and when asked how she could do so, replied that there was a fire in the room at the time. He had taken snuff with and listened to the *bons mots* of Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento. "Betty" Foster, whose likeness by Gainsborough when Duchess of Devonshire everyone has seen either in photography or engraving, died in his arms more than half a century ago. And when Bonaparte lay dying on his prison rock, Quin volunteered to go and attend the moribund Cæsar, and was on the point of starting for St. Helena when the news arrived that the Emperor was dead. More recently Quin was one of the *habitués* of Gore House, where he often met Louis Napoleon, D'Orsay, and Benjamin d'Israeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.

'From the widow of Charles Edward to Lord Beaconsfield, from past to present, from the widow of the man who in his own right sought to tear the crown of England off the head of the victor of Dettingen, to him who has placed the imperial diadem on that of his descendant—what a long space that seems for a single life to have seen! But yet, it was only yesterday that the man who knew these people was among us. There is no occasion,' I add, 'to do more here

than merely allude to the services Dr. Quin rendered homœopathy in this country. He was the first of our medical men to follow in the steps of Hahnemann, and even those who had never met the cheery little doctor in society ought to feel grateful to his memory for ridding us of the abhorred draughts and nostrums, blue pills and disgusting potions, that the old-fashioned school of medicine delighted in.'

Christmastide that year was saddened by the news of the death of the beloved Princess Alice. 'Seventeen years have passed since such a profound national feeling of sorrow for and sympathy with our Queen and her family has been called forth; it reminds one of that black Sunday immediately following the death of the Prince Consort,' I write on hearing of this fresh and terrible grief that had befallen our beloved Queen.

'*December* 23.—At Trentham. Snow shrouds this place in one vast winding-sheet. Gardens, shrubs, hills, woods, lake, statues, and temples all under that white canopy. I struggled through the snow up the park to see our dear old nurse, Mrs. Ingram, at Hanchurch; she and all the folk about much excited at the visit which the Prince Imperial is going to make here. He will not have much fun on the ice, for although the gardeners are clearing the snow off, it is rough and rugged. The Borthwicks are here, and Sabine Greville, whose recitations are ad-

mirable, especially those of Tennyson's "Grandmother;" and "Sir Richard Greville." The Prince arrived that night from London with the Duc de Bassano. Lord Beaconsfield was to have been also of the party, but he writes to me saying, "I am disappointed that I have not the pleasure of meeting you at Trentham. I had quite made up my mind to spend my Christmas there, but the severity of the season and my haphazard health keep me here a close prisoner in a white world, and the snow still falling."

'*December* 27.—Still at Trentham. A thaw has set in, making the ice on the lake in a terrible state, but the Prince Imperial perseveres in playing hockey on it all day long, and comes back after dusk wringing wet from head to foot, much to the old "Duc's" concern. Never was there so energetic a young man. We all like him immensely. His charm of manner, frank cordiality, and thorough enjoyment of everything he takes part in accounts for this. He is as courteous and civil to the *employés* and people about the place as he is to my brother and his wife. Yesterday he was taken all over the offices, stables, home farm, poultry yard, carpenters' yard, etc.—beginning at the stables and finishing with the kennels. He paid old Mrs. Roberts a visit at the clerk of the works' house. She has been here half a century, and had told me how anxious she was, good soul, to see this "Bonny Party," for she remembered when a child her

terror of England being invaded by the great Napoleon. The Prince told her that he hoped he at any rate caused her no fear. The old lady, who is eighty-six, was naturally highly delighted. The Prince spent nearly half an hour overlooking the account-book of the labourers' and artificers' wages in the office. He has also been taken over the Stoke potteries by Minton Campbell, who did him the honours of that interesting place.

'Poor Eliot Yorke is dead, aged only five-and-thirty. I feel deeply for his brother "Alec," who was devoted to him, and for his poor mother, Lady Hardwicke. He was one of the handsomest fellows in London ten years ago. What good times we had in the old Cambridge days together, when I used to see him at Wimpole! "*La vie est une triste chose quand la jeunesse est passée*," said Gustave Doré to me the other day in Paris. I do not agree with this sentiment, but if those we have most cared about and loved best in this world leave us, or are taken from us, then, indeed, this life becomes "*une triste chose.*"'

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE AMERICANS, AND A VISIT TO LONGFELLOW.

Soon after my return to England Mr. T. G. Bowles asked me to write for 'Vanity Fair' my impressions of the Americans. The following was the result. Appended to these 'impressions' is a short account, also written for 'Vanity Fair,' of a visit paid to Longfellow.

'You have asked me to give you in a few lines my impression of the American people. This sounds to me like asking a fly to give his impressions of the mind of a man on whose head he has alighted. Altogether, I was but a fortnight in the Imperial City—as I believe New York is now called—on my voyage to and from San Francisco; for I hurried across the vast continent, only stopping on my voyage out a day at Niagara and one at Salt Lake City, on my way from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific. In New York I saw but little of the society of that place, not caring for dining out or for calls of ceremony, and passing my days in walks about the town, and my evenings at the theatre, or in a theatrical club yclept "the Lambs," in Union Square, where poor Harry Montague, one of

the best fellows that ever stepped, had on the day after my arrival entered my name as honorary member. Not being a *personnage*, and not caring to appear in a white tie and fine linen every evening, and having wished to see the social life in the American city not as a guest but as a traveller, I think I can more impartially judge of what would be the impression made on a cosmopolitan, than had I traded on being an Englishman with a handle attached to my name, as probably most Britishers with such an impediment would do. I mixed with all classes, in the street-car or omnibus (which in its American form is as superior to our London 'bus as is a Parisian victoria to a "growler"), in the Union Club—the Travellers' of New York—and in the palatial steamer of the River Hudson, to which steamer and to which river we have nothing to compare in the Old World. Wherever I went I found all classes of the Americans not only civil, but highly civilised, as compared class for class with the English; not only amiable, but, as a rule, kind and courteous, and, with rare exceptions, well-informed, well-bred, and having more refinement of manner than any other people I have ever come amongst. What struck me especially in New York was the invariable civility shown by all classes of men to women, whether the women rustled in silk or wore linsey-wolsey or homespun; however crowded the car or the footway, room was at once made for a lady. Does not this

somewhat contrast with the surly, grumpy incivility that is shown to the fair sex in our public carriages and streets? This politeness is not, as in a neighbouring country to ours, mere lip and eye civility, but arises I believe from a mutual and intuitive good breeding with which, as I said before, the Americans of every class are endowed.

'For instance, if one entered a room in a club or hotel, one was not met by those assembled with a "Who the Dash is this person whom none of us know? and what the Dash does he here?" sort of look; nor, if one entered into conversation with someone in a railway car or steamer, was one greeted with that truly British stare which, in this country of insular prejudice and arrogant assumption, conveys as plainly as words the question, "What the mischief do you mean by speaking to me without waiting for an introduction?"

'My experience has been in America that if you ask a service from a stranger it is accorded readily, without condescension or fuss; that among them is little of the snobbish wish to appear to those we do not know as greater people than we really are, little of that disgusting patronage of manner that prevails in this country among the richer classes, and none of the no less disgusting cringiness of manner which as greatly prevails among our tradespeople, and which makes me for one hesitate before asking my way in the streets of a well-

dressed man, or entering a shop where one will (if known as "a good customer") be received by a mealy-mouthed mortal all smiles and grimaces, who will think that he will more readily secure a purchaser by showing some article ordered by My Lord This or My Lady That. On the contrary, the New York tradesman or shopkeeper receives you with civility, but without any of that cringiness of manner which seems to me little less insulting than actual insolence; he will allow you to look as long as you like at any of the articles his shop may contain, and will be equally civil if you purchase or if you do not; but he will not rub his hands and contract his features into a leer; and if you were to show him your superiority of position by affecting to look down on him as being "only a tradesman," he would probably show you that there is something more in being a citizen of a Great Republic than mere sound; and that although you may fancy yourself a superior being from not being a Republican or a shopman, he might be able to prove to you that one man is as good as another.

'I mixed thus with all classes, and spoke to all with whom I came into contact, and in no single instance did I meet with anything but perfect civility—the civility of equals, which is after all the truest. I admire with all my heart this great people, our brothers, who, although we have for so many years presumed to treat them as poor relations, are in some forms of

common courtesy and general politeness far superior to ourselves.

'I grant that the Americans we meet on the Continent of Europe are often offensive in manner, and give a very unfavourable impression of their country both to foreigners and to Englishmen; but, believe me, these are the exceptions. As a rule they are those who have inherited or made fortunes which they know not how to spend, and therefore have come over to the Old World, which they astonish with their vagaries and extravagances. But it would be most unjust to judge the American people by these units. What Englishman but regrets, and is heartily ashamed of his fellow-countrymen and women whom he meets on the boulevards of Paris, on the Rhine steamers, or in the galleries of Rome? "Where," he cries, "do these originals come from? What corner of England has produced such frights? Great Heavens! to think that they should belong to us!" And what can be more preposterous and unfair than that, because the Palais Royal Theatre and Mons. About regard the "Milor Anglais" as a subject of everlasting ridicule, all English lords should be put down as having long red whiskers, teeth two inches long, and wives and daughters with poke bonnets, limp curls, and huge splay feet? It would be as unjust to judge of all English men and women by such types as to think that the Americans resemble the American who certainly is not an agree-

able feature in an Alpine scene or in an Italian church; and yet this is precisely the injustice we English have dealt out to our great kinsmen ever since the War of Independence. I would wish every young Englishman of means—and especially of position—to visit the great country across the Atlantic, and to mix with that great people. He would learn more by spending a few months in the States of matters appertaining to humanity and the ways of the world—not what Londoners call the world, but the real world of thought, of intellect, and of the future—than he would by passing a year at Oxford or Cambridge, or in the House of Commons. A young French noble, having visited England towards the end of the *ancien régime*, on his return being asked what he had learnt in England, replied—"To think." This might be the reply of one of our *jeunesse dorée* after visiting the States.

'These are some of my sentiments and my impressions concerning the American people.'

A friend of mine, whose title and family name are both floral, and who appreciates and is appreciated by the Americans, hearing that I had made acquaintance, and consequently a lasting friendship, with Sam Ward, or as his friends, who are legion both in the Old and New World, call him, 'Uncle Sam,' wrote that to

know the aforesaid Sam Ward was in itself 'a liberal education!' Those of my readers who have been at the Brevoort House, Fifth Avenue, New York, will not require to be reminded of the invariable kindness and courtesy that all Englishmen experience at the hands of Uncle Sam; and for such as have not had the privilege of making his acquaintance, I can only say that the sooner they go to America and do so the better for them.

I had been taken by Sam Ward to see a day's racing on the new course at Jerome Park, a four miles' drive out of New York. A prettier racecourse I never saw, but my acquaintance with racecourses is of a limited kind, and I daresay Goodwood would be reckoned a finer one. Jerome Park is in a valley, admirably laid out and planted; a serpentine racecourse winds in and out of the plantations; the stands are as smart as those of Longchamps, and much more comfortable.

A pleasant idle day was closing in; the last race, a steeple-chase, had been run, won, and lost; and as we were making ready to return to town, Uncle Sam suddenly remarked that I could not think of leaving America (I was going in a couple of days back to England) without paying Longfellow a visit.

'Nothing would give me greater pleasure,' I replied; 'but how is one to get to Boston, a ten hours' railway journey, visit Longfellow, and return to New York,

to-day being Wednesday, and my boat sailing on Friday?'

'Nothing simpler,' Uncle Sam responded; 'we will leave New York to-night by the ten o'clock train, breakfast at my club in Boston to-morrow morning, drive over to Longfellow at Cambridge, catch the mid-day train, and be back in New York to-morrow night; that will give you time to pack up, and, as you must go, time to start on Friday morning for England.'

That night, after dining at that best of restaurants, Delmonico's, we passed in a Pullman car, and found ourselves at seven the following morning in Boston—the most English-looking town in America.

On one side of a park, which is not unlike our St. James's, runs a street lined with handsome private dwellings and clubs, that made one half think one had been suddenly transplanted to Piccadilly. In one of these clubs—the Somerset—a most luxurious place, we breakfasted as one only can in America or Paris; for here every meal is a study, and this was emphatically a 'square' one. Then we drove over to Cambridge, a pretty town of villas about four miles from Boston, where lived the greatest of American poets. Within a short distance of the house we saw Longfellow, walking with one of his daughters. Although I had only seen that 'good grey head' once before, and that ten years ago, I recognised him even sooner than did my companion, who, however, lost not a moment in

embracing his old friend, for Sam Ward and Longfellow have been fast friends half a century or more.

If asked to describe Longfellow's appearance, I should compare him to the ideal representations of early Christian saints and prophets. There is a kind of halo of goodness about him, a benignity in his expression which one associates with St. John at Patmos saying to his followers and brethren, 'Little children, love one another!' Longfellow's house has an historical interest attaching to it apart from its being the poet's dwelling, for it was here that Washington had his head-quarters after the battle of Bunker's Hill, and the room which tradition says was occupied by the General was curiously enough the same which Longfellow first inhabited when, a new-fledged Professor at Cambridge, he lodged here in 1837, little expecting that this house, then let to various lodgers, would one day be his. In this historic chamber, on the second story, the earliest of his poems were written, here the translations from old Spanish and German poems were made, and here his 'Outre Mer,' the first series of the poems that made his name known throughout the world of literature, was penned. The building, which is known as Craigie House, from the name of a former proprietor, once Apothecary-General of the Northern provincial army, is not unlike in character to many an old mansion about Chiswick or Richmond of the time of Queen Anne or George I.

The grounds in which it stands are said to be beautiful, but I saw nothing of them, for our visit being necessarily a very short one, made one not inclined when once in the poet's study to leave it, even were the gardens of Armida close at hand; but on entering and leaving Craigie House I noticed some fine old trees, venerable enough to have given shade to Washington and to have dropped their leaves at his feet more than a century ago.

The walls of the entrance hall are lined with wainscoting, and the staircase is of dark old oak. On the landing stands an ancient clock, that must, I should think, bring one of the best-known of Longfellow's poems into the mind of every visitor. Almost involuntarily on seeing it one repeats the lines on 'The Old Clock on the Stairs.'

The poet's study is on the right and on the ground floor; this room also rejoices in ancient wainscoted walls. Here are no modern decorations, no modern wall-papers, or new-fangled furniture; above the chimney-piece is placed one of the circular diminishing mirrors that our grandparents liked so well; this is crowned by a golden eagle with outspread pinions; but whether the bird is emblematical of America or not I cannot tell.

The poet's study table—the anvil on which so much precious ore has been hammered out—occupies the middle of the room. It is littered with books and

papers. The latest arrival I saw from Europe was the new edition of Swinburne's 'Poems and Ballads.' German and French literature are well represented, as well as English, on the well-filled shelves of the book-cases that line the walls of Longfellow's sanctum.

By the side of this table stands a statuette of an elderly man in a long frock-coat, his hands placed behind him. This is said to be the best likeness of Goethe extant. On the walls are portraits of relations and friends of the poet. Had I the power that the late Nassau Senior possessed to such an extraordinary extent of being able to remember and set down conversations, I should write a more interesting account than this one I fear is, but, not having it, I must be content with merely recording that for upwards of an hour I listened to as pleasant a conversation as I ever remember to have heard between these old friends. Mr. Ward's flow of recollections and reminiscences is amazing, and Longfellow, although no great talker, proved himself to be, what is almost rarer, a capital listener.

Longfellow spoke as if his journeyings were over, as if he should not return to the Old World; his impressions of his travels in Europe, the first of which he made more than forty years ago, are pleasant ones. There are certainly few places in Europe which could be more attractive to the poet than his home in Massachusetts. Longfellow has had the rare fortune of

being thoroughly appreciated in his own country and in other countries during his lifetime; how different probably would have been the career of Byron, of Keats, or of Shelley, had it been thus with them! It would be presumptuous for me, and out of place, to do more here than allude to the universal popularity of Longfellow's works wherever English is spoken; I believe it is not an exaggeration to say that his works are more popular than those of any other living poet. What child is there who has not heard of 'Excelsior,' or of 'Evangeline,' of 'Miles Standish,' or of 'Hiawatha'? What songs more popular than 'The Bridge,' and 'I know a maiden fair to see'? Or who, after reading the 'Psalm of Life,' or the 'Footsteps of Angels,' does not feel a little less worldly, a little less of the earth, earthy? The world, indeed, owes a deep debt of gratitude to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Bidding me note the beauty of the autumnal tints that make America in the 'fall' look as if rainbows were streaming out of the earth, Longfellow presented me with a goodly sample of the red and golden leaves of the previous autumn, which, although dry and faded, still glowed like gems; these leaves I brought away with me, and they now form a garland round the poet's portrait; a precious *souvenir* of that morning passed at Craigie House.

Many years ago Cardinal Wiseman alluded to Longfellow in words that bear repeating.

'Our hemisphere,' said the Cardinal, 'cannot claim the honour of having brought him forth, but he still belongs to us, for his works have become as household words wherever the English language is spoken. And whether we are charmed by his imagery, or soothed by his melodious versification, or elevated by the moral teachings of his pure muse, or follow with sympathetic hearts the wanderings of Evangeline, I am sure that all who hear my voice will join with me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of Longfellow.'

That evening we returned to New York, and the following day I was on board my steamer, bound Eastward Ho! over 'those three thousand miles of everlasting wet.'

CHAPTER XXIX.

1879: PARIS, ITALY, RUSSIA AND SPAIN.

In the middle of January I lost a friend and Windsor neighbour in E. M. Ward, M.A., the historical *genre* painter, whose works were highly admired some twenty years ago; and whose name will rank high among our historical painters as long, indeed, as his admirable pictures of 'Dr. Johnson in Lord Chesterfield's Ante-room,' and 'The South Sea Bubble,' both in the National Gallery, exist.

'I had seen Ward shortly before his death, when he appeared depressed and in very low spirits; but the terrible cold and darkness of this winter were quite enough to account for this on an impressionable mind.' His wife, equally known with her husband for her artistic talents, supported her great trial heroically, and even had I not known her sterling qualities before, I should have discovered them when this great sorrow overwhelmed her; a sorrow that would have crushed down to the ground a woman less gifted with courage and strength of character. Of my friend Mr. Ward I write at the time, 'his misfortune was to have been early in his career written up by the critics,

and in later life written down by them; the fact being that his style of art, which belonged, but was not equal, to Leslie's, but superior to Newton's, had lived its day, and had ceased to be the fashion among art dealers and picture buyers. When the pre-Raffaellites came into fashion the English school of historical *genre* painting received its death-blow. Ward will always hold an honourable place in English art through his paintings in the Vernon Collection; but even up to the last his hand had not lost its cunning, as the last important picture he finished, that of Voltaire at Sans Souci—for which, by the way, Robert gave him some sittings only a few days before the artist's death—proved; it is full of vigour and imagination. So is a charming but unfinished painting representing Marie Antoinette, when Dauphine, with Edmund Burke. Of this sketch Frith said that his friend had never painted anything better. This bears out what I have said of his artistic powers not having left him—but the critics and the fashion had, and this poor Ward felt with a bitterness even unto death.' This unfinished work was most kindly given me by the family of my lamented friend. During most of that terribly severe winter I was hard at work in Paris on the statuette of Lord Beaconsfield, of which I sent him a photograph while the work was incomplete, and received the following acknowledgment :—

'Downing Street, February 4.

'DEAR RONALD,—I never presume to give my opinion of self resemblance, but everybody to whom I have shown your photograph greatly admires it; they think it excellent as a work of art, and all agree that it is the first satisfactory likeness that has been produced of your friend and servant,

'BEACONSFIELD.'

And later in the year, when I sent him a cast of the statuette, he wrote thus: 'You have conferred on me a great honour. All my friends, who have seen your beautiful work pronounce it the best likeness which has yet been accomplished of your present correspondent.' A still more precious mark of approval was given me by the Queen, who graciously accepted one of these statuettes of a minister who, whatever one's views of his policy may be, was undoubtedly the soul of loyalty and devotion to his royal mistress. That gracious letter in which the Queen wrote her approval of this likeness of her great minister is more precious to me than a dukedom or the Order of the Garter.

Much snow fell that winter in Paris, and with it Macmahon and his ministry.

On January 30, Grévy became President of the Republic.

'Except,' I write at the time, 'except a greater number of "*sergents de ville*" walking two and two

in the streets, there is little indication of any excitement in Paris; but there is a very noticeable look on people's faces of what, for want of an English equivalent, one must call "*soulagement*"—and no wonder the people were tired to death by the endless crises which Macmahon, whether rightly or wrongly I do not pretend to say, has made them go through during the last two years. What the feeling regarding this change of Government is in "society" here I cannot say, as, although I went out in it but little during former visits to Paris, I have latterly entirely given up so doing, as it interferes with work in the studio—one cannot serve society and art; but I imagine the Legitimists and Bonapartists would have preferred someone more radical than Grévy, in hopes that matters would more quickly come to a crisis, and enable one of their chiefs to step in "*à la Louis Napoléon*"—to "save society!"'

'February 1 has been an interesting day, as I have passed some of it with Hugo and Doré. The former lives at 130 Avenue d'Eylau. It seems odd that a wealthy old gentleman of seventy-seven should not settle here in some house of his own; for this place he only hires. He was out when I called, but I met him as I was leaving his house; he asked me to come again in the evening. He was in great spirits about Grévy's nomination to the Presidentship; and said that he would be certain to remain at the

head of the Republic for seven years. He seemed pleased when I told him that I intended making a statuette of him.

'Doré was hard at work painting a group of English beggar children—more carefully touched than his pictures generally are. Last time I saw him he was not in a pleasant mood, at not having received any reward for his works at last year's Exhibition; but since then he has got the "Grand Cross" of the Legion of Honour; yet even with that he is not happy. He said, what I believe to be a fact, that the civil distribution of that order does an immense amount of harm and causes endless ill-feeling among the French.' But to return to Victor Hugo. I called again on the poet a few days after the visit I have mentioned, one evening, accompanied by my friend T. Gibson Bowles. 'We were shown into a small unlighted sitting-room, on the ground-floor of the little house in the Avenue d'Eylau. Voices proceeded from the adjoining room where the author of "Les Misérables" was finishing his desert. Soon from the dining-room half-a-dozen men and two or three ladies filed in; last of all Victor Hugo, followed by a maid who lighted a score or so of candles set in rather tawdry gilt sconces, others in a gaudily coloured Venetian glass chandelier. The room is a small one, hung with mirrors, with heavy carved-gilt Florentine frames; on the floor is a Persian carpet, and the chimney-piece is covered by a

gorgeously gilt embroidered scarlet velvet hanging; near which the *Maître* sat. The others formed rather a solemn circle round him. My companion, whose French is excellent, and whose *aplomb* is perfect, began and sustained, greatly to my relief, the conversation; which, as they say here, principally rolled on the Eastern question, and on the future of Europe. According to Hugo, Europe in the twentieth century will form one great Republic, like the United States, of which, of course, France will be the centre and the governing power; and Paris, of course, the capital. No more wars then will be possible; and men will wonder as they look at the obsolete instruments of destruction in the museums what these infernal machines were meant for; and marvel how it was possible that armies could have met each other for the purpose of mutual slaughter at the bidding of those exploded institutions, monarchies. The race of great captains is at an end; nor does Victor Hugo or the Almighty intend that any more great soldiers should exist. The late war was a proof of this! That was indeed but a war of machines and engineering. France is all the better for that war; a war which has enriched her and ruined the Germans. *L'argent que nous leur avons donné*, said Hugo, has only impoverished them and made us rich. The English, he thinks, will be the last of the European nations to conform to the Republican Confederation,

but sooner or later they will have to do so—"*und so weiter, und so weiter!*"—as say the Germans.

'Now and then Hugo spoke with animation and with eloquence, but his talk is always about "*Moi*" and "*les idées glorieuses de la Révolution*"—and this after an hour or so begins rather to pall.

'"*Je suis l'humble serviteur de la France,*" he said, "*parce qu'elle voit clair, et marche dans les vrais chemins de l'esprit et de la civilisation; sans cela je ne la servirai pas.*" Turkey he pronounces to be at an end as a nation—"*Le Sultan crée les Pachas et les Pachas volent le peuple.*"

'Bowles tried to put in a good word for the Turks, but on entering with some detail on his ideas regarding that people, Victor Hugo gradually fell into a peaceful slumber!

'We walked back through the Champs-Elysées; it was a glorious moonlight night, the Arch of Triumph and the Luxor Obelisk looked under it sublime; above floated fleecy clouds across the track of the radiant full moon, and Paris glittered all around.'

A visit to the famed *prestidigitateur* Desbarolles I also made that winter when in Paris. 'This wizard lives at 95 in the Boulevard St. Michel, on the fourth storey. He occupies a little pair of rooms literally covered from floor to ceiling with pictures—Italian landscapes and oil portraits. In his study he has an electric machine. Desbarolles, in 1846, accompanied

Alexandre Dumas and his son to Spain; and, as well as the great author, wrote an account of his impressions of that country. He looks at the palms of your hands, and then tells your character, tastes, and luck in the future, much as any other of the "cross my hand, my pretty gentleman" tribe. There was nothing remarkable in this part of the business; but on my showing him a portion of a letter from Lord Beaconsfield, he said at once, "*C'est l'écriture d'une personne d'un grand talent, un esprit qui travaille toujours, ambitieuse, sans crainte; ce que vous appelez en anglais* 'a go-ahead.'" Could Dizzy's character be better described? That Mons. Desbarolles had not, could not have had any idea of the individual whose bit of a letter I showed him, I cannot doubt; and when I told him whose handwriting it was, he was as surprised as myself. Among other singular things, he told me that I had lately been on a distant voyage, that I had a great attachment and a great disappointment. Also that I had been seriously ill when three-and-twenty, which was true, and that some five or four years ago I had suffered a great loss, in the death of some one who was very dear to me, which also was the fact. What I think really surprising is Desbarolles' wonderfully truthful description of Lord Beaconsfield's character, from merely seeing a few lines of his handwriting.'

In one of my daily visits to that exhaustless

treasure-house of art, the Louvre, I obtained some interesting information from one of the cocked-hatted guardians belonging to the sculpture gallery. 'He said never was such distress known in Paris as during this hard winter. Daily, between two and three thousand workpeople pass all the day in the Louvre, to escape the outer cold; all of these out of employment. Never was the city in his recollection in such a lawless state—robberies and murders being so frequent that he never ventures out at night without a revolver in his pocket. He doubts the present Government lasting more than a year; the Ministers, he says, are hand and glove with the Communards, and the Empire is certain to be restored. He was one of the officials marked by the Commune; between fifty and sixty of the other guardians of the Louvre were to have been executed, and only escaped at last by a miracle.'

Leaving Paris one moonlight night, 'we (Robert I took to show him the marvels of Italian art) reached Mâcon early next day, passing by the purple waters of the Lake of Bourget amidst soft and smiling scenery. I prefer the meadows of Holland to the Alps, unartistic although they may seem. But which country has produced the great landscape painters, Switzerland or Holland? At Turin we visited the armoury. Few rooms in the world can equal the *coup d'œil* of that splendid gallery; along the sides mounted knights in

full panoply are drawn up in a gallant row, paladins of the great Italian houses, in the armour which their living representatives wore and fought in. That, and the wonderful Chinese lacquer room in the palace, and the Vandyck of Charles I.'s children—finer than any of his portraits at Windsor—are *the* things to see at Turin, which otherwise is a place to be avoided, with its detestable glare and dust, and the gloomy covered archways along its wide and melancholy streets.

'Thence to Milan, where the cathedral looked to me more than ever like a frozen fountain; but how tawdry the painted ceiling! Renewed acquaintance with Raffaelle's "Sposalizio," in the Brera Gallery, and was interested in finding that in the grand St. Jerome, by Titian, the background is almost the same as in the burnt "Peter Martyr." The finest thing in the Ambrosian Library, in the art line, is Raffaelle's study for the fresco of the School of Athens.

'From Milan to Parma, where we lodged in a picturesque hotel, at least two centuries old, the "Croce Bianca," an odd mixture of former splendour and modern discomfort. We broke our necks craning to look up at Correggio's "Assumption of the Blessed Virgin" in the cathedral. Some of the old buildings here recalled to me the cluster of palaces round the Radcliffe Library at Oxford; but here the knowledge of their antiquity makes them far more impressive. Correggio's "Putti," in the convent-room at St. Paolo, which I

knew well from Toschi's superb engravings, rather disappointed me; but they have greatly darkened.

'Reflections at a *table d'hôte*, where many of one's countrymen are present:—How few people are worth the pain and trouble that it took to bring them into the world! Which is the ugliest sight, that German eating gravy out of his plate with a knife, or that lady who has just been using her hairpin as a toothpick?

'From Modena on to Bologna. From the sights in the latter town I should be inclined to rank it fourth in interest among Italian cities—Rome, Florence, Venice, and Bologna. It is worth the journey there alone to see Raffaelle's "St. Cecilia." No copy, print, or photograph can give the least idea of the rapt, almost ecstatic expression of the principal figure, which is perhaps somewhat thick and almost stumpy. The great Guido of "Our Lord after the Crucifixion adored by the city's saints," is magnificent, and, although I am not an admirer of the Bolognese painters, they have a grandeur and a "*bravura*" which almost defies criticism. The fault of that school was to paint too much and on too large a scale: in this gallery one is oppressed by the number of paintings of gigantic saints in gorgeous robes. It is, however, more adapted to the *culte* of the Roman Church than the earlier and purer school of Italian painters, of the divine Raffaelle and his almost as divine master, Perugino.

'Then on to Florence, where we had five days of

sight-seeing. After the Louvre, the most enjoyable galleries in the world are those of the Uffizi and Pitti. In such galleries as those Thackeray's words often recur to me:—"Some day our spirits may be permitted to walk in galleries of fancies more wondrous and beautiful than any achieved works which at present we see, and our minds to behold and delight in masterpieces which poets' and artists' minds have fathered and conceived only." At Michael Angelo's house—to me the most interesting in the world after Shakespeare's—in a little closet are still seen the artist's writing table, his sword, and the crutch-handled stick, with wide jagged ferule, that he used when old and blind. What a mind his was, what an arch genius! He and Leonardo da Vinci, the two most extraordinary creations of a marvellous age. The grave of Benvenuto Cellini we also visited. I stood long over the place in the chapel of St. Luke by the Church of the Annunciation, "where, after life's fitful fever," the great artist, it is to be hoped, "sleeps well," for in life he had little rest. The more one sees of Florence the more one feels how too short even the longest stay would be there, how inexhaustible the wonderful wealth of its artistic and historic treasures is. It is pleasant here to be wakened by the jangling of the church bells, and again in the evening to hear those pleasant chimes, like the cawing of melodious rooks, seeking their nests in the tall Campanile towers;

and at eve to watch the lights slowly stealing over the bridges and in the windows of the old houses along the Arno—while the sunset glory pales over the cypress-crowned hills studded with a hundred domes and towers. From a distance Florence is enchanting, but within the town the narrow and unsavoury streets are disappointing; and there is a gloom in the prison-like buildings that is not easy to get used to; therefore, like gifted Ouida, I should prefer some beautiful villa outside the town to any palace within. While at Rome I met with much kindness from that most justly popular of men and cardinals, Monsignor Howard, and was hospitably entertained by Sir Augustus and Lady Paget; with them I went one night to a reception of the French Ambassador's, at the Farnese Palace. The great gallery is splendid, one of the most beautiful rooms in the world—lighted *a giorno*. It was filled by a mob of well-dressed people. After having a good look at Carracci's frescoes on the ceiling, I fled from the heat and the crowd.

'Poor Spencer Cowper was lying ill at an hotel opposite the one I was in. I saw him, and felt that he was not long for this world, though he was still full of it and of its doings. Rome, or rather Naples, has killed him; both are places that one holds one's life in one's hand to remain long in; both resemble beautiful corpses, outwardly yet lovely, but internally full of death, decomposition, and decay.

'Thanks to Lady Paget I was able to see Raffaelle's last great work, the frescoes on the walls and ceilings of the Farnesina Palace Villa—the story of Psyche—the loveliest legend of Paganism. The owner of the Villa, a Spanish duke, has shut the public out of his place since the new Government Works on the banks of Tiber have been undertaken. Among other artistic visits I called on old Penry Williams, the painter of Roman peasants; and met Augustus Hare after a large dinner at the English Embassy mostly composed of rather undressed ladies, much painted. Among other visits I made was one to the Colonna Palace, to Mrs. Lock—whom I found in a room hung with Breughels and water-colour views of Rome in the last century. Mrs. Lock's granddaughter, the Duchessa Marino Colonna, had just been confined, so I had not the pleasure of seeing that delightful lady.

'From England news reaches me that Sibill Grosvenor has had a son—an heir to the kingdom of Belgravia.

'Leaving Rome on March 28, proceeded to Naples, the most over-rated place in Christendom. A dirty, unhealthy town, with a ruffianly population of filthy beggars, insolent cabmen, and dissolute upper crust. The people of Naples are loathsome, their habits disgusting. How true to-day is what old De Brosse wrote of this people a century and a half ago! They are, he says, "*la plus abominable canaille, la plus*

dégoûtante vermine qui ait jamais rampé sur la surface de la terre."

'After Vesuvius, Pompeii, and the Museum have been seen, there is absolutely nothing to look at here. I was told that, however much one disliked Naples itself, the neighbourhood was delightful, enchanting, ravishing; so I tried the neighbourhood, going to Sorrento where the weather was cold and damp. Here a fine effect was produced by a storm, which, after it had cleared, left the north side of Vesuvius clothed in a wide cloak of snow. The sun set in glory; on the west lay masses of golden and pink clouds, in long banks and ridges; the eastern sky changed from grey into deep blue, these colours reflected in varying shades in the waters of the bay. Next to this sunset the prettiest thing at Sorrento was a concert of peasant boys and girls, given in the hotel; one of the latter was really beautiful, with a profile like a cameo; and two of the boys might have sat for angels to Raffaelle. We visited Capri, and its blue grotto. Surely Capri must have been a very different place when Tiberius lived there. On the whole, I did not find the wonderful charm in the neighbourhood of Naples that I was led to expect. It is intolerable, when once a place gets overpraised, how visitor after visitor apes the others, and echoes parrot-like inane cries of admiration. The coast of Devonshire is infinitely more beautiful than anything near the

Bay of Naples; and how can there be any comparison between that sea, with its filthy shore, which no tide ever laves, and the glorious bright green of the Atlantic? One might as well prefer a lazzaroni to a Devonshire sailor.

'Naples was looking like some monstrous sore, with the sun blazing over its white and yellow houses, when we returned from Sorrento before setting out homewards on April 8.

'The cruelty of these filthy Neapolitans to their beasts of burden is horrible, and makes one almost wish that this hotbed of dirt, disease, and superstition might be overwhelmed by another and more complete destruction than even that which the gods sent Pompeii and Herculaneum.'

A last glimpse of Florence from the Boboli Gardens the night before leaving the City of Flowers. 'I had crossed the Ponte Vecchio—the night a bright moonlight one. Finding the gates of the Boboli Gardens open, I passed through them. Never shall I forget the effect of the moonlight on those solemn old gardens of the Medicean Palace. Ascending the hill on which stands the Observatory, and entering it, I gazed down on the old city, flooded by the moonlight. So bright was this that even the rich warm tones of the cathedral dome seemed as distinct as in the daylight.' I may have appeared unjust to the beauty of Italy, but my deep admiration of Florence

on that night should make amends. I believe no scene on earth, either in the historic or picturesque sense can exceed or equal this of Florence, as seen as I saw it that night; recalling, as it must, the career of those great citizens who founded that fair city—the 'City of Flowers'—the undying name of Giotto, and of Dante, of Bruneleschi and of Michael Angelo. Two days after this I was again in Paris.

During that May in London I took the opportunity, when Lord Beaconsfield attended one of the meetings of trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, to urge him to sit for his portrait to Millais. He said he would like much to do so, but feared that he could not find time to sit. 'It would be,' as I wrote to Millais, 'quite a national misfortune' did he miss the opportunity of painting Lord Beaconsfield; but it was not until several letters had been written on the subject that this consummation was arrived at; unfortunately too late for more than a graphic sketch to be taken of that remarkable face, before the fatal attack laid Lord Beaconsfield low in the early spring of 1881. Still, unfinished as it is, the portrait is by far the best that was ever done of him. Angeli's is terribly and painfully like, as far as the mere mask goes, but Millais, as he generally does, has shown the man's mind and character behind the outer flesh-mask. But to return to May 1879—writing of Millais' portrait of Mr. Gladstone:—'It is a truly majestic work,

one of, if not the finest portrait Millais has as yet produced. The face is irreproachable, the expression life-like, the eyes are alive with mind and genius.' Writing to me of this portrait, the painter says :—'I am happy to think his (Gladstone's) own family like the picture, and that I am the humble means of giving to posterity some of the characteristics of so great a man.'

'*May* 12.—When will my nephews and nieces cease to marry and to be given in marriage? I was loth to leave Windsor this bright May morning. Spring seemed everywhere and in everything, as I walked with Drayson under the young leaves of the old elms in the Long Walk; but I had to go up to London for one of these ever-returning ceremonies. This time it was Frances Campbell's turn, who has taken to husband a tall, dark, good-looking youth, named Eustace Balfour. They were wed at a Presbyterian Church near Campden Hill. Dean Stanley performed a portion of the rites, which consisted of a mercifully condensed form of the Scottish marriage ceremony. Bride and groom are great contrasts as to colour and height. We adjourned for tea and cake, like good charity-school children, to Argyll Lodge. Gladstones, Salisburys, and others there!—an odd jumble of different politicians. Little Freddy Gower, and many other children, with cartloads of infantine Campbells of the second generation, gambolled about the garden lawn. On May 16 attended a meeting at Grosvenor House

in aid of the Deaf and Dumb—Prince Leopold president. The Prince read an address—both address and its delivery excellent. Ill-natured people now say, since the Prince has had some success with these addresses, that they are not completely his own. This is just like the world, which never allows any merit to the comparatively young and unassuming. My conviction is that his speeches and addresses are by the Prince, and by him alone. Argyll told me he was struck by their likeness to those of the Prince Consort.' George Augustus Sala and Palgrave Simpson were my guests that year at Windsor. Literature and the drama could not have been better represented. 'I drove Sala over to Cliveden, which he thought even finer than Richmond, with which sentiment I agree.'

We little then thought how soon my dearest sister Constance Westminster was to leave us. 'What shows most the progress of time,' I wrote at Cliveden, 'are the numerous grandchildren now here. Two little Butlers—the eldest girl Lawrence would have loved to have painted—she is not unlike the child in his portrait of my mother; and two little Grosvenor girls. "Lord Belgrave" is yet too young to be brought out here, and remains in London.' Going over Hertford House to choose (thanks to Sir Richard Wallace) some of the pictures to get photographed for the publication then commencing—'The great Historic

Galleries of England'—I found in the visitors' book the following characteristic entry: 'Lord Beaconsfield in the palace of genius, talent, and art.'

During the early summer I paid short visits to Oxford and Cambridge: at the former to see Julian Story, second son of the American Roman sculptor, author, and poet; and to the latter with J. Oswald. 'It is a dozen years since I was last here (Cambridge), in 1866, I think, when I rather abruptly left Trinity degreeless in order to go into Parliament. What happy times those I passed here were, happier than any other away from home. Looking back to that "golden prime" seems even now to make me as young again as when here at college a dozen years ago.' On June 9 I met the poet Swinburne for the first time, at the house of his friend Mr. Theodore Watts, near Putney. 'Swinburne's talk after luncheon was wonderful; among a host of things worth remembering, he told us of a strange encounter that his grandfather (who only died in 1860 when nearly a hundred) had made about 1789, while travelling in France. Meeting a French gentleman in difficulties in a forest, his carriage having broken down, the Englishman invited the Frenchman to continue his journey with him—an offer which was accepted. The latter, who had been swearing terribly at his postillion, turned out to be a most fascinating fellow-traveller, and never had Swinburne's grandfather heard anyone talk so well as

did this Frenchman, who turned out to be no other than the great Marquis de Mirabeau. To hear Swinburne tell this was worth the pilgrimage to Putney. What, far beyond the wonderful flow of words of the poet, struck me, was his real diffidence and modesty; while fully aware of the divine gifts within him, he is as simple and unaffected as a child. He spoke with high regard of G. A. Sala's talent as a writer.' A few days after this meeting I was back again in Paris. 'Never do I remember the stately gardens of Le Nôtre, a favourite haunt of mine, in greater beauty than in this warm month of June. It is a delight merely to stroll beneath the great horse-chestnut trees and under the *charmilles* of clipped limes; by the old orange trees in their gigantic green-coloured boxes, and by the marble statues and stately Louis XIV. vases. The whole aglow with flowers and colour.' The Salon in the Champs-Elysées was at this time crowded with people as well as with paintings and sculpture, and lighted at night with electric light. One evening I went there with Lady M. C. 'She was much looked at by the crowd; no wonder, for a more beautiful creature does not exist in Paris, and would make effect anywhere. Last time I left Paris she came to see me off at the station, bringing a large box full of lovely flowers; she looked a very Flora.'

'*June* 19.—Walking along the quays this evening

on my way to the studio, the view of the great city from near the Pont des Arts was a thing to make a note of. There is surely no finer aspect than this in any other capital. The vast length of the Louvre, the long line of palace after palace, broken only by the poplars growing on the river's edge; the succession of spacious bridges, the distant Elysian fields crowned in the far distance by the Arch of Triumph; and beneath, the flowing river, all purple and silver. On the left the picturesque dome-crowned pavilion of Mazarin's hotel, the fronts of the ancient houses on the Quai Voltaire, under which so many revolutions have passed—all alive these quays with carriages and people; the lights twinkling gem-like below the bridges from out the steamers darting beneath; the booksellers along the river way closing and packing their wares; every doorway with its group of people sitting out in the open air to enjoy the cool of the evening after the heat of a Paris day in June; all make up a scene that no other city in the world can match.

'Hamlet is now on his pedestal: I think it successful, and has thought, melancholy, calm, and character about it; not too mad, but the look of one half distraught by pity, sorrow, and the knowledge that a terrible destiny, that of the avenger, is his.'

'*June* 30, *Friday*.—A very sad piece of news reached Paris this (Friday) afternoon. The Prince Imperial is slain—killed on the 1st of this month;

surprised and slaughtered by a band of Zulus. I only heard this late in the evening, on leaving the studio. The boulevards were thronged. Many of the evening papers already bordered with black. There is more feeling visible in people's faces than I have seen in Paris since the 4th of September, 1870, but of a very different kind. At the newspaper kiosque, near the Grand Café, the person who keeps it told me all the people who had passed by or bought papers were speaking of the Prince's death; there was not one, except a little beast of a *gavroche*, who had not seemed deeply affected by the news. Many women and even some men wept; and I saw many faces that still bore marks of tears. But in a few days this last sensational news will be forgotten, and make way for some other; and the only popular requiem of the poor Prince in Paris will have been this crowd on the boulevards and the black-edged papers sold as special editions about the crowded streets to-night. One's heart is sad for the poor lone Empress at Chislehurst under this "sorrow's crown of sorrow." Her reverses of fortune are really extraordinary, and her cup of sorrow seems to be destined to be drained to the lowest dregs. Since Marie Antoinette no crowned head has had misfortunes approaching hers. At a restaurant, where I often dine, near the studio on the Boulevard Montparnasse, the proprietor was indignant, and with cause, at the Prince having been killed while the other

officers escaped. "*On meurt*," he said, with an oath (*à la Cambronne*), "*mais on ne se sauve pas*." This must be the general feeling here among all classes of men.' 'There can be little doubt,' I write a day or two later, 'had one of our princes been in his place, he would not have been permitted to take part in such an expedition as that in which the Prince was killed. He would have been kept under the eye of Lord Chelmsford, or at any rate not been permitted to adventure his life in such a harum-scarum adventure. It is more than a dozen, perhaps a score, of years since I visited the tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides. I was there to-day. What a striking monument it is, and how full of the vain pomp and glory of earthly ambition! All the magnificence of the "Grand Monarque" has been employed to add glory to the last home of the greatest enemy of the Bourbons (except those of their own family). The double L's, with the kingly fleur-de-lys crown above, surround the Great Parvenu's tomb. That splendid block of porphyry has now but one solitary faded wreath near it to mark where the brainless skull of Napoleon Bonaparte resolves itself into dust. "Imperial Cæsar dead, and turned to clay"—how poor the hard-bought honours of this vain world are! What has the conqueror of Europe left fifty years after his death? A name, indeed, but not even now a party; and yet more tears have been shed over the death of

the poor little Prince who died so bravely fronting the foe on the first of this month at Natal, than have been wept over the grave of the hero of Arcola and the victor of Austerlitz.' At the end of that month I left Paris for St. Petersburg, my object being to see the gallery of paintings in the Winter Palace and to find if any letters of Marie Antoinette's existed in the Public or Imperial Libraries of that capital. 'At Minden Station I had the good fortune to meet Lord Dufferin, and continued the journey with him to Berlin, and then on to Russia. At Berlin we lodged at the new and gorgeous Kaiserhof Hotel, immortalized by Dizzy having stayed in it during the Congress two years ago. We finished the evenings at Kroll's Gardens, the Cremorne of Berlin. Dufferin is as easily pleased and as "unblasé" with such things as he ever was and not at all changed or spoilt by having been a Governor-General, and a present Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. His is certainly a delightful nature; no wonder he is so popular and universally liked wherever he goes, whether it be Syria, Canada, or Russia.

'We left Berlin on the night of the 30th of June, and reached Petersburg on the evening of the 2nd of July. What a situation for the capital of a vast empire; placed in a semi-swamp, semi-desert! Lord D.'s attachés met him at the station—Grosvenor (who had headed an expedition into China a year or two

ago), Plunkett, and W. Compton. During the next five days I saw Petersburg thoroughly; the first day I took a little bearded man at the hotel—who professed to be the English courier, but whose English and French were so Russian that one could only guess what he was talking about—and with him in a drochsky jolted over the horrid pavement of this barrack-like city in that most uncomfortable of all carriages. To the English Embassy first, a hideous rhubarb-coloured house, unfinished within; then to the Director of the Imperial Library, M. Delanoff, for whom I had a letter from Count Schouvaloff; on from there to the Military Governor and Prefect of Police, General Zouroff, whose staircase was lined with soldiers and the waiting-room full of men and women, and met with a cordial reception from the General. I was unwilling to remain longer than civility required, on account of the poor folk waiting to see the General, any of whom may have been spies, but also, perhaps, claimants for mercy in these hard times of Nihilism and of terror. General Zouroff is a handsome, tall man, somewhat like the Emperor of Austria; he never stirs out without a guard of Cossacks. Then on to General Greig's, Minister of Finance, a bright, cheery man of fifty, who received me most cordially; he is a devoted friend of Schouvaloff's; he speaks English perfectly, his grand or great-grandfather was Scotch—a distinguished admiral in the reign of the great Catherine.

'The collection of paintings in the Hermitage, part of the immense Winter Palace, is amazing, both as to quality and splendid arrangement; there, like Dominie Sampson, one can only exclaim "Prodigious!" and again "Prodigious!" Alack! that all the Houghton Gallery should have left England for the banks of the Neva. As to lighting, arrangement, and placing of these paintings, this gallery of the Hermitage has but one rival in the world, that of the Louvre.

'The chief glory of this collection of paintings, which to an art-lover amply repays the journey to Petersburg, are the Rembrandts. No gallery, even in Holland, can approach the Hermitage in this respect, either in number or quality of that master's works.

'Regarding letters to be found here from Marie Antoinette, my visit to Petersburg was not a success, for there is but one in the Imperial Library; but at the Hermitage I found enough to see in the way of art that would take a good month's study. The director of this gallery, Baron Koene, was courtesy itself.'

Altogether my visit to Petersburg was full of interest. 'One day I met at breakfast at the English Embassy the French Ambassador, General Chanzy, who looks what he is, every inch a soldier; and one evening I dined with Lord Dufferin at the Italian Ambassador's, M. de Nigra, and met General von

Schweinitz, the German Ambassador, as distinguished a soldier as is the representative of France.'

'*Sunday, July* 6.—The great bells of St Isaac's Church were booming and pealing with fine effect as I went there to see what was to be seen of the service at ten this morning. The effect of the dark church within, lighted here and there by hundreds of tapers placed before the gorgeously gilt and gemmed images, has a theatrical but telling effect. A crowd of the poorer class of peasants filled the large building; all appeared profoundly devout—many of the women and some of the men kneeling on the pavement and touching it with their bowed foreheads.

'That evening by rail to Oranienbaum, near Cronstadt, when, after leaving the train, drove by the Menschikoff Palace to General Greig's villa, which had been given by the great Catherine to his grandsire in consideration of that ancestor having burnt or blown up the whole Turkish fleet! Next day Baron de Koene introduced me to the head director of the Hermitage, M. Alexandre Wassiltchikoff, a superb giant, with the manners of the *ancien régime*. It was the late Emperor's birthday, and the Czar was expected to breakfast in the Hermitage after paying his devotions at his father's tomb in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul. That night I left Petersburg for Moscow; at the station I made the acquaintance of a gentleman whose name will reappear in these pages—

the Prince René di Santa Severina; his stepfather, Count Catacazy, was the well-known Russian Minister at Washington when Grant was President. Thanks to the Prince my time at Moscow was made most agreeable; but had I not had so amiable an interpreter there I should have found much difficulty in that jumble of dirt and palaces, where no English and little French is spoken. Between Petersburg and Moscow the buffets at the stations are sights in themselves—waiters in attendance in evening dress and white gloves; excellent refreshments; shops and chapels all meet in these refreshment-rooms, where you can eat, buy, and pray at the same time and in the same place!

'*Moscow, July* 8.—About ten this morning, after an uneventful journey of fourteen hours, we came in sight of the spires and towers of this city, which is wretchedly paved—and resembles more a huge squalid village than a capital. That strangest of European palaces, the Kremlin, is a vast mound of palaces and churches. I am reminded here both of Tokio and of Canton.

'Sight-seeing all day with my Italian acquaintance. We have been to the Slavinski Bazaar, the Kremlin, and other places, of which an interesting account will be found in the guide-books. In the Kremlin the show of silver plate in the great groined hall would make the Goldsmiths and the Fishmongers Companies' collections to pale their infinitely poorer display of old silver pots and pans, pewters and loving

cups. I recognised some *repoussé* work of our Charles the Second's time—plate probably brought here by my maternal ancestor, Lord Carlisle, when on his embassy to the Czar of Muscovy about the Archangel difficulty. Among the imperial jewels and regalias is much barbarous rubbish, but in its way the show of jewellery at the Kremlin exceeds anything I have seen in extravagant profusion.

'A drive of an hour brings you to the top of the Sparrow Hill, over an execrable road, from whence Moscow is seen lying at your feet. It was from here that Napoleon and his cohorts, so soon to perish miserably, glutted their eyes on the gilded domes of Moscow. Baleful mirage of the Russian steppes—fatal phantasmagoria raised by wicked lust of conquest and hope of spoil. What a sight the burning city must have been two weeks after that host had paused on this hill! As we saw it with the setting sun reflected from a hundred golden steeples, the place seemed to be again in flames. In the yet unfinished Cathedral of St. Saviour we found one of the most distinguished of Russian painters at work on a fresco. This was Verrisaki, who looks like Gustave Doré Calmuckified. The dome of this gorgeous church is painted by Muncasky.

'The Governor-General, Prince Dolgorouki, was also visited. One day we had a lively breakfast with his aide-de-camp, General Velitchkovyky, at an excellent

restaurant, that of the "Hermitage," and wherever we went and whomever we saw, we met with the greatest civility and kindness.

'On my return to Petersburg, I visited Tsarskoe-Sélo. There I saw the Czar's private librarian, who told me that no letters existed in the Imperial Library from Marie Antoinette, so that I had to content myself with having copied the unique one at the library at Petersburg. The little château in the park, containing a superb collection of armour, deserves a visit, but little else. The park is a mere wilderness of birch trees and firs. The palace is a long straggling building in the worst *rococo* style; but I cannot say what the interior of it is like, for, the Czar being there, no one was admitted. The only pleasant drive at Petersburg is to the "islands," where the smart people of the capital go in the evening; in fact, it is the Hyde Park of Petersburg. I have a pleasant recollection of those islands, as I was taken there by Lord Dufferin one beautiful evening. One is reminded both of Kew and of Twickenham, in the pretty villas lining the banks of the Neva. The view at the end of the drive, over the Gulf of Finland, all ablaze with the setting sun, was certainly a thing of beauty.

'Ere we returned to the capital, the Grand Duke Constantine, a handsome middle-aged man, in general's uniform, dashed by in his drochsky. The poor peasants, as he passed them, bowed low, some actually

crossing themselves, as if the Deity had driven by them in cloud and whirlwind; a military salute from the white-gloved hand was the only response to this *quasi* adoration. Poor peasants! poor princes!

'On July 15, I returned to Berlin with Santa Severina. We beguiled the tedium of the route by playing the only card game of which I am guilty, "Beggar my Neighbour"; our stakes were cigarettes or cups of tea at the different stations. On the 19th I arrived at Dresden. Altogether its gallery of pictures disappointed me, always excepting that most inspired of all paintings, Raffaelle's "Madonna di San Sisto," a vision transferred to canvas. Before it one is silent with thoughts too deep for words.

'On Sunday I went to the Hofkirche, the Roman Catholic chapel attached to the palace, a poor imitation of the chapel at Versailles. Peals of thunder and flashes of lightning contrasted with the great organ and the lights on the high altar. A shameful thing that the descendants of the protectors of Luther should, for such a paltry bauble as the Crown of Poland, have changed their faith for that of Rome.

'By all means, at Dresden, do not omit to visit the Castle Museum. Never did one see such a collection of mediæval curiosities as are there placed in those narrow and lofty galleries—arms, trappings, portraits, rare old furniture, &c., besides splendid examples of the artistic designs of the last three centuries of

German art—"Kunst." It is a dream realised; a perfectly preserved storehouse of royal heirlooms, handed down for generations. Such a collection as one might imagine the old halls of Heidelberg once contained. Talking of Heidelberg, the old courtyard at the palace at Dresden recalls that old ruin. How such treasures escaped the ravages and wars of the last three centuries, and the rapacious French, is a marvel. Probably Augustus of Poland's apostacy had something to do with this. When next in Paris I made the acquaintance of a *très grande dame*—Madame la Princesse d'Henin—(I like writing that old name, so full of memories of the last century, of Voltaire, of Diderot, and of D'Alembert). From her I received a precious relic, a fan that had belonged to Marie Antoinette when dauphiness.'

Whilst at Windsor during the month of August, I wrote a little book on the 'Figure Painters of Holland'; *à propos* of this little work I write, 'However bad one's work is, it has one advantage to oneself, and that is obliging the reading of much on the subject on which one is engaged; it is always a matter of astonishment to me to find how little one knows even of those subjects that most interest one.' One night that August at Windsor a storm broke over it that deserves a line. 'It was the night of the 2nd, about midnight, a terrific thunder and lightning performance commenced in the heavens; the lightning literally turned night

into day, darkness into light. Delighting in such sights I went down to the raft at Goodman's. As one passed through the streets, the castle seemed literally ablaze with electric light; now every stone distinct, and instantly the whole again in total darkness. The thunder crashed and tore itself into shivers overhead in a deafening and ear-splitting way, as when a heavy salute is fired from a man-of-war. It was almost as exciting a scene as if one had found oneself in the midst of some great artillery combat, and the deserted town made it yet more striking. Surely Herne the Hunter must have been abroad in the old forest that night.' Some friends came to me that summer in my little lodge, Augustus Hare and Alfred Haggar among others. The former I took to see Cliveden, and introduced him to the cleverly restored prison chamber in the Norman tower of the Castle, and to the lady who had shown such rare taste and skill in its restoration. 'Augustus was worthy both the chamber and its *châtelaine*. He is always agreeable, and has enough individuality never to be tedious, and of how very few people can one say as much! Others too appear. "Bill" Farrer, from Zululand, where he saw no fighting, but, what is far better, Billy Russell, and something too of the poor Prince Imperial, and was within an ace of accompanying him on the fatal reconnaissance; nor must I omit a visit from Lady Ponsonby, who with her daughter brought Mrs. Craven to see

my little house. They took nearly two hours to do so; it had never struck me before as having so many things in it to look at. When one is with such intelligent persons, as Lady Ponsonby and the authoress of *Le Récit d'une Sœur* are, it is a real pleasure to show what is of mutual interest.'

At the beginning of October, accompanied by an American friend, F. Blackinton, I made a tour in Spain. 'We went by Bordeaux and Biarritz—where I met the Goschens—Irun, and passed the first night in the Peninsula at Burgos, in a filthy inn, which made my companion's French servant, old Joseph, exclaim in comic horror, "*Est-il possible qu'on peut trouver de telles bouges, et si près de la France!*" The scenery from Irun was grand and wild, lit by a full moon; weird and fantastic hills seemed transformed into castles; and the first impression of Don Quichote's country was not one of disappointment. Of Burgos Cathedral I agree with Théophile Gautier, that it profoundly discourages one for all modern buildings—a grand, vast, and magnificent structure. But of it and of the superb royal tombs at the Cartuga de Miraflores do not the guide-books and Augustus Hare in his "Wanderings in Spain," bear ample testimony? Thence on to Madrid through the night. Waking at dawn on Sunday, October 5, the town of Avila was seen all aglow in a bright sunlight, its ancient yellow walls and towers cut out sharp against the bare rocky hills. Like most

Spanish towns Avila is far more beautiful from a distance than when seen near. Later one skirts the gloomy Escurial, looking like some glorified hospital perched on the brow of a rocky hillside; a melancholy desert stretches around on every side. Besides the Picture Gallery and the Royal Armoury there is but little to see at Madrid.

'If I had the unfortunate alternative of being obliged to live either at Madrid or Petersburg, I should choose the latter; but both are hateful. From my balcony I see all the life of Madrid passing to and fro below on the Puente del Sol, which Sala has likened to a glorified Seven Dials. The Picture Gallery is badly lighted and badly arranged, and contains, among some gems of painting, much rubbish. Velasquez, however, can only be appreciated here. The Murillos are here disappointing, his finest work in Madrid is in the Museo de San Fernando, the "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," formerly in the Church of Caridad at Seville. Nothing on earth would induce me to be a spectator at one of those brutal exhibitions called a bull-fight, not caring to see horses tortured, mangled, disembowelled and killed, preferring them in many instances to my fellow-creatures. But my companion went to one of these bloody sights, and after seeing some score of unfortunate horses killed, returned, I am glad to say, half sick and entirely disgusted with the favourite sport of Spain.

'One day was devoted to the Escurial. Although not disappointed with that place, I cannot say that it comes up to my expectations. It is not as gloomy and as mournful as I had expected. The royal vault is neither as gorgeous as the Chapel of the Medici at Florence, nor as impressive as the imperial vault at Vienna. The cathedral-like chapel above that vault is like a bit of St. Paul's combined with the great hall at Castle Howard. The most interesting feature in the palace to me is the room in which lived and died that wretched bigot, Philip II. The finest art work there are two kneeling bronze figures of that monarch and Charles V., on either side of the high altar. The library is a noble apartment, worthy of Fontainebleau or of the Vatican. The desolation of this palace has been much exaggerated; and I think the views of the grand hills at the back of the palace, and of the valley before it, although wild and rugged, not unpleasing. One might become very fond of those handsome arcades, and of the long terrace garden walks, cut in well-trimmed boxwood patterns. The beautiful little toy palace, the Trianon of the Escurial, near the station, made by Charles IV., should be visited. It is a pity that it is now allowed to fall into decay.

'We passed a day at that extremely picturesque and worst paved town in Spain, Toledo. Except the Desert of the Sahara, no place surely can match the desolation of the country between Madrid and Toledo.

It is not only a howling, but a shrieking wilderness of stones, sand, and shingle. The view of the old city, with its quaint old towers, Moorish and machicolated walls above the rushing Tagus, which, for a wonder in a Spanish river, has much water in it, although as yellow as Tiber or Arno, is worth a long day's journey to see; and so is the drive in the old breakdown of an omnibus, drawn by five mules, over the double-gated bridge—the "bridge of bridges" the Toledians proudly call it—past the fine old Moorish Tower of the Sun, up through streets so narrow that there is barely room for the lumbering old machine to pass along, jolting over a pavement which, had the machine springs, would send them flying on all sides, till you are landed in the courtyard of the only "posada" in the place, that of the "Lino." One felt grateful at not being obliged to remain the night at such an inn. How that place reeked of every foul smell that ever tainted Christian nostrils; garlic and rancid oil, decayed vegetables, high meat, and worse! But, fortunately, in a few hours a good general impression of Toledo can be obtained. The cathedral is even more ornate and gorgeous than that of Burgos; it is overcharged with splendid tombs and ornament. Very striking are the old banners hanging from its roof, that floated o'er the blood-stained waters of Lepanto. It is a cathedral of romance, and more like a dream of poet's and painter's fancy than a cold reality of stone and marble. What,

next to the cathedral, has left the brightest impress on my mind, are the half-ruined cloisters of the Church of "San Juan de los Reyes;" these gave me more delight than anything I have looked on since I left my old elms in the Long Walk at Windsor!

'Before leaving Madrid we revisited the Royal Armoury. The King's Guard was parading in front of it and of the palace which the museum faces; and from its windows, in which are stored all that was gorgeous and gay in ancient warfare, all the remains of the glories of Spain when it could truly and proudly proclaim itself *Ne plus ultra* between the pillars of Hercules, we looked down into the palace yard on the poor and tame pageantry of this fallen and decayed nation; a band playing underneath the palace windows, and a flame-coloured flag hanging tamely from the palace roof. "Woe to the land that is governed by a boy!" said the wisest of kings, but double woe to the land under the thraldom of priests. In leaving Madrid my only regret was to bid farewell to the undying works of Velasquez.

'We next visited the place Velasquez so much admired and often painted—Aranjuez; in these gardens, probably more Court scandal has been gossiped than in any other. In a modest cottage-like house next the inn, the Empress Eugénie passed some years of her youth. Like most palaces, the two at Aranjuez are commonplace and tawdry, but in the gardens the

fountains that Velasquez painted and the old English elms brought here by Philip II. are full of interest. I was reminded of the gardens of Trentham, at Aranjuez; but here, instead of horses or donkeys, camels assist the gardener; this imparts an Oriental aspect to the scene. Leaving Aranjuez by night train, we traversed on the following day the province of La Mancha, a wild waste of country, not unlike the Rocky Mountains; but Andalusia is even more desolate and savage than the far west of North America. At every turn, one expected to behold the Knight of the Rueful Countenance mounted on Rosinante, followed by his faithful squire.

'Cordova was our next halt. I was delighted with the courtyard of the cathedral, a veritable orangery, among which fountains plash and graceful palms wave their branches. Cordova is a maze of narrow, tortuous streets, the houses white, as if built of chalk. For a wonder we found ourselves in a clean and decent hotel—the "Hôtel Suisse"—with a marble "patio" (courtyard) and staircase. The lion of the place is the cathedral, with its thousand marble pillars. What histories could not those columns tell had they voices! They look like a fossilised forest. Here, the Pagan Christians have worked terrible havoc; but enough remains of the Moorish mosque to make this cathedral of the thousand pillars, with the horseshoe-shaped arches, the most interesting fragment of the Moors—

the Alhambra alone excepted—in Spain. I confess, to my shame, that I could not get the Brighton Aquarium out of my head while in the Cordova Cathedral!'

'As far as Spanish paintings are concerned,' I write, after two days passed in Seville, 'I can now sing the *Nunc dimittis*, having seen all that Madrid and Seville have to show. Seville Cathedral merits its great repute. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than those relics of the Moors, the Alcazar, and the House called of Pontius Pilate. In the museum, a former convent, are half a dozen Murillos of unsurpassed excellence; but I was disappointed with the Church of the Caridad, where the few remaining Murillos, not looted by Soult, are placed so high that one cannot judge their worth.

'Seville delights me much: its picturesque streets, picturesque without being dirty—so often the unpleasant companion of the former; its handsome people, its fine old houses, and, above all, the massive structure of its cathedral surrounded with grand old Moorish walls, and crowned by that splendid tower of the Giralda; the intense blue of the sky, with great white clouds like those Bonington loved to paint, and the crisp pure air around, are altogether beautiful and delicious. Seville and Venice cannot disappoint; but Rome and Naples always will. The streets and markets, and especially the tobacco manufactory, are full

of subjects for the painter. What an admirable pendant, were any painter of these days able to execute it, would not that crowd of bright-eyed, brightly-clad women and children in the factory make to Velasquez's "Tapestry Workers"! Here in Seville one realises how true to Spain and Spanish habits John Phillips' pictures are; it is as if one of those had become a living reality as one walks through the streets of Seville. The cathedral is deeply impressive, and in that respect recalls Westminster, though the more I see of foreign cathedrals the greater is my conviction that our old Abbey is, of all Christian churches, the most impressive—to an Englishman at all events. How fine in these Spanish cathedrals are the lower row of organ pipes jutting out flush from the organ case; they seem, as it were, to foreshadow the awakening trumps of the Resurrection morn.'

We had made the acquaintance of two agreeable young Frenchmen at Madrid, Messrs. De Treville and Gosselin, who persuaded us to visit Gibraltar with them. After only four days at Seville we continued our journey.

A great sunset rejoiced our eyes as we passed Lerez; the western sky a wild sea of saffron and pomegranate-coloured clouds; the foreground a dark brown landscape, with stone pines standing out dark against that glowing background. At Cadiz we embarked on board a Spanish steamer, where we slept the

night, and steamed away for Gibraltar by dawn on the following day. Cadiz, like all ports, looked far better from the sea than from the land. The long line of white houses contrasting with the great brown mass of the cathedral in the midst, glistened in the bright morning sun; a great sweep of blue sky above and of sea beneath. One thought of Essex's fine bit of buccaneering here, when he so effectually singed the King of Spain's whiskers, some three hundred years ago.

As we passed by Cape Trafalgar, Nelson and Villeneuve, and the hot strife and thunder of the greatest of modern sea fights, came across one's 'historical conscience.' More remarkable is the scene of a great naval action than of a land massacre; here the great deep, like eternity, swallows for ever all traces of suffering and the misery practised by man on his fellow creatures; here no plough but that of the ship's keel can ever disturb the scene of strife. At Trafalgar one can but look from the ship's deck at the long yellow headland which echoed four-and-seventy years ago that furious cannonade in which the fleets of three nations met in fire and slaughter. When that day closed and that mighty diapason ceased over the darkening waters, a fresh chapter had commenced in the history of Europe. We arrived off Gibraltar too late that evening to land on the rock, which looks from the sea like some great lion couchant; and we had to pass the night at the miserable little town of

Algeziras, in a lodging house, of which the less said the better.

At dawn the next day, October 18, landed at eight at Gibraltar. At Gibraltar I found a friend in the Rifle Brigade, Victor Ward, about to return on leave; at his mess I also met an Eton chum, Monty Curzon. With Ward and Mountcharles visited the Lower Galleries and the other sights of the rock. To my mind the most notable sight there is to see the 93rd Highlanders (Sutherland) marching through the narrow Spanish streets playing their bagpipes with might and main, and making the old Moorish citadel and the rocks above ring again to the sound of the old wild Scottish airs that take one back to far other scenes. The English have here, of course, since the place belonged to them, made it hideous as far as buildings can do so. Hard by the old gate, once Moorish, then Spanish, and bearing the blazon of Charles V., is a row of vilely ugly houses ; however, Gibraltar is not a place that can be spoilt by a few ugly buildings. It is a spot that, apart from its beauty, every Englishman should visit. We ought all to be proud of the way we took the rock, and of the way in which we kept it, when, under brave old Heathfield, all the might of France and Spain for three long years in vain sought to wrest it from us. I hope to God we never shall give it up, or let it slide away from us—taken it never can be.

The view from Europa Point is the finest seascape

imaginable. Returning to Cadiz we saw a great celebration in its cathedral, the finest we have yet seen in this most idolatrous land, at which even Russia pales in the worship of saints and adoration of images. It was the day of the patron saints of the city, when their effigies, in wax or painted wood all bedizened and betinselled, are worshipped by the people; these images are carried round processionally within the cathedral, followed by a fat mitred bishop and a troop of priests and acolytes. Palanquins glittering with gold and scarlet, clouds of incense, a splendid orchestra—for here a band was playing as well as the organ—made up a very theatrical but not an impressive show. But, gracious heavens! what a terrible farce this Spanish Roman Catholicism is! Will no new Luther arise to tear the painted mask from these abominations, and show the grinning ghastly hollowness of the skeleton behind, which these people, ignorant as the beasts that perish, fall down and worship? How truly Cardinal Newman once wrote about this Roman Church when he said that she is 'crafty, obstinate, wilful, malicious, cruel, unnatural as madmen are—or rather she may be said to resemble a demoniac—possessed with principles, thoughts, and tendencies not her own.' But I believe the Latin races always were and always will be idolatrous, the vulgar at least, even when the educated, as in France and Italy, turn sceptics. We returned for a few days

to Seville, where we had not yet seen the famous '*Sacristia major*' in the cathedral. The best things in it are the two superb life-size figures of St. Leandro and Isodora by Murillo; and the 'Descent from the Cross' by Campaña, which Murillo so greatly admired, and which, although hard in colour and angular in drawing, is a powerful work. The group of holy women at the foot of the cross has much of the manner of Michael Angelo, of whom Campaña is supposed to have been a pupil. The sacristy itself is a gorgeous temple of carved stone, but the reliquaries, the delight of touts and tourists, are tinselly gewgawy rubbish. Before leaving Murillo's city I visited, with reverence, the house in which he died, in the old Jewish quarter. It is approached by streets so narrow that two stout people could not pass each other abreast, or rather astomach. The little room in which tradition has it that the painter worked contains a 'Christ crowned with Thorns,' one of the finest works of the master. At Seville we were joined by Hans Hamilton, a well read, well informed, and most amusing Hibernian. We had arrived at Seville in pouring rain and we left it coming down in torrents. There is nothing more melancholy than such a place as Seville in such weather; the water spouts down on you from all the roofs and numberless gargoyles, and it even, like the Egyptian plague of frogs, 'penetrates into our chambers!' Pots and baths had to be

employed to catch the flood ; and this in a house which had only newly been reroofed and refurbished. On the 28th we left for Granada, which we reached the same night and established ourselves under the walls of the Alhambra at the Hotel of the 'Sueste Suelos,' a poor caravansery, but the only possible one to stay at near the Alhambra. The first day or two were wet, but even under rain the Alhambra is a dream of beauty ; the most exquisitely picturesque building in the world. About the loveliest of a hundred beautiful impressions of this place that I shall retain is the view of the Alhambra from the highest terrace in the gardens of the Generaliffe, where the grand old grey-stemmed poplars with their fountain-like foliage of green and golden leaves with fountains and little rivers running among the flowers, look down on the red Moorish towers of the Alhambra. The royal chapel in the cathedral with the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the narrow vault below, 'a small place for so much greatness'—as Charles V. said of it —containing the coffins of his grandparents, is unequalled in interest, artistic or historic, by any spot in Spain. But the sight of all sights here is the Alhambra by moonlight. We had been listening one evening to the gipsies playing their wild plaintive music when, being a night of brilliant moonshine, Hamilton and I visited that enchanting spot. Nothing that Washington Irving, Théophile Gautier, or Augustus Hare

have written regarding the magic beauty of this place can give an idea of the beauty of the Alhambra on such a night. The charm and glamour of those silent courts and halls when seen under moonlight beggars all description. The town faintly glimmers below, lit by what seems to be a swarm of fireflies, and from the upper windows the glorious Sierra Nevada, more like a bank of white peaked clouds than palpable mountains, is unspeakably glorious and bewitching. The ochre tints of the elaborately decorated walls, and the different colours of the tiled roofs and domes of the palace, are as vivid almost by this light as in the daytime. But two more glimpses of that wonderful place and I have finished.

November 1.—A splendid service in the Cathedral. A bishop officiating in all the pomp of mitre and crozier, and enthroned. The singing good, priests chanting above in the organ loft, and choristers, accompanied by violins, in the choir. In the Chapel Royal another service was taking place; there the priests wore superb and ancient vestments, stoles, and chasubles, and heralds wearing tabards bearing the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, made one feel as if the fifteenth century had suddenly returned! I re-read Lockhart's 'Spanish Ballads' in the Court of the Oranges in the Alhambra, and climbed the rugged hills behind the Generaliffe Gardens, whence surely one of the most beautiful views on earth that eyes can

behold lies before one. Would only that a river like the Rhine or the Necker flowed beneath the red walls of the Alhambra! The lights, and the azure shadows from the great clouds sailing in the deep blue sky, were wonderfully distinct; and Tennyson's song in the 'Princess' is constantly on my lips when near the Alhambra :—

> The splendour falls on castle walls,
> And snowy summits old in story.

The poplars in the Generaliffe Gardens looked like golden fountains playing against those castle walls, which once seen can never be forgotten.

We went on to Valencia, passing through a country half gardens, half orange orchards; stopping one night at Valencia, where is little to be seen, and the next day by more fertile plains and by many an old castle ruin perched on the crest of rugged hills. The grand old hill fortress of Seguntium is not unlike Stirling Castle. After a long day's journey we reached Tarragona, and on the following Barcelona.

How pleasant again to get butter, and eatable dishes not bathed in oil! Barcelona has many things to recommend it besides butter. The chief thoroughfare, the Rambla, is a bright street beginning at the port and pointing towards the distant purple hills of Catalonia. It is always full of life and movement and bright holiday-looking folk passing beneath its fine plane-trees that form an avenue up the long street. Here,

too, are streets full of gay shops; a small but handsome cathedral with stalls that remind one of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, in which the coats of arms of the Knights of the Golden Fleece are blazoned. Here our party dispersed; my friends Pariswards, while I, after climbing the fortress-crowned hill of Mon Juich—so nimbly taken by Peterborough—left Spain on the 12th November by sea for Marseilles, where I met the Westminsters on their way to their winter quarters at Cannes, and with them I passed a few days at the villa Isola Bella. On the 20th I was back in Paris, at work on my Falstaff for the Shakespeare monument. At the end of that month, at Windsor, I received visits on the same day from Princess Louise and Lord Dufferin. 'Both delightful, as they always are, and both genuinely artistic. Lord Dufferin gave a comical account of his working at a "life" school of students the other day in Paris in the Passage des Panoramas. My collection of books on the French Revolution interested him. The Princess has brought back from Canada some clever water-colour sketches.'

In December I made the friendship of Canon Pearson, whose acquaintance I had long desired; his sermons I had always enjoyed. 'He is a man with devoted friends, and he deserves them. I now felt happy to think myself one of these. Although not High Church, he is so large and liberal minded that one cannot wish him different even in that respect.

He lives in a pleasant old nook in the Cloisters of St. George's, but his real home is at Sonning, near Reading. Hugh Pearson is one of those rare men whom to know is not only to like and admire but to love.' About this time the present writing was in hand. I say in my journal of this collection of old shreds and patches: 'At times I feel the whole thing will be a wretched failure; and at others I cannot help believing that it will be read with interest.' One day during December Oscar Wilde brought with him a young Oxford friend of his, Rennell Rodd, 'full of artistic desires, which, however, he has not had an opportunity to develop under the cold shade of Jowett. My dear old Transatlantic friend, Uncle Sam, also appeared one day on the Windsor scene; he is as perfect as ever, as full of pleasantry and stories as formerly, and, as he always is, overflowing with human kindness. He talked enthusiastically of Gladstone, whom he had met at Dalmeney during the great Midlothian campaign.' That Christmas was passed with my sister Caroline Leinster at Carton, near Dublin. Among other guests were Lord Houghton and two daughters; 'he is always entertaining and full of anecdote. Sir Bernard Burke, a mine of heraldic knowledge, is also full of curious information.' A hundred years ago a lady staying at Carton gives some details of the manner of life there, which are singularly like those of the present day.

'The house,' she writes, 'is crowded; we breakfast between two and eleven. We have an immense table —chocolate, hot bread, cold bread, brown bread, white bread, &c. We dine at half-past four' (eight nowadays, for the two o'clock luncheon was not then invented). 'Courses upon courses, which take up two hours!' And after that I imagine his Grace of Leinster and the other gentlemen sat over their claret till they were hardly able to join the ladies in the drawing-room; but although they drank more than is done now, I think the couple of meals a day was better than our triple performances. We danced every night; to see Lord Houghton in Sir Roger de Coverley, with all his golden railway medals dancing before him, was a treat. By January 1, 1880, I was back in my little red-tiled house at Windsor. 'Certainly,' I write on leaving Carton, 'few people are blessed with such a good and kind sister as my Irish one is. God bless her!'

CHAPTER XXX.

1880: TAINE—SARAH BERNHARDT—LORD BEACONSFIELD.

I WAS again at work in my studio at Paris early in January. In the middle of that month Mons. Taine took his seat among the forty immortals. 'Hoping to get a ticket for the ceremony I called on him; he was cordial as usual, and his conversation full of interest. Speaking of Shakespeare, he said he (Taine) had made a special study of the works of the early engravers of the Flemish School; that he was convinced Shakespeare had been inspired by some of the works and their allegorical figures; he cited as an instance the line in Hamlet: "Like Niobe—all tears," as occurring in one of these engravings, in which the "mobled queen" appears as in a masque, covered with teardrops. He hopes to be able to get me a ticket for the reception at the Academy, although the great "Blowitz of the 'Times'" himself has not been able to procure one. Taine has aged in looks since I saw him last, his hair turning grey.' The reception took place on January 15. 'It is five or six years since I was last in the Institute for a similar ceremony, when Jules Simon took his seat

among the "immortals." What changes have occurred here since then, and how much older many of these immortals look to-day—Jules Simon especially mortal. To me there is nothing more interesting in this town or county than what I have witnessed for the second time to-day. The building itself, although unworthy of its fame, much modernised within and decorated in deplorable taste, is full of recollections of the great men of French literature. Fénelon's, Bossuet's, Descartes', and Sully's statues are in that chamber highly appropriate; as are also the remnants of antique ceremonial, the gilt-chained *huissiers* with steel swords, the Academicians, some in coats embroidered with green bay-leaves, the mounted guard at the gates, the military salute as the forty enter the building.

'The most striking heads there to-day were those of the Duc d'Aumale, Alexandre Dumas, and Renan. Victor Hugo was not in his place. The hall was densely packed, not room for an extra rat. Taine's address was excellent; he spoke well and pointedly, but he had a difficult task in order to know what to say regarding that rather insignificant author, with a great name, Mons. de Loménie, his predecessor. The most eloquent passage of the address, I thought, was about Madame Recamier, and what he said of her might have applied to my mother: "*Quand on l'avait vue une fois, on voudrait la revoir toujours.*"'

News reached me from Cannes of poor Roden's death at Mentone on January 11. 'In one thing,' I wrote, 'he is to be envied, in not having survived his mother. This last blow will crush her; she has been in bad health for a long time. Few have had such sorrows as Lady Jocelyn. In half a dozen years or so she has watched all her children die; she is now left in this sad world with hardly a living creature to care for.' A few weeks after, her sorrows came to an end at Cannes.

'Would not the following passage from a letter from my good old nurse at Trentham have pleased Dickens, whose delightful letters I am now reading? "May every blessing attend you through life, and I think there is no fear of Heaven after!" The "no fear of Heaven" is what the French would call a "pearl."' At this time my 'Prince Hal' was getting on apace. 'Mr. Scharf has sent me a sketch of the Prince's dress, but it is too voluminous, and I shall clothe him in as tight a fitting garb as possible.'

'Passing by the Palais de Justice one morning I was struck by the Venetian-like effect of a posse of judges ascending the outer steps of that building in their scarlet robes, wearing flat black caps. As I stood in the crowd before that splendid black and gold gate, crowned by the Bourbon lilies, watching these magnates, I pictured the scene that occurred here in September 1793, when the "widow Capet"

appeared from out the prison door on the right of these steps. A vision of a woman robed from head to foot in white, grey-haired, her face worn with untold sorrows, her hands bound behind, but still the most queenlike of women, as she walks to the cart drawn by that sorry grey steed, and passes away through the almost pitying crowd to die on the Place of the Revolution!'

'The Duc de Grammont is dead, and Jules Favre is dying at Versailles, unregretted by all the world. The cold is intense. One night there was a sudden thaw, followed by a still more sudden frost; the streets became all coated with ice, horses came to a standstill, and people could only get along by drawing flannel shoes over their boots; the Rue de Rivoli was full of carriages, from which the horses had been led away; the streets were as silent as their stones. One afternoon I visited the Senate Chamber in the Luxembourg. Chesnelong was speaking—a handsome bald-headed old man, with great "gift of the gab." The discussion was on the Ferry Education Bill. Ferry followed Chesnelong in the tribune; he looks like a cross between a café writer and a retired greengrocer, and speaks as unattractively as his appearance would lead one to expect.'

At the end of February I paid a short visit to Cambridge, being invited to attend the twenty-fifth

anniversary dinner of the A.D.C. Club. The Prince of Wales took the chair. 'I made this pilgrimage to Cambridge having been much attached in my "salad days" to this club, also from wishing to see some of my old college friends again. The dinner, a success, in the town hall. Hervey, a college friend (now Rector of Sandringham), said grace with extreme unction. The speeches short and to the point. H.R.H. did his part, as he always does on such occasions, admirably. The speech of the evening was made by Burnand; it bristled with puns and sparkled with wit. Later all adjourned to the A.D.C. rooms, in Jesus Lane. The performances were "Ticklish Times," and "The First Night." The acting decidedly inferior to what it was in our day—*Laudator temporis acti!* Gery Callum, as "Miss Arabella Fitzjames," looked and acted admirably; and Belard, as the old French father, was extremely good, more like a professional actor than any of the others. Lord Houghton appeared to me to think the smoking in the house *de trop*; he looked picturesque and dignified, seated on a sofa, a skull cap on his head, and the glittering row of golden railway passes on his breast. His son "Bobby" Milnes, who sat by me, a very pleasing youth; so is also another "Bobby"—Spencer—perhaps rather inclined to be self-conscious. How old some of the men with whom I had been at Cambridge had grown to look; I remarked this to be the case especially among my married contemporaries.

Others appeared not a year older, although it is fifteen since we were here together; but these were single men. Next morning I passed an instructive hour at the Fitzwilliam Museum with Professor Colvin, another contemporary, and my cousin George Howard. To the Lyceum that night to see Irving in Shylock. When I last saw the "Merchant of Venice" Charles Kean was Shylock, and he certainly made more impression than did Irving to-night on me; but that was twenty years ago at least, and, Oh, ye gods! Mrs. Kean was Portia! To-night Ellen Terry was Portia, and she is perfection.'

Early in March I went for a few days to Trentham. My visit there was saddened at finding my poor old nurse dying, but at a good old age. 'It is entertaining to see the new generation here,' I write at Trentham; 'Florence Chaplin with two children, the eldest a fine boy of two, with a Cavendish look about him, the other a dear little girl. Lily Tarbat with her picturesque little daughter, aged two, with an old-world look about her; a child that looks like one of Sir Joshua's pictures. "Bobby" Spencer is here; he is a good Liberal, which, among the gilded youth of the present day, is as rare as a dull American or a witty Scot.'

At the end of that month I passed a few days at Cannes with the Westminsters, where I made the acquaintance of the Duchesse de Luynes, artistic to her pretty finger tips, and not only remarkable for

talent, but for heroic behaviour under great trials. Her husband was killed during the war of 1870. 'At Mentone I called on my father's old friend Count Pahlen. He is in his ninetieth year, his memory as good as ever. He told me of his having seen Napoleon in 1809, at Fontainebleau—how he hated that man!—and how pleased he is with Madame de Remusat's "Memoirs," which he is now reading. He said the Emperor made believe to take snuff out of his waistcoat pocket only because that had been the habit of Frederick II.; and other curious traits of that character. What a detestable climate this of the Riviera is! how much I prefer the fogs and damps of Windsor to this sham summer, where you are scorched one minute in the sun and cut in two the next by the biting wind; and the dust is abominable.'

By the end of the month I was back in Paris. '*Easter Sunday.*—To Notre Dame. A splendid full choral service. From the middle gallery that runs round above the east end of the cathedral the view looking down the church was impressive. A hazy light streamed athwart the building from the clerestory windows, the nave filled by a dense congregation; the organ pealed along the storied aisles. Without mounting to this coign of vantage no idea of the proportions of Notre Dame can be formed. Notre Dame deserves to rank among the first half-dozen of the great cathedrals of Europe.'

The end of that month saw a strange transformation scene in English politics. The Liberals victorious all along the line of boroughs, counties, and towns. 'Little as such things interest me, one cannot help sharing somewhat in the general excitement; but the difficulties and dangers for the Liberal party are only now commencing. Labouchere has conquered and Borthwick been defeated. One can imagine the jeremiads of the "Post," and the gnashing of *râteliers* in London society. *Io triumphe!*'

My sister passed through Paris on leaving Cannes for England in the middle of April. She and the Duchesse de Luynes paid my studio a visit in the Boulevard Montparnasse. With the former I returned for a short time to England, to return to Paris again early in May. There I made the acquaintance of two artists, both in the highest walks of their respective arts, both hailing from the Low Countries. One of these was that wonder of the age, Sarah Bernhardt; the other Leopold Flameng, the recognised head of that revived school of art—etching. Armed with an introduction from Her Dramatic Majesty's *chargé d'affaires* in London, Mr. Brandon, I called on the great actress, who received her *cher confrère*, as she deigned to call me, in her beautiful house in the Rue Fortuny with extreme cordiality. 'That house is a marvel of artistic arrangement, as well as its mistress. The half-sitting-room half-studio is quite a sight—full of precious

stuffs, tropical plants, pictures, statues, hangings and tapestries. At eight one morning she went with me to see my yet unfinished statue of Lady Macbeth. We visited also the Salon, where the crowd collected around her almost as much as the well-dressed mob does when royalty or a professional beauty appears in one of our exhibitions. Sarah was plainly attired; the only decoration she wore besides her flame-coloured hair was a large bunch of her favourite *giroflé*. "I wish," she said, "when I am dead, that my body be burnt, and my ashes scattered under a wall covered by '*giroflés*'!" But I suggested that the coffin which is said to accompany Sarah on her peregrinations would then be useless. However, I was glad to know that those in favour of that much-to-be-desired form of burial had so remarkable a personage on their side. It is impossible not to like Sarah, she is quite unaffected, entirely unartificial, and, what is a very rare thing among artists, likes to see the best side of painters and their pictures. After the Salon we visited her master's studio—the well-known Belgian painter, Stevens—in the Rue des Martyrs, where Sarah showed me an unfinished painting of flowers she is engaged on. We were by this time pretty well famished, even Sarah requires food, and the pleasantest part of that day was when, before a well-spread table, with Sarah seated at the head of it in a Gothic high-backed chair, where she looked like a living page out of some romance, we

did justice to her cook's excellent viands, and to Sarah's remarkable cellar.'

My other artist friend, Leopold Flameng, is only remarkable in one branch of art, unlike Sarah the Universal; but, as I have already said, he is in that branch—and what a difficult one!—supreme. I passed many a pleasant hour with him and his talented son François in Paris, and also paid them a visit at their pretty villa at Les Tournelles, near Mantes. 'They occupy a flat in a house in the Boulevard Montparnasse, which formed a portion of Turenne's hotel. I was introduced to the Flamengs by my friend Mr. Thibaudeau. It is not many years since Flameng came to Paris, quite a poor man. He is now the leader of that very richly remunerated school of French artists, the *Artistes graveurs à l'eau-forte.* To give an idea of the sums he now obtains, it is sufficient to say that he receives for etching Frith's "Road to Ruin" (that feeble imitation of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress") for six plates, three thousand pounds. François, a bright, handsome young fellow of twenty-two, made a great hit in last year's Salon with a huge painting, "The Last Repast of the Girondins." He has a great career before him. Flameng, who is a friend of Gambetta's, told me the following respecting the great Léon. While etching at the Hague, Gambetta appeared and held forth on Art. He considered, he said, the great human Trinity of Genius to consist of Shakespeare,

Rembrandt and Beethoven. "Perhaps," he added, "I ought to include Victor Hugo; but, being a good Catholic, I prefer," said Gambetta, "to keep to the Trinity." One cannot in mentioning the Flamengs leave out Madame, who is one of the kindest and most hospitable of women. Her devotion and pride for her husband and son does one good to see.'

In order not to keep my readers constantly skipping from London to Paris, and back again to Windsor, I will here add the few matters I think of sufficient interest which occurred to me while in Paris during the remainder of that year, including my taking part in 'an affair of honour.' But before leaving the artists, I will allude to one who is more widely known out of his country than any, next to Doré—Meissonier. 'I called on him relating to the publication of the photographs of some of his pictures at Hertford House in my "Great Historic Galleries." He lives in a splendid house near Sarah Bernhardt, the building of which has, it is said, crippled his finances. Within, the house is like a portion of the castles of Blois or Amboise transported to the most modern and artistic quarter of Paris. Meissonier is more like a gnome than anyone I ever set eyes on. But genius sparkles in his wonderfully brilliant eyes. He considers "1807," now at New York, his *chef d'œuvre*, and resents its being out of Europe. Talking about this painting (which represents Napoleon reviewing his cavalry) he

pointed out to me some interesting details in it. For instance, the Emperor's dress is copied from the identical uniform, most of which belongs to Meissonier. He showed me, too, a large number of highly-finished sketches done for that picture. Meissonier's talent and fame are great; but these are far exceeded by his vanity, which is excessive, and makes the little great man almost ridiculous. His ambition is to be considered a great soldier. I think his greatest regret is that he does not resemble the first Napoleon in appearance.'

The 'affair of honour' in which I took a part came about in this wise. One day in June, having just returned to Paris, I met Santa Severina, who asked me to be one of his seconds in a duel that he was to fight next day in Belgium, with a writer in a paper called the '*Gil Blas*.' It would have been churlish to have refused my friend this request, although I have a hearty contempt for the ordeal by the *duello*. 'Accordingly, that evening we were on our way to the frontier; we, being Santa Severina, his other second, M. de Chaboulon (a young Frenchman, half-gilded-youth, half-soldier), and myself. The enemy's party consisted of the other principal, M. Tavernier, who wrote the article which had raised my friend's ire, and his seconds, the two Nadards, *père et fils*. The former a well-known and highly-esteemed aëronaut and photographer, also an author, and, as I found

later, a most delightful person of the purest Gallic type. I have left out the doctor. This was an eccentric old Italian, goggle-eyed, and of generally decayed appearance, named Maffei, *ex-docteur de S. M. l'Empereur.* We dined in the train excellently well on a cold collation provided by our host and principal. Changing trains at Lille, we reached our destination, Tourcoing, about midnight. Here we passed the night, at the "Hôtel du Cygne," facing an ugly Hôtel de Ville. The wide streets of the town were as silent as the dead; not a mouse stirred as we found our way to the inn, and "bitterly thought of the morrow." We were astir betimes next day. Santa Severina and I drove out of Tourcoing together at eight o'clock. The rest of our party followed, but by a different route, so as to avoid suspicion of a hostile encounter; for the most dangerous part of the adventure was the risk we incurred of being arrested by the gendarmerie, once in Belgium: a circumstance which would have entailed a change of scene and a fresh duel, fought in France, with the chance of fresh arrests, and imprisonment of principal and seconds. After driving for about an hour we reached the frontier, and were soon in Belgium out of danger of the French gendarmes, but now in danger of the Belgian authorities. Halting the carriage, we scrambled out over a rough bit of road to a secluded meadow, where a level sward had been chosen as the site for the en-

counter ; and here we passed a long half hour, waiting for the rest of the party, who persisted in not appearing. To wait is always a nuisance, but under the circumstances it was almost intolerable. With my wonted tact I pointed out to Santa Severina a sawdust pit, which might be of service in case of wounds, and even for burial, should both or either of the combatants fall in the coming encounter. At length the sound of carriage wheels is heard, and in a few minutes the duellists are standing in their shirt sleeves, with their rapiers pointed at each other's bodies. Although I do not think French duelling nearly as dangerous to life and limb as an ordinary day's covert shooting in England, accidents of course will occur; and in order not to keep my readers any longer in anxiety as to the result of this encounter, I will at once say that my friend the Prince, after a very plucky combat, in which both he and his antagonist showed nerve and admirable self-command, got a slight wound on the wrist of the right arm, which, although he was anxious to continue the fight, was declared (greatly to my satisfaction and that of MM. Nadard, *père et fils*) by the doctor to make the continuation of the duel out of the question. The following is the "*procès verbal*" that appeared in the next day's papers, which we drew up at a café near the station on our return to Paris that evening :—

"Une rencontre à l'épée a eu lieu ce matin, 6 Juin, entre le Prince de Santa Severina et M. Fronsac, sur

la frontière belge. Deux premiers engagements sont restés sans résultat. Au troisième, le prince a été atteint à l'avant du bras droit. Sur la demande du Prince de Santa Severina, et avec l'acquiescement du médecin et des témoins, le combat a été repris. Après deux nouveaux engagements, le médecin, constatant que l'engourdissement du bras blessé augmentait et rendait d'instant en instant le combat inégal, a déclaré à deux reprises la nécessité d'arrêter. Les témoins, reconnaissant de part et d'autre la loyauté des combattants, ont déclaré l'affaire terminée." Then follow the names of principals and seconds.

'Our return journey from Tourcoing to Paris was made under the most friendly and sociable circumstances—the two gentlemen who had so lately crossed swords and thirsted for each other's blood were now on the best of terms, the doctor was full of anecdote and raciness, and I found in M. Nadard senior a most agreeable man, full of humour, and of vast and varied experience of things relating to the earth, and also to the heavens.'

Owing to the anxious state of my sister's health in London, I did not leave Paris that summer for a night, but I saw two of the finest country houses in France —one of the old *régime*, the other of the day before yesterday, but both deserving a short account.

Dampierre is the former, that I visited by the kind demand of its owner, the Duchesse de Luynes, whom

I had met early in the year at Cannes. 'Dampierre is a splendid specimen of the French château of the early part of Louis XIV.'s reign, and is not far from Versailles. The station is Leverrières, just beyond St. Cyr. There I found a carriage waiting, and after half-an-hour's drive reached Dampierre. You enter through a stately courtyard—the stables on one side, the library above, an arcade on the other. At the other side of the house is one of those splendid gardens that owe their existence to Mansard. Dampierre is kept up with all the care of one of our great country houses. The chief charms of the place are the quantity of formal "*pièces d'eaux*," that recall those at Hampton Court. The library is worthy of that of a college, full of interesting works; and among other curiosities are some books printed here by a Duchesse de Luynes at the close of the last century—among others, her own translation of "Robinson Crusoe" that she made for her children, and hundreds of curious autograph letters from and to the De Luynes: some from Catherine de Medicis Henry IV., Louis XIV., and Anne of Austria. One of the *Grand Monarque's* daughters by the left hand married a Duc de Chevreuse, and brought many of these royal letters to Dampierre. The ever-charming Duchesse, who received me in a room all panelled white and gold, of the best Louis XV. style of decoration, well studded with portraits of the De Luynes and Chevreuses, I found in anxiety about

the health of her little daughter, Mdlle. d'Albert; but she insisted on doing the honours of the place. After breakfast, at which the few guests then at Dampierre, Comte and Comtesse de Dampierre and their daughter, appeared, she drove us in the park, in a carriage drawn by five little Corsican ponies, that galloped at a tearing pace up the hills and through the woods which surround the château. The late Duke's father, a distinguished antiquarian, had decorated, in a lavish style, a great hall on the first floor of the house in the Græco-Pompeian style—not in keeping with the place by any means. Here is the large fresco of the "Golden Age," painted by Ingres, who passed months at Dampierre working on it. Unfortunately, he left it unfinished. In front of it is placed a colossal statue of Minerva, of ivory, gold, and gems, supposed to be similar to the one by [1] Phidias in the Parthenon. I much prefer, to this expensive toy, the fine marble statue by Cavalier, of the sleeping "Penelope," at the foot of the great staircase. Here, too, is a life-size statue of Louis XIII. in his youth by Rude, all of silver. In the room containing this statue that most uninteresting of monarchs passed a night; it has been turned into a kind of Legitimist shrine, the walls all hung with purple velvet hangings, powdered with golden *fleurs de lys*, and the ceiling gorgeously carved with the arms of France and Navarre in the centre.'

[1] Cost 10,000*l.* to make, it is said, and is worth, intrinsically, 4,000*l.*

The other expedition to another great French country house, Ferrières, the most gorgeous building of this century in France, erected by Baron James de Rothschild, and now the property of his son, Baron Alphonse, I made with Cyril Flower and his sister, Mrs. Brand. 'Never did three people make such a mess of a very simple outing as we did. We met early at the station, the Gare de l'Est, and after passing a number of stations, the pangs of hunger began to make me wonder how it was that the station for Ferrières had not been reached; but confiding in my male companion's knowledge of the line—he having often made the journey—it was not until suddenly a horrible dread had seized all three of us, that we might have passed the station, that we found we had been so unfortunate. There was now nothing for it but to get out at a miserable little place called Ozier, where no conveyance was to be had, and no inn at which to breakfast, and no train back till the afternoon. However, the society was pleasant, and at a butcher's house we got something to eat, and we passed the intervening hours as philosophically as we could. In an old church we watched a picturesque old *curé* catechising the village children, and at length we got to our destination. Ferrières is like Mentmore, only as big again, and internally more gorgeous than that too gaudy place. Everything that can be imagined in the way of splendid furniture and stuffs and decorations

reigns within. The great hall is a fine room, but rather overcrowded with magnificence; the saloons are superb, and even the bedrooms are full of paintings and of treasures. In the luxurious smoking-room Jules Favre's tearful interview took place with Bismarck. I was shown the gardens, offices, and even the kitchen, which is connected by an underground passage with the house; the dinner traverses a part of the grounds in a kind of tramway. The Rothschilds most kindly invited me to remain the night, but I had to return to Paris; having seen, however, tolerably well, one of the most splendid and luxurious of human habitations, and certainly the most gorgeous in France.'

That summer I had the satisfaction of seeing the Kesselstadt 'mask' supposed to be the one taken from Shakespeare's face after death, which was brought by Dr. Becker, when with the Grand Duke of Hesse, to Windsor Castle. There is no satisfactory history regarding it, only conjecture, but it bears the most striking resemblance to what one hopes and wishes the poet to have looked like in life and in death. I never saw, not even in the cast of Napoleon's face after death, a finer featured or a more beautiful face, so serenely grand and so divinely calm, with a saddened but satisfied look on it! I induced Dr. Becker to allow this mask to be photographed by the Van der Weyde electric light in London, and I met him at

the charming home of Mr. W. Flower, at Stratford-on-Avon, when we were able to compare and measure the cast with the bust of Shakespeare over his grave; they tallied in a very remarkable manner. Stratford owes its public garden and the conception and most of the funds of the Memorial Theatre to Mr. Flower, who has formerly served the town as mayor on more than one occasion.

It was early in July that the serious state of my sister Constance Westminster's health first alarmed us, but a great ball took place at Grosvenor House on the ninth, at which she was too ill to be present, but which she would not permit to be postponed for fear of disappointing those invited. 'The ball was a magnificent affair,' I write of it the following day, 'but one missed the principal figure that would have made it perfect; and as I said to Maria of Ailesbury when she said, "Well, dear, here's all the world," "Yes—but without the best woman of the world."' It was the last of those beautiful entertainments that no one knew how to arrange so well as they did at Grosvenor House, where all were welcomed with the same unfailing kindness, whether they were princes or toilers in art or on the stage. Rapidly my dearest sister's health grew worse, and although we never gave up hope even to the last, the dark shadow was closing over that once happy home, and the terrible irreparable blow that fell on us in December was steadily

approaching. What the feeling was about her amongst all who had even only seen her lovely genial face, those that loved her best will not forget, nor the warm sympathy that the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales showed her. Of the Queen's visit to Grosvenor House on July 13 I wrote at the time :—

'Her Majesty drove to Grosvenor House after being present at the garden party this afternoon at Marlborough House. It was seven when the Queen drove into the courtyard of Grosvenor House. Princess Beatrice came also, but only the Queen and Lilah Ormonde went upstairs to my sister's room. Nothing could equal the Queen's most touching and affecting kindness—her dear eyes full of tears and her look full of infinite compassion. Constance met her outside the sitting-room, where I left them alone together. How gladly would one lay down one's life for such a Queen and friend.'

But before I come nearer to the close of that precious life, whose loss has taken the charm and sunshine from one's own, I will add a few more old shreds of memory out of this year, with which I shall close this patchwork of an autobiography.

'The Prince of Wales called constantly at Grosvenor House to inquire after my sister's health. One day he said to me, "Your sister is my oldest friend; I have known her for five-and-twenty years." He asked to have daily accounts sent him when out of town. A

kinder-hearted man does not live.' Our dear sufferer's courage and cheerfulness under the trying illness were wonderful; she keenly appreciated all the sympathy that all classes felt for her. Once she said to me, 'It is indeed something to be cared so much for and liked before one's death.' I lost a kind old friend that summer in Lady Cowper, who died in July. With her, another link of the past was broken. Dining one night at Holland House, 'I found rather a large party. Lord Beaconsfield in his star and blue ribbon. He took in to dinner Lady Chesterfield, and sat between her and our hostess; and Lady Bradford, with whom it is always a pleasure to talk, fell to my lot. We dined in the great dining-room, formerly the entrance-hall, by far the most picturesque dining-room in or near London, except the Long Gallery at Knowle. The table was a marvel of beauty—brilliant with lights and flowers and Dresden china figures. Lady Bradford's affection for, and admiration of, Constance is to me in itself a great attraction, besides her charm and cleverness; would there were more like her in this crowded London society! Mr. Morier, the Minister, was there; we had a pleasant chat over our cigarettes and coffee on the terrace before leaving that most delightful old house.

'Another of my Scotch nieces has been married—Elizabeth Campbell to young Clough-Taylor. Dean Stanley officiated at this wedding in the newly-restored

parish church of Kensington.' Shortly after I dined in Downing Street, on July 27. 'Dined with the Gladstones at 10 Downing Street. A much better house within than one would imagine from its ugly outside appearance. The reception rooms are delightful—of the time of George I.—with handsome decorated ceilings and massive chimney-pieces. The windows look out on the Horse Guards Parade. The Archbishop of Canterbury and half-a-dozen others dined. I had the good fortune to sit next the Premier, who is as full of interesting talk and jest as ever. He is much pleased just now with an old house near Barnet, which has been taken for the summer by the Aberdeens and where the Gladstones pass the Sundays of the season. It is said to have been built by Charles II. for Nell Gwynne.

'On August 10 I met the Gladstones at the Deanery at Windsor, where he had gone to rest after his late serious illness. We went to afternoon service at St. George's, where Mr. Gladstone occupied one of the stalls near which only a few days before I had seen the newest of the Knights of the Garter take his place.[1] A couple of days later I had the honour of receiving the Premier and Mrs. Gladstone in my little house. His visit, as I told him, made that little erection of red brick and tile historic. Mr. Gladstone overflowed with amiability; he liked my little Gainsborough land-

[1] Lord Beaconsfield.

scape, and said many kind things about the "Old Guard" in the front of the house.'

On August 14 my sister left London for Cliveden, where she passed the last autumn of her life, and where she remained till her last journey to Bournemouth in October. The removal to Cliveden was safely accomplished, and in that lovely place she passed some happy days, surrounded by her children and her children's children; but the state of her health only allowed of a few friends to see her. Among these were Lord Dufferin, who called at Cliveden on his return from Russia at the end of September. 'He is as delightful as ever; he gave an amusing account of his voyage by steamer from Russia to Leith—the steamer, a beautiful little craft; and he had to sleep on a shelf in a little hole of a cabin full of old cheeses. In the middle of the night he was pitched off this shelf, picked up by the fat wife of the steward, who was full of compassion, and who "kissed the place to make it well." At Berlin, during the late military manœuvres, he had been introduced to Moltke, on shaking whose hand he had said to the Field-Marshal that he had shaken hands with the great Duke of Wellington, and that he had now the equal honour of doing so with the greatest of living warriors! Such short speeches and well-turned compliments are worth volumes of despatches both to our country and to its representative. My sister also received a visit from

the Prince and Princess of Wales, who seemed astonished at finding her so little altered in looks after so many months of suffering and discomfort.

'"How like your mother she looks," said the Princess; and, indeed, with the hair brushed back, her beautiful clear chiselled face had a striking resemblance to that of our mother. But the weakness of the heart was on the increase—the kindest heart that ever beat—and although at times we were still hopeful, and little anticipated that the end was so near, one trembled for her from day to day. She loved to sit during the fine autumn days in the private garden near the wing, under the shade of an old cedar tree, her parrot near her chair, and the grandchildren always about her, rolling like "tumbled fruit in grass."'

From Cliveden I paid two visits to Lord Beaconsfield at Hughenden during that autumn, one for a couple of nights, the last only passing the day there, returning to Cliveden in the evening. Of these visits I find in my diary the following:—

'*September* 9.—At Hughenden for the second time. My first visit took place some eight years ago. There is little alteration within the house, and its owner does not look much older than when I paid my first visit here with William Harcourt. There are a few more portraits on the staircase and in the drawing-room. Over the fireplace of the dining-room is a very fanciful portrait of Lady Beaconsfield—after a miniа-

ture of about the year '30; and hanging on the opposite wall a half-length copy of Angeli's portrait of the Queen—presented to Lord Beaconsfield by Her Majesty, and a standing proof of the utter want of vanity of our beloved sovereign, for this Angeli representation of Her Majesty is almost a caricature of the best of Queens. On the staircase are a set of portraits of personal and political friends of Lord Beaconsfield; Sir Stafford Northcote by A. Stuart Wortley, and Lord Barrington by Augustus Lumley—remarkable performances for amateurs. A full face of Rowton by Angeli, very like. "Yes," said my host when I said so, "but Angeli has not given the golden light in Monty's hair"—which light I had never seen, nor had Angeli, it seemed.

'By the landing hangs a fine but idealised profile of Byron—painted by Westall—a superbly handsome face—it is a portrait of which Lord Beaconsfield is proud. "I got it," he said, "from the Harness family." But what the Harness family had to do with Byron I felt I ought to know, but did not, and did not like to display my ignorance by asking.

'Lord Beaconsfield, although, as I have said, little aged in appearance, is not strong, and is feeble on his legs; but he would take me a walk of nearly a couple of hours; beginning with the garden, and then going on to the walks in the beech woods, and along the pleasant green terraced walks, laid out by Lady

Beaconsfield (to whom he attributes all the beauties of the place). We went on to the "German Forest," as she called a pretty pine wood intersected by numerous paths. It was getting dusk, and my host seemed already very tired, and would sit at every bench we came to; at one he told me how perfect a natural theatre was in front of us, but there was only a steep decline edged by a circle of trees; this shows how much enjoyment one may derive from the pleasures of the imagination and from a picturesque fancy. Lord Beaconsfield was, as I have ever found him, extremely pleasant, full of quaint humour, and never seemingly bored at being questioned on any subject that one ventures to put to him; however, once I felt that he had administered to me a well-deserved rebuke. We had been looking at some prints, one of which represented Whitehall, and I asked him if he had any doubt as to the side of the Banqueting House on which Charles I. was executed. He answered me something to the following effect. Some time ago a Tory squire had brought his two sons to see him, and to receive words of advice as to their future conduct in political and social existence. Eagerly the fond parent waited to hear what his leader would deliver on so important a subject. "Never," said Lord Beaconsfield, in his most solemn tones, "never in society ask who wrote Junius's Letters, or on any account inquire on which side of the

Banqueting House Charles I. was beheaded, or if you do you will be voted a bore, and that is, well—something dreadful!" He said he had seen the story in print, and unlike most of the stories in print about him this was perfectly true.

'Talking of religion, he gave me almost the same answer as appears in one of his novels. "I would indeed be very ungrateful to Christianity, which has caused half the civilised world to worship a man and the other half a woman, both of my race." Lord Beaconsfield appears to enjoy being here quite by himself; he has not left Hughenden, except for an occasional visit to London, since last May. He told me of his wish to see Warwickshire and Shakespeare's haunts, "but I have," he said, "never been able to do anything in my life that I have wished—at least," he added, "not during the last thirty years!" He spoke of his travels in early youth, in Spain and in the East; but he has kept no notes or journal about them. "I have never kept a diary in my life," said Lord Beaconsfield; the more's the pity, thought I. We dined at eight, sumptuously. My host ate little, only some venison and a little of a cabinet pudding—(which I thought an appropriate dish). After dinner he insisted on my smoking a cigarette in the library, where he always sits, and he also smoked one, a thing which he said he had not done for more than a month. He showed me his treasures—presentation books

from the Queen, and photographs; papers sent him from Rawdon Brown at Venice; but what he seemed to take most pleasure in were some of his father's books, especially a MS. on Solomon's writings, and some work in an old Italian binding. He much admired Rivière's bindings, and also Bedford's, but does not seem to know how much superior are the old French bindings of the last two centuries to any of ours. He keeps locked a set of Aldine editions of Latin and Italian authors in a black wooden cabinet, covered outside with modern Dresden china plaques, with which cabinet and its contents he is highly pleased. The Queen, he said, had much admired it when she was here. During the evening he was much troubled with a cough, which sounded somewhat asthmatic; at eleven he left to go to bed, which he does, as a rule, punctually at that hour. He does not appear to expect to live long, and gives himself but two more years, but to the Queen twenty. I begged him to write a *catalogue raisonné* of his treasures, and he seemed to think that he would like to make one; he has certainly the love of possession very strongly developed. He alludes constantly to "my dear wife," and speaks of her as if she had been his good angel. I found on going below next day a luxurious breakfast laid out for me in the dining-room. Lord Beaconsfield breaks his fast first at half-past seven, and has a second refection about eleven; mine was introduced between these two re-

pasts, but he came to see that I had all one could possibly require. Later he took me all over the rooms ; those occupied by the Prince of Wales at the beginning of this year are sunny and cheerful, the sitting-room full of prints after portraits by Winterhalter of the Royal Family, given him by the Queen. In the bedroom hang two pretty watercolour drawings by that delightful artist Miss Blackburn (" T. B."), given him when he was installed Lord Rector of Glasgow University. In another of the bedrooms are arranged all the family portraits, more than one of his father ; a portrait in chalks by John Downman, of his mother ; two of his grandfather, " the real D'Israeli," as he called him, his hair powdered, and in a red coat ; and a pencil drawing of an infant resting in an angel's lap. " My Guardian Angel," Lord Beaconsfield called it, and said it was by Cosway, but I think more likely by Mrs. Cosway, or some other artist's wife, to judge by the feebleness of the touch ; and hanging over the chimney-piece his own portrait, in the heyday of youth, by Grant, which has been engraved more than once.

' It was a lovely sunny morning, and I strolled about the place ; going by the beautifully situated parsonage house down through the fields to the pretty old church, I found the memorial tablet to Lady Beaconsfield outside against the church wall at the east end, and on a granite slab let into the outer masonry, on which are the arms and coronet, is the following inscription :

"Viscountess Beaconsfield, in her own right. Thirty-three years the wife of the Right Hon. B. Disraeli." Returning to the lawn near the house I met my host, drawn out by the brightness of the day, among his peacocks in the sunny garden front. He took me over the stables that he had lately built, and in which he said he would like to live: "they are so like cloisters," he said. We strolled on into the kitchen garden, full of old-fashioned flowers which he loves, but he professes great ignorance regarding botany. Returning to the house we sat in the library among his books, where he always seems to be most at home. Of Lord —— he said, "He is the most envious of mortals; whenever I have published a book he at once writes to all the editors of magazines to run it down and cut it up as much as possible. Envy!" he added, "that most detestable vice, he has to a degree"; and he added, with great warmth, "I have a thousand faults, but not that detestable one!"

'After luncheon we went out for rather a long walk. First down to the stream—"The Hughen," he said it is called—a pretty, bright trout stream that meanders among the sedges. He delights in walking along this little river, and to what he calls the lake and the island, miniatures of both the one and the other; he was as pleased as a child at seeing a swan sitting on the latter, and this lake has been expressly photographed for the Queen, among other views of Hughenden. Lord

Beaconsfield talked in anything but a conservative sense as to the intolerable injustice of trying to keep the people out of one's parks, especially when so near London as Hughenden is. He shewed a very great and good feeling about wishing to give as much possible enjoyment to the hard and over-worked classes as is compatible with private rights, and seems to have a great contempt for the narrow, selfish views of many of the Tory and Whig landed proprietors, who make their class odious to the people by keeping them as much as possible out of their great demesnes and vast parks. "I for one," he said, "cannot and will not do anything so absurd." We then crossed the high road, after passing the neat little lodge with its porch where Lord Beaconsfield often sits on his walks about the place and chats with the children of the rather gipsy-like damsel who attends the gate. Here, as the drive became steep, Lord Beaconsfield got into a pony carriage that had waited for us, and in it we passed the "Green Farm," which he has recently bought, and down on through a wood; from here the view of Hughenden is very pretty, nestling in the beech woods. As we returned by the high road towards home we met many people. It was a market day at Wycombe. Most of these people bowed to Lord Beaconsfield as we walked past, and when they did so he always spoke to them, asking them questions about the crops and the market and the state of their affairs. One labouring man came

up to him and mumbled something which we at last made out to be the poor fellow's thanks for a Christmas gift of some flannels that he had received last year. "I thought," said his lordship, as the man left us, "he was going to stab me!" He had received some threatening letters a day or two ago; no wonder if he felt (not that I believe he was really alarmed, for dear old Dizzy is the personification of pluck) rather uncomfortable for the moment. During luncheon he gave me a curious account of the time of the Fenian rising in Ireland. "Only three men," he said, "succeeded in stopping it; those three men were Mayo, Hardy, and I." Of the history of how that movement was stopped, partly, it seems, by paying well some informers in Ireland, no one will ever, Lord Beaconsfield said, know the truth; for "Mayo is dead, Lord Cranbrook never writes about anything, and I have not kept a single note or even a memorandum of that most strange and curious time. Cluseret," he said (afterwards the Communist-General), "we had watched in his London lodgings, and as he was on the point of starting for Ireland to take the command of the rebellion he was neatly stopped." How Dizzy must have enjoyed all the mystery and the almost halo of romance that shrouded that mysterious history of what was very nearly being as serious a rising in Ireland as '98! That evening Lord Beaconsfield was in great talk. "I am," he said, "the unluckiest of mortals; six bad harvests in succes-

sion, one worse than the former, this has been the cause of my overthrow; like Napoleon, I have been beaten by the elements! Bismarck and I were perfectly *d'accord*. Had the late Government lasted we would have kept the democrats of Europe in check; but now all is over!" Bismarck he much admires and personally likes. "He is one of the few men," said Lord Beaconsfield, "that at my age I have been able to feel real attachment for; but all that is now over, and were he to come to England I should not ask to see him; there is no such thing as sympathy or sentiment between statesmen. I have failed, and he would not care now to see me, nor I him," he added, rather bitterly. He blames Hartington for not accepting the Premiership when sent for by the Queen. "He showed," said Lord Beaconsfield, "a want of courage; and he abandoned a woman (the Queen) in her hour of need." He thinks Granville would have accepted office under Hartington; but he thinks both Granville and Hartington lost their heads when sent for to Windsor, although, he said, they had had plenty of warning of what would happen. "Hartington," he continued, "would have had a large following, and for six months at least would have had it all his own way." He said he had written to resign his leadership of the Conservative party to Lord Salisbury, asking him to succeed him; but he fears Lord Salisbury's health will not allow of this. "All becomes chaos," he said, pacing up and down the room

and waving his arms; "all becomes chaos when I am away." He wants to go to the south, to winter at Cannes, but he says it would not be worth while to go so far, as he has to be back again in his place in the House of Lords in January. He said that during all last Session, even when at Hughenden, he was never free from worry from his former colleagues and Ministers—every train brought some ex-Cabinet Minister to Hughenden: "Lord Cairns, or Mr. W. H., or is it H. W., Smith? I never know which it is, or Mr. Secretary Cross, whom I always forget to call 'Sir Richard.'" I think Lord Beaconsfield is utterly and entirely sick and worried to death by political life, and would gladly give up the burden of being leader of his party; "but," as he says ruefully, "they will not let me give it up." His mixture of humour, drollery, and pathos when talking of these things was quite indescribable.' My visit to Hughenden came to a close on September 11, when I returned to Cliveden.

'The next morning was a very wet one, and after breakfast we marched up and down the smoking room together, instead of going out of doors. This is a long passage-like room on the first floor, hung round with prints of Premiers and some of Lord Beaconsfield's political friends; Lord George Bentinck occupies the place of honour above the fireplace. "Look," said Lord Beaconsfield, as he stopped suddenly in his walk before a row of prints that hung over the writing table

in that long, low-ceilinged room; "look at those five engravings, they are interesting. There have only been thirty Prime Ministers of England; and of those thirty, five were Buckinghamshire men. That man in powder'd hair is Grenville (father of Lord Grenville), who lost us the Colonies. That is the first Lord Shelburne; that the Duke of Portland; there is Lord Grenville, and there," pointing to the print of Grant's portrait of himself, "is your humble servant."

'I left Hughenden at noon; it rained in torrents, and my kind host insisted on having out his brougham to take me to Wycombe Station. As we stood in the porch, amidst marble vases and busts, ferns and flowers, the post arrived, and with it the "Times" which contained Mr. Gladstone's letter thanking the public for their sympathy for him during his illness. "Did you ever hear anything like that? it reminds one of the Pope blessing all the world from the balcony of St. Peter's," said my host; and then we parted.'

The last time I saw Lord Beaconsfield at Hughenden was two months after this visit, when I drove over from Cliveden and passed a couple of hours with him.

'*November* 8.—An interesting day; for some of it was passed *tête-à-tête* with Lord Beaconsfield. The morning was bright and summer-like, the woods of Wycombe and of Hughenden all aglow with their gold and bronze autumnal tints. I found Lord Beaconsfield, who came out of the library to meet me, attired in a

long furred coat that reached nearly to his feet. He had been sunning himself among his peacocks in the verandah on the south front. He has not been out of doors, except in the garden, since my last visit here, having been laid up with a sharp attack of gout; and his left foot was still a-slippered. He said he quite rejoiced in this gout, for it had driven away his other complaints, of which he seems to dread most the bronchitis. He looked older, and is much weaker than when I saw him here last in September. It was the first day that he had been able to come downstairs for his luncheon; until to-day he has had his meals in his study on the first floor. Lord Beaconsfield said he has hardly seen a face since I was here last; only Monty Corry had been there of late, and then only for one night. However, he declares that he likes his solitude, and that he does not know what it is to feel bored even for a moment. He reads a great deal, and I believe he is engaged in writing something; but this he did not tell me. When I alluded to the report that Lord Rowton had taken the proof sheets of his new novel, "Endymion," to the Queen at Balmoral, he only laughed and turned the conversation. We sat after luncheon before a blazing fire in the library. His mind seemed to be full of the past, and of his youth. He spoke of his early friendship with the three Sheridan sisters, all beautiful women; the present Duchess of Somerset, once "Queen of Beauty"; of Lady Dufferin, and of Mrs. Norton.

He described how delightful were the dinners in old days at Mrs. Norton's, over a public-house near Storey's Gate, more than forty years ago, and of the wit and humour that then flowed, more copiously by far than the claret. Lady Dufferin was his chief admiration, more beautiful than her beautiful sisters. "Dreams! dreams! dreams!" he murmured, gazing at the fire, and smoking a cigarette he had accepted. "I have not smoked, dearest, since you were last here."'

The next time I was at Hughenden was to follow his coffin to the grave. But I can still fancy I see him among his beloved books, gazing at the fire, and murmuring in an absent way, 'Dreams! dreams!'

Dreams! and after all what is this life but one? And how often so sad a one that one would fain wake from out of it, for to die is to live. 'Life,' Lord Beaconsfield said to me that last time I was with him at Hughenden, 'life is an *ennui*, or an anxiety;' and he enlarged on his text by saying that for the self-made life is full of troubles and anxieties, for fear of losing the position or wealth they have obtained; and for those born with position and wealth there is nothing to strive for, and life then becomes a mere bore, an *ennui*, and a burden. 'My idea,' he added, 'of a happy future state is one of those long midsummer days, when one dines at nine o'clock!' Lord Beaconsfield had left out the majority of mankind, those who cannot afford either to be anxious or to be bored;

and, indeed, in that half-way state I believe the truest earthly happiness exists. Life, when those we have loved and cherished in it are taken from us, is a long sadness; but, thank God, we may humbly hope that in His good time we shall again meet with our lost and loved. One has but little wish to cling to life with such a hope in death—

'Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good-night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."'

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